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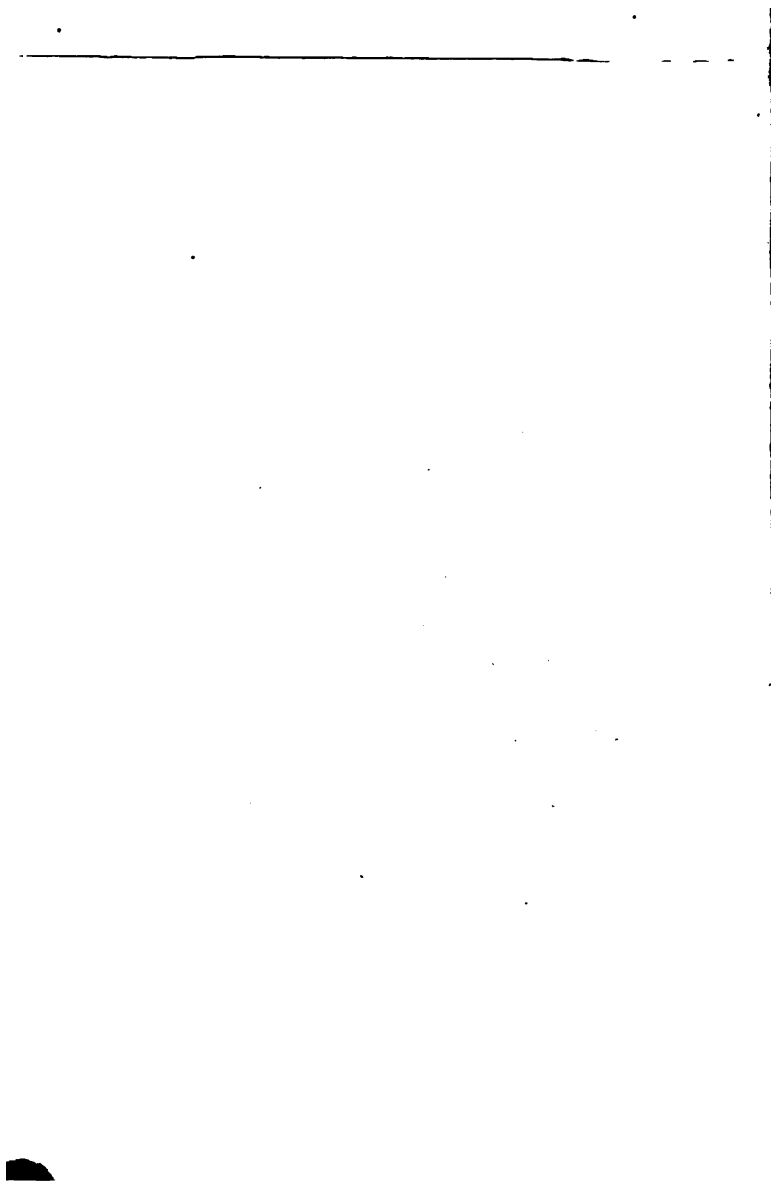


Adeline lay gracefully reclining upon one of the
capriciously played with the golden chain





of the divans, while her fingers
ten chain on her bosom.



ADELINE ;
OR,
Mysteries, Romance, and Realities
OF
JEWISH LIFE.

BY
OSBORN W. TRENER Y HEIGHWAY,
AUTHOR OF "LEILA ADA, THE JEWISH CONVERT,"
ETC.

"Sketches indeed from that most passionate page,
A woman's heart, of feelings, thoughts, that make
The atmosphere in which her spirit moves ;
But like all other earthly elements,
O'ercast with clouds, now dark, now touched with light,
With rainbows, sunshine, showers, moonlight, stars,
Chasing each other's change. I fain would trace
Its brightness and its blackness ; and these lines
Are consecrate to annals such as those
That count the pulses of the beating heart."

L. E. L.

VOL. I.

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TO

MY LOVELY AND BELOVED SISTER,

MARGUERITÈ LEVESON TRENER,

AS TO AN

Ardent Lover of the entire Jewish Nation,

IN THE

PERSON OF "LEILA ADA;"

AND

AS TO THE GOLDEN STAR OF MY HOPES, THE SHARER

OF MY JOYS AND SORROWS,

THE SOOTHER OF MY HOURS OF LONELINESS,

AND MY MOST DEVOTED FRIEND, THESE

VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

ROUSSEAU says, nobody reads a Preface. Very likely. Often they are most egotistical, uninteresting things; and likely to be so, since they are the Author's private and privileged corner. Piron used to remark, that the introductory speeches at the French Academy were entirely unnecessary, and that all which the new member needed to say was, "*Grand merci, messieurs;*" and the receivers to reply was, "*Il n'y a pas de quoi.*" Most authors and readers might exchange these courtesies, and the "*Grand merci*" of complacency be answered by the "*Il n'y a pas de quoi*" of public ostentation. Yet there are a few things I must say, and then leave them to their fate.

Happily, we are fallen on times when the novel is taking its true position. People are convinced

that it is the very highest effort—the Aaron's rod in literature, which is rapidly swallowing all the rest. And it is in the nature of humanity to make it so. Men are taught by things rather than reasons. "Example is more powerful than precept." Has an author a new thought or feeling? To give it full effect, he embodies it in a character. History, essays, and even poetry itself—lyrical poetry presents almost the only exception—rhyme is felt to be rather an incumbrance than otherwise—are fast merging into the pages of fiction.

It has always been my conviction that, if Christianity shall ever occupy its proper exalted position—if its glorious ideality shall ever have its full influence on mankind, it will be done by works of imagination. I still think that in the ministry of the pulpit, its wondrous beauty, its lofty poetry, and its sublime philosophy, should not be so lost sight of as they are—things of which the Bible is so full. And yet more to be deplored is it, when it is exhibited, as so often it is, in hardly any other character than a dry, wearying, and, it may be, stern sort of thing. Very opposite is God's own picture of His service.

Well would it be if we did not receive our notions of our Maker from men, rather than Himself. Habit holds over us a more than despotic power. Passing the undisturbed crystal in the fountain, we are content to drink from the dirty, tumultuous brook. If we would allow to human authorities only their proper influence; and, taking up the Bible, make what God says about us and Himself chiefly our study, we should no longer stand as in a low confined valley, but as on a mighty mountain-top, where the whole wide unmeasured future would be constantly unfolding to our adoring eyes.

Were the feelings of Him through whom we live but properly understood—were we not so accustomed to the cold, unattractive views of His nature presented by preachers, who, being sinners like ourselves, see everything in earth and heaven only in the cloudy, misty light of their own feeling—haply injured still by the bitterness produced by blighted hopes, forsaken hearts, and unkind persons; so that their faith in any perfect goodness becomes a thing to be imagined rather than felt—were it not for this, instead of Christian life being turned from as a condition full of hard restraints

and unpleasing feeling, we should understand it as it is—the truth, the poetry of life; full of brightness, and smiles, and rejoicing; breathing only love, and peace, and happiness; possessing all things, “life, death, things present, things to come—all are yours,” saith the Gospel. So, far from declining it as an added weight, the wish would be to begin the life of God as earnestly as was in us. Our life is a very beautiful one, if we will only accept it. But if we will come into the world with one destiny—the soft low calm of piety, and, refusing it, take up one of harshness and sorrow, let not God be charged foolishly.

I do not, I cannot, think with the brilliant L. E. L.; that to expect mankind to improve is vain. I must continue to indulge the most exalted hopes of the human race—hopes not the result of an objectless enthusiasm, but peacefully based upon what I find in the word of God, and upon the relations which man sustains with the Deity. God never could mean, He never did mean, that man’s mighty energies should sink beneath the task of his mortal servitude—else it implies an imperfection in the plan of his redemption, and makes some of the brightest passages

in the Bible mystical and meaningless. Man came out from God—his existence is sustained by God—to God he will return. Sin erased the Divine image from his soul, and spoiled his powers; but by the suffering of the Lord Jesus the whole may be again attained. This is the simple truth of our life. Let men understand it—let them act upon it; and, filled with bright exulting life, they will start in an eager loving race along the vast untravelled path of light which stretches into the endless ages of the future, and we shall take up a position in the scale of moral and intellectual being, which only to think of now would be deemed the wildest dream.

I have said so much in defence of the religious feeling which, in some parts of the book, I have somewhat freely used. Not so freely, I think, as to make it intrusive. While I wished to amuse, I wished also to elevate and sooth; and there are no means of doing this save those which flow, either directly or indirectly, from the Eternal Source of Good.

Not that I am going to talk of "modesty," "courteous reader," &c. This would be throwing the said modesty and courteous reader away; and,

in a day when both are so much in request and yet so scarce, it is a pity that any of either should be wasted. Prefaces need reform quite as much as the Income-tax. I therefore beg to retrench all such expressions, as not meaning so much as the paper they are printed on. The reader comes to my book to be interested; if he is, it is well; if not, all I can say will make no difference.

Though I shall never believe that a young author is treated with anything like the mercy he deserves—all his work performed amidst a haunting sense of immaturity that often produces heartlessness; heartlessness at times amounting to complete depression. His is not a “far-looking hope.” Distrust of his abilities, timidity which is not painful only because it is not anxious, hope vague as the fear that subdues it, yet all mingling with a gentle dream-like trust such as only the young and inexperienced author can know, are the feelings with which his book is presented to the world.

I have exhibited the Cabbala as far as would interest most readers—some may regret that it is not proceeded with further—these, I think

will be but very few. More general would have been the opinion, if I began its spiritualism, that by its wildness, it spoiled the feeling produced by the rest of the work.

Nor must it be supposed that Cabbalism is an old thing, now passed away. Cabbalists are even still a numerous class amongst the Jews. The most eminent among them is Rabbi Joshua Babsis, a member of the Beth-din. He professes to have constant intercourse with invisible spirits, and is regarded with immense veneration. No Jew would, on any account, offend him; believing that his curse would be followed by instant death.

That in modern Judaism there are numerous things and ceremonies which, from their strangeness to Christianity, may have a ludicrous appearance, is what most persons know; but those who come to this book expecting to find them pictured in it, or any of their serious peculiarities turned into a jest, will be disappointed. One of my great objects was, to exhibit the liberality and tenderness of feeling, and the cultivated intellect—even in matters of general taste—which our Jewish brethren possess; in opposition to a very

prevalent belief—*vide* the *Morning Herald*—which holds it “impossible to elevate a Jew to an Englishman”—that they are in this way sadly deficient. And also—may I hazard the expression?—that I trusted to awaken some practical interest on behalf of the high-feeling women, who constitute so great a hope in Judaism.

Amidst that sympathy which is now extended to all classes and conditions of men, the Jews are almost entirely overlooked. Yet no nation upon earth is gifted with so much of that profound feeling, that is the element of the Gospel; and which, rightly directed, shall advance human nature to its perfection. Constancy, which nothing can overcome, disinterestedness, imagination, high intellect, enthusiasm, and a love which “no waters can quench, nor floods drown,” are eminently the characteristics of this noble race.

That often they are immoral in their lives, and that their disposition is generally a money-getting one—though this is afterwards dispensed almost as liberally—is true. But what has made them so? Money has, for seventeen hundred years, been their only means of purchasing repose.

And the nation which through so many centuries could receive such abject treatment as the Jewish one, and yet maintain an intellectual and moral character so high, must be a great one.

But ere long their captivity shall be turned ; and the church of the Lord Jesus, exulting in the union of both Jew and Gentile, under the peaceful holy reign of the King of all the earth and heaven, shall take up the lofty strain—

Break forth into joy ;
Sing together ye waste places of Jerusalem.
For the Lord hath redeemed His people ;
He hath redeemed Jerusalem.
The Lord hath made bare His holy arm ;
In the eyes of all the nations ;
And all the ends of the earth
Shall see the salvation of our God.

OSBORN W. TRENER Y HEIGHWAY.

Chiswick, November 11, 1853.

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ADELINE;
OR,
Mysteries, Romance, and Realities
OF
JEWISH LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

ELOÏSE.

"Spirit of men,
Thou heart of our great enterprise, how much
I love these voices in thee!"

BEN JONSON.

"Our coming
Is not for salutation; we have business."

IDEM.

Our story opens in the middle of Aav; the time—afternoon; the place—a large, antiquated mansion, on the banks of the Thames, in the environs of London. The glass door of a verandah, overlooking the water, was open, and on a divan before it a lovely girl was seated. She was tall, even above the ordinary height of women. Her figure was slender, yet not spare; for it was sculptured in the most just and beautiful proportions. Her hair

was very dark, but without the insipidity of perfect blackness : it fell in heavy, clustering masses around shoulders chiseled with the beautiful slope of a Greek statue. Her complexion was that of the brunette—no dimness nor duskiness about it—but softly shaded with a transparent olive. Her eyes were liquid, large, and dark ; languid, even to bewitchingness it may be, when she indulged in earnest thought, but brimful of life and fire : their brilliancy would, indeed, have been too fascinating, for it would have oppressed the beholder, had it not been for the cloud spread over them by the magnificent lashes. Her rich dress, composed of the choicest fabrics made by eastern skill ; her patrician elegance of beauty and manner, at once proclaimed her rank.

As she sat gazing in profound abstraction upon the rising and falling waters, it could well be seen that her thoughts were of a sombre and by no means pleasing cast. And at times she rose to her feet, and paced the silent apartment with a restless, feverish step ; while ever and anon she paused to look in the direction of the entrance, her eyes flashing, her brows contracted, and her whole countenance fixed in an expression of majestic indignation and scorn, which heightened her beauty till she became almost terribly fascinating.

At last her expectation was realised by a young man entering the room. She drew herself up to

her full height, and stood gazing upon him with a smile of cutting, cold displeasure.

"You have come, Ben Megas," she said.

"Yes, dear Eloïse. I wished to spend one more hour——"

"Enough," she returned, with an imperious gesture. "Such words, Ben Megas, are idle now—worse, for they insult me. We meet only as two who have a worldly business to transact. Hear me. You have come here, Ben Megas, in milk-and-honey language, mingled haply with some rare drops of love, to warn me of your perjuries. Spare your pains. I know them."

"And likewise my reasons."

"*Reasons!*" she exclaimed, with a withering sneer. "What else? We shall see, sir. When first you saw me, and addressed my heart in slow and measured speech—and oh! it was enshrined in loveliness to lead captive any woman—I was a pale, shrinking flower, the soul of all——"

"That is most pure as well as beautiful," continued Ben Megas. "And so, Eloïse, I leave you—a thing which nothing but my high mission and determination should have tempted me to do. Heaven and yourself know I shall ever love you, my dearest girl, as I shall no other thing of mortal birth."

"A lie! a base and sordid lie, I say. By Jacob's God, I swear, I do condemn mine ears that hearken to you. Listen, Ben Megas. I have been yours

in sweet and holy ties, in love that time has knit and strengthened—love, though not unwooded, unwon by other men; with nought to think or live for but for you—you in whom I trusted with a maiden's lofty pride, her hopes and fears. And all for this, then! Oh, fear me! I have a gnawing pain here at my heart. It is not outraged love alone, but falsehoods, mean, dishonourable, and pledges unredeemed—and for no fault which I have done—I writhe under. Do you hear me?"

"Your father wishes it, Eloïse."

"To you my faith was plighted by my father. That faith I ratified by mine own vow. The oath was registered in highest heaven. I am yours!"

"Eloïse, be calm and hear me."

"*Calm!* Soft lesson! while I see my young faith crushed, broken, buried,—lone, remorseless, without an epitaph except my tears. Now out upon my foolish eyes. I had thought since yesterday so much weak womanhood slumbered not in me."

"Why don't you say all this to your father, Eloïse? He advises it. I am to be a Cabbalist, and as a good one, you know, I cannot marry. My great object in this transitory state of my being is a constant approach to the Eternal, and an union with Him as near as possible to perfection; for which reason I must avoid all earthly attachments——"

"Now don't—don't go on, Ben Megas, with

cant so villanous," she said, with an expression of impatience that implied she listened to it with agony. "If it were so, I might, perhaps, find reasons to forgive you. But it is false. Your Cabbalism is from first to last a pander to your——ugh! the word chokes me. I know your holy thinkings, together with your brood of sandalled fiends, for whom my father, in his vile seekings, wrongs and defrauds my mother. Ah, start! your delicacy is outraged, doubtless. Ambition is the God you love so. You expect a stronger power amongst the people. Ha! ha! What next? Heavenly ecstasies! triumphant harmony of glorious discords! and all the offering you bring him is your vile compliances with earthly wills, with wicked and monstrous passions that you nurse and cherish. Mysteries and secrets, purity and spirits, celestials and unearthliness. Excellent!

Ὁ χρυσὲ δεξιῶμα κάλλιστον ἑροτοῖς

contains all your creed. Out, thou unholy thing!"

"Eloïse Aben Baruch forgets who she is, and whence she came, to vent herself in such rebellious wickedness."

"No fear. I remember it all too strongly. A curse upon the day I saw the light of Jewish skies. I spit in the face of my nation—upon a religion which is a libel on purity and common sense. Pride in being a rabbi's daughter!—a Jewess! God! the thought sickens me. A thing without

a heart; no feeling beyond a parent's will; sunk beneath my moral dignity, below my sex. Enough, leave me; for, having burst, why I shall be the calmer."

"What, fling curses on your people! Hath, then, the Prince of Evil such power with thee, Eloïse? Oh, shame! shame! shame!"

"Shame! Dares thy corrupted tongue to cry then shame on me? Hence, away, I say! or thy fine ears may ring with sounds more deep and brazen-tongued. I have no land, no home, no people. Nation! I disown it! Withered be all its glories and its pride! May Gentile voices cry foul shame on it! May its name be gall and wormwood in the mouth of all its children! Fierce now I hurl my deep dishonour on it—my marred life's purpose. A Jewess! Off, vile denial of my woman's pride! Thus, then—now once again I stand and breathe a full, untrammelled woman. How now, Ben Megas? Why stand'st thou gazing on me thus? Ay, 'tis Eloïse—her face has been familiar to thee long ere now, I trow."

"Perdition! Is there no blush to tell of womanhood?"

"Not such as thou wouldst have. Womanhood! Canst thou, who made me what I am, find impudence to prate to me of womanhood!"

"Eloïse, this is useless. Let us forget the past, and look with religious hope to the future."

"Now hence, thou base deceiver! hence, get thee to thy dark room, where hide the filthy secrets that day dares not pry into! hence, and begin thy dreams and mumbled priestcraft. 'But, by eternal heaven, that has witnessed my outraged trust and deep dishonour! and by the immortal soul that is my hope and my inheritance, I swear, that if it is my destiny that I now shall be flung from thee shamefully, I'll never leave thee; but, midst thy hellish arts, my spirit on the cloudy depths shall ride, flouting the smoky mists thou gatherest round thee, flaming and flashing in thy eyes like some dire, portentous comet, marring thy life, thy hopes, and highest efforts; and, louder than any music thou shalt summon, or the wild roar that swells upon the air from spirit worlds, thine ears shall hear me shouting, 'On, on, Ben Megas! on to victory or destruction!'"

"Eloïse, what you mean I don't pretend to unriddle. If you think to make me fear you, you are far from the mark; your threats fly from me like rebounding shafts. Beware! Else, as a Cabbalist, I may exert a power that shall tame even your high spirit, and check your eloquence."

"Dare you then threaten me, Joseph Ben Megas?" she exclaimed, her whole form quivering with pent-up passion. "Have a care, lest, like some long-compressed volcano, I burst and overwhelm you. Ha! ha! ha! How well and bravely said. A Cabbalist! Why then, if thou'rt

content, we'll brag and brag, and see which brags the most. The vengeance of the Cabbala is a game that two can play at. Go now, summon all the ghosts that fill the past or wide hereafter. Go! Unsheathe your flashing sword; shout over me your war-cry; call up your thunders from the infernal deeps — I'll join the din, and make the solid earth tremble and quake to hear my fierce defiance. Nay, I can threaten, too."

"I believe, Eloïse, you've got the devil in you."

"I have. Hark you. I have loved you as a woman loves but once; that love is changeless, and beyond my power to control or stay it. You found me a woman, spotless, trusting as an angel. I am changed now. You leave me spoiled, crushed — something more to be feared than a man, for I have all his dauntless courage and determination, with a recklessness of what happens to myself that is far beyond him. Take care, I say, Joseph Ben Megas. Eloïse Aben Baruch and you shall meet again: but it shall be either for marriage—to bring you to her feet, the conqueror to the conquered—or with one stroke to bury both in dire destruction. Go."

"Eloïse, let me try to make you feel ——"

"Go!"

"Let me speak."

"Go—I say."

"Then, farewell—for ever." And he left the room.

Eloïse watched him retreating through the door: she drew her hand across her flashing eyes, and then soliloquised aloud —

“Oh! for some death-cold ice, to cool these temples that throb and burn so. My pulse beats heavily — the wheels of time stand still — my days will ne’er be done. Oh! if I but dared to end this life of blight and bitterness! — to rend the veil which shrouds me from the future! Down! down! malicious fiend. I have lain and tossed on my distempered bed, and prayed for day, and day has come at last; and so it will again. There is a heavenly hope which, born in early days, lives on through endless years — heaven’s substitute on earth — which shines only through clouds of sorrow, for then it shows the brightest — like the quivering light of a clear sunbeam glassing itself in the convulsive waters, when they howl and dash in horrid warfare. O Love Divine! the spirit of all felicity, the base of faith, the victor-king of death, the heart’s evangelist, the breath of dying souls; how, combating my anguish and despair, thou bringest me back the thoughts of holier hours and purer feelings, mingling with quick-winged ecstasies, brought from celestial joys; yet softly shadowed by my soul’s dull feeling, that loves thee as flowers the sun, that is their light and life. Be with me still. When earth’s tempests foam around me, be thou my faith, my joy, my prayer, breathing

thine own divinity, raising my spirit to that cloudless land from whence I came, and where I yet again must be. Be to me as the perfume in the amaranth's blossom — the type of God's immortal flowers — and like me, His care."

And thus, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, and eyes uplifted to heaven, she passed away from the room.

CHAPTER II.

ADELINE.

"Her lot is on you! to be found untired
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain;
With a pale cheek — and yet a brow inspired —
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrongs, to cheer decay;
And oh! to love through all things — therefore pray."

MRS. HEMANS.

It was a mild, genial day — the thirteenth of
Ἰῶν (Vion). The sun shone brightly; and the
whole atmosphere, in spite of the slight haze
that faintly silvered the broad stream of the
Thames, and the distant hills in the environs of
London, was endued with that exhilarating fresh-
ness, which sheds a poetic charm of animation,
vividness, and youth, over an English spring, un-
known in other European countries.

The parks and fashionable promenades were
thronged by persons, whom the loveliness of the
day had called forth. And highly picturesque and
varied was the scene composed by the multifarious
parties pushing and thrusting along, or gathered

in groups discussing the momentous events of the times. Among the mass of persons that thus swarmed like ants upon the chief passage to an ant hill, in the great winding carriage road that enters the city from the west — or rather going along that part of it called Piccadilly — was a young man, whose personal appearance proclaimed him beyond doubt to be a member of the house of Israel. He was scarcely more than twenty years of age; and this might be seen by the fresh bloom which glowed in his rich olive-tinted cheek. His figure was light and graceful, but yet his carriage had all the bold and masculine ease of a thoroughly English youth. His features were regularly fashioned, and bespoke intellectual powers of the highest order, joined to a frank, open-hearted disposition; and they were lit up with a fitful, happy brilliance, by the bright light which beamed out of his fine dark eyes. Whatever his purpose was, as he pushed stoutly and thoughtfully through the opposing throngs, he was not to be diverted from it by the objurgations of some, whom he was compelled to rather roughly elbow on his way. At last, having passed along Fleet-street, and entered Cheapside, he paused in front of an antique-looking house, through the door of which he entered.

The aspect of the apartment, into which he had thus introduced himself, was exceedingly strange. It was a thorough curiosity-shop. It

presented a perfect study for those skilled in "storied urns and animated busts,"—a place where

"Curias jam dimidias, humeroque minorem
Corvinum, et Galbam auriculis naroque carentem,"

you might easily find! On the shelves and the counter were numerous boxes and cases with glass tops, in which were carefully arranged engraved stones, ancient coins, and other articles of *vertu* in wondrous variety. The passage through was encumbered by broken busts, bronze statues, and bas-reliefs piled tier on tier. In a huge dark recess at the end stood a quantity of jars and phials of different shapes mixed with glass vessels, containing strange serpents, and lizards, and horrible deformities of various kinds preserved in spirits. On the opposite side, and quite invisible to any one unacquainted with the place, stood a ponderous iron safe, which seemed to tell a tale of well-stored deeds and papers, and of other modes of business, besides selling bronzes, jewellery, and medallions.

And the impression thus conveyed was correct. A more knowing man than Solomon Steinberg was, in his way, it would be difficult to find. He had not gone through the world without studying, if not the most approved, at any rate the most successful, methods of raising the wind: and he acted accordingly. It would be hard to say, indeed, what all his avocations were. He

had well studied practical archæology. Was a dealer in coins, medals, gems, marbles, bronzes, terracotta, and glass; in busts, and rings, and jewellery, and gold and silver bullion. He was a money-changer and money-lender. He advanced money upon mortgage, and discounted the post-obit notes of profligate heirs in expectancy. In short, there were few financial operations which old Solomon Steinberg's enterprising genius did not embrace.

By birth he was a German Jew, but early placed himself under the efficient tutelage of Rome, where he soon became perfected in his art; *i. e.* the art of purchasing "uncertain commodities" at the lowest, and selling them at the highest possible price. When you knew your man, it was really diverting to have dealings with him; if you did not, it was likely to turn out rather an expensive amusement. His passion for jewellery knew no bounds:

"Tight girt with gems in massive mountings set,
Beneath their weight his tumid fingers sweat;"

and few persons had shown greater enterprise in the collecting of these and other curiosities than himself. In his youth he possessed very little money; but he did not, like other German young men, squander it away in beer and cigars. He undertook an expedition into Greece; completely sacked Attica, Acarnania, and Ætolia; went on

through Turkey, and from thence into Egypt; but did not buy Pompey's Pillar, nor Cleopatra's Needle, nor the Pyramids; they were all a little too large for his carpet-bag. However, he found plenty of other things amongst the mummy pits of Cairo, and the lamp-teeming earth of Syenè, Memphis, and Abu Simbel. He came back; sold his curiosities at a very satisfactory per-centage; took a wife; planted a vineyard; eat the fruit, and drank the wine thereof; went abroad again; and came to England. Finding his dealings paid him better here than they did in Italy, he, after proper consideration, consented to take up his abode amongst us.

Our acquaintance with him commences when he was a little over fifty years of age. He was still as deeply steeped in business, and as plausible in recommending his wares as ever; though all his sales were effected in a language singularly compounded of German, French, Italian, and Hebraised-English. Go to his house at any hour of the day, and there the snuffy, gruffy old fellow was sure to be, either standing at the door, blinking away through his great goggle-glasses, or seated at a little shabby old table, fumbling over his curiosities; or else slowly creeping over, snuff-box in hand, to the restaurant opposite to toddle back again, after treating himself to sundry drops of the comforter.

At the moment that the young man before-

mentioned entered his shop, he was, as usual, seated at his little old table re-arranging his treasures. His upper person was engulfed in a great black coat and widely-lapped waistcoat — both a good deal more than too much of a fit for his spare form; whilst his nether man disported at ease in a pair of trousers, full and flowing, and hanging flappily about his thin shanks like the loose sails of a frigate in a dead calm. Though by no means a logician, Solomon Steinberg was rich in proverbs, and one, which he always exemplified in his costume, was, “familiarity breeds contempt;” for which reason there was always a species of Scotch divorce subsisting between the waistcoat and trousers aforesaid, and again between his wrist and the cuffs of his coat, from the wide sleeves of which were thrust a pair of dirty hands; — one or other of them was ever and anon raised to re-adjust the short pipe from which he was puffing volcano-like clouds of smoke that issued in regular but uneasy jerks from beneath his thin upper lip. At intervals he nodded his head impatiently; and, without interrupting his employment, muttered between his teeth words that accompanied his intermittent puffs like the sullen rumbling which follows the smoke of the cannon on the afar-off battle-field.

The shadow of the young man darkening his door startled him from his occupation; he thought it was some one coming to bargain.

"Ha! Isaac," he said, as his eyes dropped on the new arrival. "Peace be mit thee, my shon. I didn't tink you'd be here so shoon."

"But Adeline did. And it's not so very early either. We are not going to walk fast, I assure you; so we shall not get home much before sunset."

"Eccola! confound be these long feashts!" muttered old Steinberg in a parenthesis to himself. "None the bettersh mit dem all as I shee." And then he began again aloud,—*"I ixhpect, Mishter Cohen, the lovesh mit woman more than of her shoul or Jehovah hash brought thee hither. Vell, vell, all natural too; I undershtand it; though I've almosht done at dis present. Yesh, sir, ber sur, old age ish fasht preparing me to give up beesnisse and my life mit it."* And at this concession he grunted a little, like a tame seal in a water-tub. "Vell, I knowsh Adeline ish quite in *sine dolores* to see mit you," he pursued hastily, as his glittering eye fixed on a well-known customer entering the door.

Adeline Steinberg was born in England. She presented to the imagination the most fascinating combination of qualities which it would be possible to put together. She had reached her nineteenth year, and was in the full glory of her womanhood. Of middle height, yet exquisitely moulded, her appearance left nothing for the heart to desire, or the fancy to create. Her clear

and heavenly eye sparkled with living joy, and her pure countenance was illumined by its light. It is not often that one beholds a creature so richly endowed with natural gifts,—one uniting in her own person so much grace, sculpture, and expression. She was a perfect specimen of that spirituelle, majestic loveliness which, in many instances, makes the Jewish woman the most beautiful of any nation upon earth. Her manners were the most simple and unaffected. Her temper was always cheerful, always tranquil; some said provokingly so, for she was not ruffled when she ought to be. This opinion was only the result of their more confined intellect being quite unable to understand her character. Her repose was neither stagnation nor want of feeling, for hers was deep and powerful, but simply that of true mental dignity. Her mind was of the very first order, and cultivated with the strictest care. Her head, and the way in which it was placed on her shoulders was supremely classical; but then the contour was more that of Juno than of Psyche. Her large, dream-like eyes were “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;” and the long, heavy fringes that hung over them so shadowily gave a Murillo-like softness to her cheek, especially when she looked down. Her features were perfect, rather too piquant to be quite Grecian. Her complexion would have been too bright and clear, had not the coming and going of each feeling and

thought changed it almost as often as the rose-clouds shadowing an Italian sky; while her smile was joyful as the first zephyr of summer,—a thing of music,—

“As any fair lake that the breeze is upon
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.”

There was a nobleness, a queen-like dignity in her air; yet there was nothing of the “precieuse” about her,—no enthusiasm after effect. She had indeed no arena for display, and the wish for it was never excited in her mind. To the greatest strength of character, she united a thoroughly feminine sweetness of disposition. She had grappled with all sorts of books,—of history and poetry, of philosophy and science,—and was familiar with courses of deep reflection. But her cheerful calmness of disposition quite concealed these more strenuous efforts of her mind. The top of her father’s house was occupied by a very large room, which had grown old with the Tower itself. It never could have been built with the house. It must have formed part of some venerable Norman mansion, which, while trying to escape from the Great Fire, had lost its way, and so had taken up its position there. It was sedulously avoided by old Steinberg, who considered its dark and mouldy-looking panels as decidedly testifying that the ghosts had built it there for their own private meetings, and therefore any

human intruder might reasonably expect that his temerity would be visited by no very equivocal signs of their displeasure. In the middle of the room there was a great oaken table, contemporary with the place itself, and near it a massive chair of the same material. The window looked out on a lovely savannah of house-tops and chimney-pots, until at last the view was bounded by the range of hills that stretch from Holloway and Highgate to Harrow.

The only person who had, perhaps for many scores of years, frequented this room, was Adeline. It was her delight to bring her books with her up to this solitary chamber, and there, surrounded by the deep loneliness and peace, ponder over their contents, or plunge into the profundities of reverie. Had she been requested to tell all her reasons for preferring this musty apartment to her own warm and comfortable parlour, she might have found the answer a very difficult one to make. One thing she would have said, the charm of being quite alone. Youth feels a strange yearning after solitude. When the world's breath first passes over the heart, and fades some of life's fresh bloom from the spirit,—an inevitable consequence, and a wise one, perhaps, though sad for us all,—it inspires a soft and tender pensiveness, the existence of which is cherished in the soul with a sweet, but mournful, delight. No wonder that she loved to spend so much time in that

deserted chamber—it so exactly suited her restful, placid spirit. In our own memory we never knew even a barrel-organ, or a hurdy-gurdy and tambourine, commit a trespass upon its quiet; the aspect of the house, colder than the proverbial coldness of charity, was quite sufficient. No peripatetic music ever wasted its charms on old Steinberg.

What Adeline read and thought she revolved in herself and was content. She loved her father devotedly, and mourned his low, grovelling nature, and she wondered how he could be so. What was money valuable for, beyond being the means of obtaining the comforts, and, if you like, the elegancies of life? Her father had already more than thrice what would suffice for this; yet he was not content. She had never experienced such a feeling; neither could she understand it. Her mother was of a higher and intellectual nature; but the noble tone of her feelings had been dreadfully depreciated by contact with the sordid mind of her husband. Still she was a woman of a superior class; and to much loftiness of spirit she united great moral and religious sensibility. But the necessity she again and again felt herself under of recording her protest against Steinberg's practices, had induced an excitability of feeling, and a sourness of temper, which her daughter could not always feel called upon to receive; and, therefore, she was fain to

steal away into the neglected room oftener, perhaps, than else she would have done.

Her profoundly tranquil disposition made her seem quite incapable of being impassioned. And so thought several of those who had solicited her hand in marriage, but who had been graciously refused. Their summary of her character was, that she was a lovely girl; very amiable, though much too reserved and retiring; too fond of her books to be capable of much sentiment; of a temper vexatiously placid; sang and played beautifully, and excelled in every feminine adornment; in short, was a perfect lady, but absolutely unable to feel the meaning of the word love. They did not know the world of affection that was pent up in Adeline's loving heart, ready to lavish forth its blessedness the moment a proper object presented itself. She was generous and uncalculating; pleased with the attentions of gentlemen, and was ambitious to deserve them; but it did so happen, that, until the offer of marriage made to her by Isaac Cohen, she had not received one from a person of a character sufficiently elevated and refined to produce a perfect sympathy between her and himself. And, in her intellectual view of the married state, there was nothing in it that could compensate for this.

When Isaac came, as we have before described, Adeline was enjoying her solitude in the forsaken room. He bounded up the stairs, leaving three

steps behind him at every leap, and the next moment she had returned his chaste embrace. As he entered she had dropped her book upon the table. He picked up the elegantly bound volume, and opened the titlepage. "An Alfieri, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I am not at all surprised to find such a book-loving lady devouring whole volumes of Italian; but really I should have expected to find a Tasso, not an Alfieri, in your hand."

"And why not?" she inquired gaily. "I have read Tasso; but I cannot prefer him. To my mind, Alfieri is altogether congenial. What think you of the *Inamurato* and *Furioso*? The *Inamurato*, if less poetic in execution, is perhaps more amusing than the continuation of the story by Ariosto. There is more of the fairy tale in it. It is less known than the *Furioso*, but certainly should be read before it. Ariosto is a love-devoted poet—it is one reason that I like him so: we may easily perceive it in reading his *Satires*; I allude to his affectionate regrets at absence from his endeared home. In the *Furioso*, too, there is great variety; gentleness and majesty mingled with the most fascinating beauty. Then what a fine scene is that for the painter, where the war-horse, endowed with his '*intelletto umano*,' is chased by a flying hippogriff."

"I suppose, too," said Isaac, looking round him, "a damsel discovered reading in this old chamber ought to have a book of chivalry in her hand."

"Yes, indeed! And that was, perhaps, part of my feeling when I selected Alfieri, —though not much I think. Alfieri presents me with a world quite as fresh and fascinating as Tasso, while it is far more real. As I read him I feel that my understanding is enlarged, and that I am becoming acquainted with the real feelings of mankind. It seems to me very strange that poets, painters, and sculptors, who should be of a kindred spirit with those enthusiastic panegyrists of love and chivalry, and of all that belongs to the pure, the gentle, and the beautiful, should read their works so little, or, at least, make so little use of them—works that abound in magnificent descriptions of scenery and incidents, so congenial to the true poet's soul."

These observations were uttered in the most modest and unpretending manner. Adeline had not the most remote idea of talking criticism. She simply expressed the partialities which resulted from her own thinkings.

"Adeline, you are a poet," said Isaac.

"Oh, pray," she replied, laying a taper finger upon his lips, "don't tell me that; for, if I am, to tell me of it would, I think, for ever banish the inspiration. To assure you, sir, that I cannot possess any poetry, let me prevail upon you to quit this quiet seclusion, and accompany me amongst the tumultuous matter-of-fact masses that now throng Cheapside." And with a playful

courtesy she placed her arm in his, and they proceeded together down the broad staircase.

Far from shrinking from the distinction of being a devoted Jewess, Adeline would have gloried in it as the most acceptable that could be applied to her. She attended to all the prescribed forms of her religion with scrupulous zeal. The dispersion of her people, their melancholy degradation, occupied her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. A careful student of prophecy, she fixed her enraptured eye on the future glory promised to Israel when the Messiah came unto Zion as she expected, until the outbursts of her higher feeling could not sometimes be restrained. But she was only smiled at as a pretty enthusiast, for few of those whom she visited could understand this loftier tone of spirit. The Talmud and all its foolish fripperies she looked upon with intense disgust, while her father as cordially relished its very palatable superstitions. But since she had engaged her affections to Isaac Cohen, she invariably accompanied him to his father's house to keep all the feasts and fasts appointed by the Judaic ritual. In the bosom of this family she found a feeling which accorded with her own. The only thing which gave her any cause for sorrow was, that all of them, except Isaac, gave more or less credit to the inanities of the Talmud.

CHAPTER III.

EXHIBITS SOME OF ADELINE'S FEELINGS AND OPINIONS.

To one long accustomed to the quiet and monotony of a country life, it would be difficult to present a spectacle more novel or striking than that of Cheapside at mid-day. The impression which it makes is that of a street where noise and turmoil, and commotion have reached their climax. Carried one step further, and "chaos would come again."

Here, too, you may see every style of beauty and every variety of *coiffure* that has ever been known. Some young men of genius have ringlets hanging down over their shoulders—they are scented shockingly with tobacco and bergamot pomatum—you might smell them across the street; some have *toupées* in the famous Louis Philippe style; some have straight locks, black, wiry, greasy, and redundant; some are cropped close, so that you could not get a tug at their hair if it were ever so; some patronise the present fashion—which he who would adopt must, in

order to do so, part his hair on the left side quite straight, place a basin upside down on his head, cut his hair all round exactly by the rim, grease it with grease, gum it with gum, till it is about the consistence of a treacle plaster, iron it down with a flat-iron perfectly smooth, and then, taking the tongs, make one long row of curls quite round the whole head—such curls as her majesty's coachman wears beneath his gilt three-cornered hat when he drives in state.

And as for the whiskers and beards, there is no end to them. All young men cultivate whisker and beard if they can by any possibility raise them from the soil. They are pruned and trimmed in all sorts of tastes, and each is considered by its owner a perfect accomplishment of the true sublime. So that a value almost incredible is often placed upon them—not without reason, for many of these magnificent groves of whisker would fetch fully one-and-sixpence a pair in any respectable barber's shop at the West End.

Fancy, if you can, these heads and these whiskers and beards under all sorts of hats and caps—gossamer hats, Paris hats, opera hats, exquisite hats, and all-round-my-hats—jockey caps, peaked cloth night-caps, Chinese caps, Albanian caps, Kuzzilbash caps, Russian caps, and sixpenny caps—fancy all this, and you have before you as well as pen can describe, the appearance of these important sprigs.

"It always makes me thoughtful," said Adeline, "when I enter these crowded streets. It seems to me like commerce bewildered in pursuit of gold. And as I look on the many anxious faces I ask myself, where will all these busy hearts be a hundred years to come?"

"This is quite a relief," she said again, as they stood in the shadow of the magnificent St. Paul's Cathedral. "You wonder, perhaps—but this is one of my friendly spots. How soon does that which has yielded us the purest feelings of delight and admiration become a loving scene!"

"How majestic! how beautiful it is!" said Isaac. "So grand, yet simple. Let us walk around it!"

"Its noble proportions often excite in me strangely powerful emotions," said Adeline. "It reminds me so of our own glorious temple. And, at such times, my thoughts seem spell-bound, and I feel—oh! a wondrous rapture—beyond what I could express. After all, the Christians have no building for their worship equal to ours which the Roman leveled with the earth. I am inclined to wish they had—I should often visit it. I love the Christians, Isaac, very much indeed. I think them an exceedingly lovely people. I am only sorry that they mingle with their worship addresses to a man. Yet, who can wonder at it! Both we and they are in a position to excite pity. They are sweetly fervent—it is saddened by a

mistake. We worship only God—but to worship Him as He describes is impossible. Out of the depths of His love may He pardon them and pardon us! forgive us all!—for oh! how dreadful is the cloud under which we all are living, the mistakes we all commit. I am sad when I think; and sometimes it makes me go desponding indeed.”

“You will get melancholy, Adeline. But anyone at all capable of feeling rightly, it is enough to make him blue. However we will, if you please, quit that subject for the present, and return to this church. If I could, I would sweep away all those dingy ranks of bricks, which surround the edifice, and produce so ridiculous an effect.”

“Who was it,” said Adeline, “that, in his oracular criticism, pronounced this noble portico to be an addition injurious to the general effect of the building? He never could have formed such an opinion while looking at it. If he did, he must have been strangely destitute of all true sentiment and refined taste.”

“I should rather think his taste was too good by half,” remarked Isaac sententially.

“Well, to return to this portico,” resumed Adeline. “With so flat a façade—the only part of the building respecting which I am inclined to make a carping criticism—I am obliged to decide, that the portico is absolutely necessary.

How the gates seem to invite the whole world to enter them."

"And why should we not see the interior. I suppose Jews are admitted; shall we go?"

"I was about to propose the same question."

They ascended the steps, and entered the building. "Oh, Isaac," said Adeline, in a subdued exclamation, and a tear gemmed her long lashes, "does not this remind you of long past days? But I am not sure I do right, when I allow the sight of this lovely temple to so depress me. Those days will come again. See there, where the golden light flows in so solemnly. I could almost fancy myself in the Temple of the Lord, looking in the direction of the Holy of Holies."

"Now let us look at these tombs. Don't you think their arrangement admirable?"

"Yes, indeed. Do you observe that child? How expressive are those hands! and that countenance! so full of angel-hopes! What devotion! it merits to be eternised. And there is the genius of Time, with his eternal accompaniment of a scythe. I never could agree with those who regard this as a happy emblem. Indeed, were it not for the associations, which habit teaches us to connect with it, I think we should have much difficulty in realising the allegory at all. Time destroys all things, as far as earth is concerned; and ultimately will consume even that earth itself. It is impossible for us to understand de-

struction by the figure of cutting down. The resemblance is only partial. It seems rather to hint the necessary thought, than embody the thought itself. I had far rather see him reclining like that Death yonder, with torch flaming, but reversed, and always on the point of being extinguished; or perhaps holding a lamp, with the flame ever-flickering, ever-dying in the socket. Something of the kind would, I think, be a far more congenial emblem. *En passant* of that figure designed to typify Death—how tender! how expressive! what could be more so? And how sublime is the effect of that Faith or Religion—whichever she is intended to represent. After all I have seen of sculpture, I must confess, that no work of art ever so intensely affected me. There is so much of soul, as well as beauty in the countenance—such a thrilling union of profound peace with perfect loveliness. And look at that closed door: so irrevocably closed! so silent! and the dead are within, and the living are shut out! it is like the entrance to eternity. What an object!”

“And let us not pass over that Hope—as I suppose she is. I think I never saw flesh better represented in marble. And the conception is so chaste. There are no silly affectations—no offensive solemn simper—in short, no caricatured sentiment whatever.”

“In good metaphysics, Hope, like Truth, can-

not easily be symbolised," said Adeline. "But such representations are sufficiently justified by their beauty and their brightness. The mind is charmed, and the ordinary ideas of utility are forgotten. The eye fills with loveliness, and the spirit is content — enough that it is beautiful."

"Yet I am bold enough to suppose, that even such unmanageable allegories as these appear to be, might be made far more expressive, if the great minds among us would study more profoundly the laws of thought and feeling."

"Undoubtedly they might," replied Adeline, "but such an effect is not worth thinking of when compared with another, which would as certainly follow — the loftier philosophy that would pervade our literature. No study is so ennobling; but the progress which has yet been made in it is not great. The mind is as much a mystery to us as it was to Plato."

"The powerful sympathy which we feel for the mighty of the past, however elevating it may be in many respects, is injurious to the highest faculties of thought. It makes it difficult for the soul of the nation to turn itself to those loftier contemplations, which Plato and his disciples saw before them, yet obscured by a golden mist, which only future generations could dissolve. And this strong pervading feeling would render it a heartless, perhaps an impossible task, even to the sturdiest minds we have,

who sought to recover that zeal, and that fire of conception, which belonged to those of old. Our metaphysicians do nothing; it will be done by the poets if at all."

"I understand you thus," said Adeline, "that you do not wish to see any of the admiration bestowed on their works diminished, but only that this passionate affection for the great creatures of the past should inspire us with the same masculine boldness of spirit, the same vivid energy of thought, the same unconquerable determination to understand the great truths, which to a self-collected mind are ever unfolding in the unmeasured future."

"True. If I get beyond my depth, I shall rely upon you to fish me out. This admiration is the source from which all elevated knowledge springs. Our first conceptions are imperfect; but from hidden, urnlike deeps within the soul, a thousand streams of thought come flowing, each one invested with a purer brightness, and reflecting shapes still more divine, till at last the creative mind, led on by the same wonder blending with its intelligence, bursts——"

"Be intelligible, now."

"I'll try. Bursts into higher life, and perceives that its own burning spirit is the only muse it must invoke for the inspiration of its genius. It is thus that the human being ensouls all dead, insensate things in that deep and delicate sense of

their seeming life in which they sympathise and smile before the eyes that 'love all they look upon;' and his own spirit animates the stone, which breathes back again upon him a more exalted, more divine inspiration."

"Thus," said Adeline, "no sooner does he behold the forms of the past standing before him in palpable representation, than his ideas soar to a loftier height, and all the energies of his awakened and upspringing spirit are roused in conceptions for eternity."

"Yes," replied Isaac; "so should such examples be used."

"*Ecquid in antiquam virtutem, animosque viriles,
Et Pater Æneas, et avunculus excitat Hector,' "*

said Adeline. "But away with criticism. Let us take one loving look at this magnificent dome. It is the poetry of majesty, and the majesty of poetry. The decorations are superb, yet chaste and beautifully harmonious. And those columns which support it, how lofty they are! How exquisite, too, are those bas-reliefs next the circular mosaics. Mighty as are these pillars — and they are a feeling of the tremendous — they disturb nothing by their immense magnitude. It is a sublime whole! — it is perfection! The dove, in its golden atmosphere of glory, seems to be floating amongst them. Do you observe, also, that altar, as I think it is called, with its pilasters

veined with gold in imitation of lapis lazuli. I wonder that any one can succeed in persuading himself that the taste which introduced such adornment in this position is puerile. Yet so some have said, I believe."

"If you go into a church professing another form of Christianity, Adeline — the Roman Catholic, I mean — in front of that altar they place a semicircle of burning lamps, or else great wax candles, arranged in trinities, as they say. These throw a pale, unsteady light upon an image of the cross and a man upon it. Just fancy it here, and away goes the poetry."

"For the lamps I could offer no objection. I should prefer them," replied Adeline. "You remember the lamps which night and day were kept burning in our own temple. Lamps burning at midday might, on a first thought, be expected to produce an unnatural effect; but a little reflection would, I think, induce me to change that opinion. The light is a mystical and brilliant adornment. It is not placed there with the low intention of being useful. Like flowers, or the soft, ever-breathing music of the fountain, every feeling is absorbed in one — it is a thing that is beautiful."

"But, my sweet young poet, how if they use them as helps to devotion? and I have some fear they do."

"Oh, if they really use them as things to affect

the imagination in religious exercises, sweep them away, for such an evil is an immense one. The eyes gaze in admiration, the heart glows with a solemn feeling of the beautiful, which we might be too apt to mistake for an emotion of love to Him who dwelleth in the light that no man can approach unto. Yet I never like to speculate on the superstitions which some among the Christians indulge. I think upon our own Talmud and Cabbala, and my mouth is closed."

"But you know, Adeline, that the Talmud is 'the wall of defence to our holy law,'" said Isaac ironically.

"Would to God, then, that the wall were swept level with the dust."

"Amen! And you would pray that prayer over again, if you knew as much of the Talmud as I do."

"I am thankful that I do not. I know not what account I could give for such worse than wasted hours, nor what I could do to blot their fearful register from the records of eternity. Its impurities always disgusted me; its puerilities, its worse than childish follies always offended me. I used to be a strenuous advocate for educating our people in the rabbinical writings. I imagined that many as were the evils which must result from this instruction, it was the best means of elevating the cadence of their religion. I shall never support that cause again. To educate them in

the opinions of our learned books — what is it but to seal their degradation? — to weave the chains of their bondage around them still tighter? — to sink them still lower in the depths of sorrow and uncertainty? It would perfect an instrument to be used only as a means of strengthening our rabbis in their usurpations; it would complete a superstitious dependence, which they could use as best it pleased them. A priesthood like ours, not teaching alone, but ruling — ruling with a rod of iron, and pursuing those who differ from them with an unrelenting, heartless bitterness — training the thinking part of the people to pitiable hypocrisy, and the unthinking to gross credulity — it is a spectacle which exasperates. No! Even if the very existence of our religion should require that the nation be instructed in the opinions of our rabbis, I still would oppose it to my latest breath."

"I entirely agree with you, Adeline. But really this is heresy, and had better be spoken discreetly. Think now if the rabbis heard you say so."

"Well, the consequences would most likely be rather serious. For it is quite to be supposed that they would believe my wickedness entitled me to be brought to trial before the session, and to become the subject of a special prayer in the synagogue: while, at the same time, they might resolve that I was an unfit person to be allowed

intercourse with orthodox Jews again. So, indeed, would all my personal friends, except a few tolerant ones."

Their conversation was interrupted by a little girl who came running up to them with a bright smile upon her rosy mouth. Her large, blue eyes peered into Adeline's with a dreamy earnestness of expression, and an air of bashful, timid uncertainty, as though inquiring if she might safely make overtures for acquaintance. Adeline's deep and affectionate nature, ever yearning towards the pure and lovely, was immediately impressed; and she and the little one soon got on quite intimate terms. For the soft melody of gentleness in Adeline's voice had, like the low music of an *Æolian* harp, floated murmuringly and beautifully over the spirit of the child.

But the busy fleeting spirit of the little one could no more be confined in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze. In a short time she began to exhibit various signs of restlessness.

"Indeed, dear, you must kiss me then, before you go," said Adeline, as she folded her in her arms. Then putting her down, she said fervently: "May Heaven bless you, and make you happy here, and fit you to live in the enjoyment of God for ever!" And with an airy innocent playfulness, the interesting little being bounded nimbly away.

"Your blessing that sweet child, dear Adeline,"

said Isaac, "reminds me of a law, written in the Talmud, with which, I apprehend, you are at present unacquainted; because, I think that it is not likely you have ever read the part which it is in. If so, if you do not already know it, it will startle you, perhaps; although you may believe yourself quite prepared to hear the worst passage that can be quoted from that book. The command is that, instead of caressing that lovely babe and praying for a blessing upon her, you shall **SEEK HER LIFE.**"

"Isaac!"

"It is true. How do believers in that book get beside such things? They aver, most emphatically aver, that the Talmud is of **EQUAL** authority with the Bible. Indeed, we might as well say right out, that what God says in the Bible, is sixth-rate compared with what He says in the Talmud. It is from this feeling that they have prohibited the Bible—allowing only the rabbins to read it—and enforced the study of the other."

"Oh, it is surpassingly horrible! You have frightened me. I cannot comprehend the thing. I have scarcely force of mind sufficient to realise that the command is there. And you are perfectly serious? It is exactly, as you have said? Tell me more."

"I will show you the passage when we get home. It alone is enough to brand rabbinical Judaism with infamy and everlasting contempt. I

know it so well that I am able to repeat the whole from memory—it is in the Hilchoth M'lakhim: 'Moses, our master, did not give the law as an inheritance to any but Israel, as it is said, "the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob," and to those among the nations who might wish to become proselytes. Moses, our master, has also commanded us, by Divine appointment, to *compel* all that come into the world to embrace the commandments given to the children of Noah. And whosoever will not embrace them, is to be *put to death!*' You know, perhaps, what people are meant by the children of Noah?"

"They are those amongst the Gentiles, who are, according to Jewish judgment, perfectly clear from the charge of idolatry."

"Exactly. In the Gemara mankind are divided into four classes — Israelites, Proselytes, Children of Noah, and Idolators. The last class comprises all Christians; the third, those whom you described. But this division can only be entered during a jubilee; consequently, no one can be enrolled in it now. So then, to the believer in the Talmud, there is no going aside. There is God's word — he must slay the child."

"It is dreadful to think of. How fearful will be the account of him who dared to write such a command; and more terrible still, to impute such a devilish feeling to the God of love. There is one ray of brightness breaking through the cloud,

which else would be blackness visible indeed—the most superstitious Jew amongst us, would sooner kill the person who told him to do it than the child.”

“I know it.”

“Which proves that gross as are the powers of credulity possessed by some of our people, not one of them can in his heart and soul believe that the Talmud is divine, else they could never neglect its commands in this and a thousand instances beside. Let us go.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.

"Eulalie — a lovely and spiritual child,
As e'er on her image in lotus-cups smiled.
The morn's pensive shadows and day's sunny skies
Have pictured their beauty in her deep silent eyes ;
While Peace, brooding gentle on young angel wings,
Around her sweet brow a starry light flings."

OSBORN W. T. HEIGHWAY.

THE house of Isaac's father was situated in the suburbs of Kensington, overlooking the parks and Kensington Gardens. It was one of those sweet sequestered spots which are to be found nowhere in greater perfection than in the neighbourhood of London. Around it meandered a walk paved with gravel, smooth as a marble tablet ; and this again was encircled by a gently undulating lawn, plentifully interspersed with the choicest trees and flowers.

Mr. Cohen was now a widower. He was an earnest-hearted, even an enthusiastic Jew ; but his views were held as free from a fiery bigotry

on the one hand, as they were from an undue looseness on the other. He was a strict Talmudist; as, indeed, was each member of his family, except Isaac. These were, David Cohen, of the same age as Isaac, and who, at the time of which we are writing, was on the verge of marrying Hermon, the youngest daughter of Dr. Aben Baruch, and the only sister of Eloïse; Mary Cohen, aged eighteen; Jacob and Joseph Cohen, aged fourteen and eleven years respectively; and Eulalie Cohen, aged six years. Besides these, there was a young French lady — Miss Hallevi — whom he had lately taken to reside with him; the death of her father, a near relative of his own, having left her an orphan and unprotected.

It was already past four o'clock when Adeline and Isaac drew up to the door, and consequently there was no longer any space to idle over their preparations for eating the passover; for the usual duties connected with the offering of the evening sacrifice had to be performed, as well as those appointed for the feast.

"Oh, my dear Miss Adeline!" cried Eulalie, bounding into her arms immediately she entered the hall. "I am so happy now you have come. But where is it you have been staying so long? Isaac promised me he would bring you early."

"Well, you see, my love," said Adeline, kissing her, "I think you can pardon that, for I shall be with you a long time now."

"Yes, dear, so you will. And you know how glad I am — how much I love you. Now, come upstairs with me, if you please; for I have some things I greatly wish to show you, and especially a sweet book that papa gave me yesterday, that I want to ask you about. But I suppose I must wait for you to undress first. I'll help you — do, dear, let me."

"I must be alone for a little while, my darling," said Adeline, as she lovingly pressed the child's forehead to her lips. And then she resumed, in a slow and gentle tone, "I am going to worship our God, the King of Israel, and to ask Him to bless my dear Eulalie, and to restore us to our own beautiful country, where you so wish to go."

"Oh, it is delightful to think about it!" said Eulalie, clasping her little hands rapturously. "I dream about it often, and then I seem as if I am there. When shall we go there, Miss Adeline? When will Messiah Ben-David come to deliver us, and to be our King?" And in a thoughtful voice, and her large serious eyes fixed on Adeline's, she repeated that verse so dearly cherished by her people, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, the city of the great King."

"The time is near, very near. We expect Him soon; indeed, almost every day we look for His appearance."

"Oh, I do *love* Him so," said Eulalie, in a soft,

dreamy voice, and rather in communion with herself than Adeline. "I know He's coming. He often speaks to me—in the night—and tells me I shall see Him soon." And the young face was illumined with holy joy.

Adeline's eyes filled with tears, and kissing her fervently, she hurried away, with a promise that she should not be absent long.

A striking characteristic of the Jewish people is their intense feeling of nationality. Their pride, their trust, their life is in the land of Palestine; and it is their glory to conform, as far as they can, in their houses, usages, and even clothing, to what they would be if they were restored to their inheritance. Consequently, many of those whose means enable them to keep two kinds of costume—the one Eastern, the other suited to the country in which they live—change themselves when the public business of the day is done.

The inner circle of a Jewish family is an intensely interesting—an exceedingly lovely scene. But it is a sacred one, too; for in their positively private apartments the Jews do not receive visitors, except they belong to their own nation. And very special, indeed, must be the friendship under which a Gentile obtains admission to the interior of their household. To the romantic this consideration would, doubtless, heighten the deep delight which all he sees is fitted to inspire.

Now, then, we must request the reader to ac-

company us into the drawing-room in Mr. Cohen's house that was emphatically *his*, and therefore the room in which the passover was to be eaten — a large apartment, furnished and decorated with all the luxury which oriental taste could possibly require; and, except a piano and harp, almost buried amongst the folds of damask, there was little English about it. The walls were spanned by a gently-arched ceiling, encrusted with purple and gold, and flashing with little pale blue stars, which appeared to give fond intimations that an ethereal treasury of peace and repose was above. At the entrance rich curtains of Damascus silk were gathered in voluptuous folds between pilasters of polished cedar, and the windows were concealed by hangings of the same costly material. The floor was covered with a Persian carpet of great beauty, that yielded with luscious softness to the pressure of every foot. It was plentifully strewed with billowy cushions; and in the midst of it stood a stainless marble fountain, filled with water bright as crystal, and sparkling with little golden fishes. In one of the corners a large alabaster basin stood upon an exquisite carved mahogany pedestal: this was used for washing the hands before eating — a thing never omitted to be done.

Near this was the desk with the volumes of the Talmud, and other works of the rabbins, by its side. It was made of one piece of solid cedar, and was about three feet in height, supported on

a square dais, which raised it a few inches higher. On this dais the cushion was laid, seated upon which the various members of the family studied the law.

The wall at the end was adorned by a large painting, wrought by the hands of Adeline. It was executed in most masterly style. There was no paltry mannerism. All was modest and un-presuming, like the work of a lady, and that lady a genius.

Of the subject of this picture we cannot expect to convey any adequate idea. In the centre the irreversible declaration of Jehovah, and the fond pass-word of the house of Israel was written in Hebrew characters, **שׁמֶע יִשְׂרָאֵל**, &c.—“Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is a Unity.” The colour of the letters was purple, suggested by the curtains of the tabernacle; and the whole sentence was surrounded by clouds and a golden glory, —“a bewilderment and mist of brightness.” Amongst the upper folds of the clouds two seraphim reposed; their wings embracing and their faces looking towards each other. On the left and near the top, a dim and dreamy circle of pale white rays shone indistinctly through the solemn mists, immediately suggesting the bright and beautiful heaven beyond. While by a consummately artistic blending of the light and shade, the light of the whole picture seemed to flow from thence.

Adeline had finished her devotions and her toilette rather earlier than any of the others. And there she lay, gracefully reclining upon one of the divans, while her fingers capriciously played with the golden chain on her bosom. Upon her beautifully rounded arms, jewels gleamed. Her long rich tresses hung wavily around her neck and waist, falling in a lustrous cataract amongst the silken cushions that were scattered around. The elegant white muslin turban embroidered with blue, and crimson, and golden flowers, forming the most poetical head-dress that the warmest imagination could create, imparted a soft, fascinating dreaminess to her large mystic eyes, illumined so brightly with the sunshine of intellect. A tunic of light silk was covered with a loose robe of pale blue crape floating airy as the rainbow about her statuesque form. A chain composed of six rows of pearls, jointed together with brilliants, encircled her waist, and from thence it depended to within a few inches of the ground. Round her loins a cashmere shawl, soft and unsubstantial as a film, was negligently tied. And a veil bright as her own crystal skies, and spiritual as the sunbeam, enwreathed her in shadowy folds from the languid forehead and throbbing bosom to the rosy-slippered little feet, that scarcely displayed themselves from amongst the folds in the large flowing trousers. The whole portrait bore a soft visionary hue, made up

of love and peace harmoniously serene. It was the poetry of repose; so profoundly calm that you could almost hear the thrill of life which gushed through her palpitating veins, varying her cheek with every changing thought as often as the zephyr-clouds shading a summer sky.

Picture to yourself one of Eve's fairest daughters, bright in her beauty as in Eden's fresh land.

To the lover of that flower-soft calm which Eastern style always inspires, even into the coldest bosom, the effect of the whole scene was very beautiful. But to the Christian, who with an enlarged soul and refined heart feels this character of repose in its fullest degree, and is besides moved by higher thoughts and nobler sensibilities, it was touchingly, oppressively beautiful. The maid of Israel, in her exile fondly surrounding herself with the costume and associations of that beloved land, about which her soul-deep memories had entwined themselves; and dreaming away the heaven-calm moments in bright visions of the glory which should again rest upon it; in strange yearnings, and strong dim emotions after the joy which she saw in the cloudy future; in the exuberance of tender thoughts and sacred shadowings such as impassioned natures love to feel.

The next person that entered the room was Mr. Cohen. He was stout and portly, clear-headed and warm-hearted; an average specimen

of the strict, enlightened Jew. He was dressed in the light and flowing drapery of the East, wore his phylacteries between his eyes—"Thy law is ever before me"—and was covered with his *Talith* or Veil, the "garment of fringes," which was commanded to be worn in memory of the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. The smaller *Talith* the Jewish male wears constantly.

Adeline rose from the divan as he came in. She bowed herself slightly. Then erecting herself, she remained with her forehead lightly resting on the tips of the fingers of her right hand, while, with her eyes bent downwards, she gave the left to him. He took it, and as he did so, he kissed her, and then extending his hand over her head, he pronounced the blessing in Hebrew, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. The Lord bestow upon thee riches and honour, and may thine eyes behold the salvation of Judah and Israel." Adeline sat down again.

It was now full sunset, and the rest of the family began to assemble. David Cohen was a young man of strong and vigorous mind, a noble spirit, and a generous heart. His age has been told. He was attached to the Talmud, and attended as closely to its study as the best young Talmudist among his people; and he was moderately strict in fulfilling the ceremonies which it enjoins.

Mary Cohen, after embracing Adeline, seated herself on a divan by her side. She was the beloved of her father, and of the whole family; indeed, who was it that knew her could avoid loving her? She had mingled with society a little, and a gush of the world's breath had passed over her; but as yet it had faded none of the fresh bloom of innocence from her spirit. Her manners were gentle and elegant; and her softness of disposition, her maidenly blushes, her child-like simplicity, proved how little she dreamed of that impassioned devotion, that noble heroism, which now slumbered within her peaceful breast. Her countenance was of the clear intellectual expression, with—for all her light-heartedness—a shade of sadness about the mouth, which one so seldom sees but in a picture; but which, when seen, haunts the imagination and the memory, rather than excites any very palpable feelings of admiration—and then only in those who, like herself, were of a calm and thoughtful turn. Yet though, like Adeline, there was a touch of melancholy in her disposition, her smile was a thing brimful of happiness, clear, and very joyous. Her voice, slightly modulated by the accent of her nation's language, was rich in tenderness; steeped in beautiful pathos, like violets in dew, by “the mossy stone half-hidden to the eye.” But every motion was itself music, ere her voice was heard. Every fibre—face, frame, limbs—was eloquent, and told

tales of feeling and passion beyond the power of mere airy words. In the thought flashed into speech by every glance of the unclouded eye, in the movements communicated by the gladness of a heart untouched by sorrow, the motions, not merely quickened by the spirit, but seemingly themselves spiritualized, and that, too, into forms and outlines of nature's perfect loveliness, that needs no instructor but the soul-felt impulse from which it springs, and the "innocent brightness of the new-born day" of bliss in which it lives its beautiful, and floating, and ethereal being — (oh ! gentle and middle-aged reader, pardon this perhaps too poetic style ; though ornate, yet unambitious) — in all this who could excel those two of Israel's loveliest daughters now sitting there with inlacing arms and touching cheeks, the charm-and-spell-bearing Mary Cohen and Adeline Steinberg ?

Then there was the precious little Eulalie — there she is, full of life and gladness, constantly thrilling over a tune shadowily, for her heart is overflowing with music, and gliding hither and thither with the airy, undulatory motion of thoroughly happy childhood, startling the eye as it wanders now here now there around the room with apparitions of unexpected beauty. She was no more to be kept still in one place than the light clouds in a summer sky, or the young leaves rejoicing in the first breathings of spring. She was

tall of her age; of a thin, but not lean figure: indeed, if we set aside the consideration of her height, we could scarcely convey an idea of her form better than by describing it as the perfection of epigrammatic beauty. Her face was lit up with all the witchery of innocence peculiar to childhood. A hue of tender pensiveness it might have—and its having it was an addition to its fascination—but there was not a single shade of sadness in its expression. She was doubtless a beautiful, even lovely, little being. But pictured beauty is a fading flower—so fading, that we approach and delight ourselves in it with a trembling fear. We think not of the gracefulness of the stalk when it is crushed, flower and all; but feel only that there is an end or extinction of something we had loved, and that all our future delight must be drawn from the depths of memory. It was not so with Eulalie. Light came and went across her dream-like features with the coming and going of each feeling or thought; yet faint was the change of hue ever visible—and then it revealed itself only to kindred innocence. It was the lovely countenance of a seraph enshrined in mortal life—in the angelic-calm stillness of its idealised beauty instinct with all the emotions of the human heart, yet strangely full of a spiritual fire that seldom lives on earth, and never but in childhood. Idealised beauty! Yes—for that face, so full of purity, was overshadowed with a

radiance for which the name must be withheld only because it seemed more divine, inspiring a sacred love that overpowered while it mingled with delight—an expression from immortality. Surely that man's nature must be radically defective who does not feel his heart purified and exalted by such an image. Her hair excepted, which, not at all unusual amongst Jewish children, was of a light golden hue, she was exceedingly like her sister. There was the same whole-hearted laugh, the same sunny smile, the same loving eyes—eyes that amongst that mellow sunset overflowed with an unconsciously alluring expression of innocence and gladness, and that impassioned but calm brilliance which must have shone through the lofty fringes of the large lamping orbs of the fond Juliet, when she watched for her Romeo amidst the starry hours. Many a thoughtful student, with book in hand, slowly pacing his early morning walk on the flowery sods of Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, or in the shadow of their arching trees, cheating himself into the belief that he was taking a healthful exercise, has met the vision of those eyes, and that pure and guileless face, and spoilt his reading for the morning. In vain has he struggled to rid his mind of the heterodox notion which, with horrid pertinacity, would still creep in among his thoughts, that there might, after all, be things in the world better worth living and striving for, blessings far more valuable, than

out of musty old tomes, to get the reputation of a scholar, or the degree of LL.D.

Of course, we must not omit to notice Elde Yehudah Elihu, who generally honoured the feasts at Mr. Cohen's with the light of his countenance. He was a somewhat queer-looking piece of humanity. His features and movements were all indicative of a bustling, fussy individual; good-hearted at the bottom, but of limited intellectual powers. His little round head, resting on his no-neck, was surmounted by an enormous stack of stiff, stubby hair—it made one's eyes smart to look at it, it was so sharp and scratchified. This stack of hair he was in the habit of constantly tussling and bristling up. In the intervals of this employment he flashed a bandanna of fearful dimensions; occasionally mopping up his face with breathless energy, and producing a succession of very happy imitations of the rejoicing notes of the big trumpet in the big organ at Exeter Hall. After this description we feel it to be almost unnecessary for us to say that he was an ultra Talmudist. He scarcely believed there was any other book in the world, the Cabbala hardly excepted; at any rate, he had quite concluded that there was not another of a tone sufficiently elevated to meet *his* refined tastes. Not even the Bible? Dear, no; for in his own elegant comparison—though we think *he* picked it up, for we have heard others use it—"The Bible is as dish-water, the Talmud choice wine."

Few require to be told that the Jews compute their years by lunar months—from new moon to new moon. Consequently, to make their time correspond with solar time, it becomes necessary, twice in five years, to add an extra month. This is called **וְאָדָר**, *Vau-Adar*, and is placed between **אָדָר**, *Adar*, the sixth month, and **נִיסָן**, *Nison*, the seventh month. The Jewish civil year, reckoning from the creation of the world, commences with **תִּשְׁרִי**, *Tishri*, which falls about the middle of September, or the beginning of October. But when commanding the observance of the passover, God changed also the beginning of the year; therefore, the religious year commences with Nison.

The law enjoins that the feast of the passover shall be kept seven days; on the first and last no servile work may be done. It is to commence on the fourteenth of the first month at even, and end at the same time on the twenty-first. But the Jews in exile amongst us, set apart eight days to its observance, beginning on the thirteenth at even, and making the fourteenth a **שַׁבָּת**, *Sabbath*, as well as the fifteenth and twenty-first.

All were assembled now. Every one's dress was exceedingly rich, as well as beautiful. But there was no false display; all was sweetly harmonious and chaste. All the associations of the Jew—the gorgeous ceremonial of the temple worship—the magnificence of his own beloved land—unite to foster the love he has for brilliant attire.

Mr. Cohen rose, and taking a book of Jewish prayers in his hand, recited several from it, at the same time walking slowly up and down the room. The reason for this is taken from the thirty-fifth Psalm, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee!"

The men stood; the women went upon their knees, their forehead bent towards the earth, and resting upon a cushion. It was an exquisitely touching scene; one that no heart, rightly tuned, could witness without tears. With a voice, tenderly modulated to the various emotions excited, Mr. Cohen feelingly expressed the throbbings of Judah's heart.

The exercise finished, a servant entered, bearing a large basin made of pure beaten gold. It was half-filled with the blood of the lamb that had been slain for the passover. She placed it on the table, and a bunch of hyssop by its side.

"Every one is in the house, Rachel?" inquired Mr. Cohen.

"Yes, sir."

"Then, bid them come to the Lord's passover."

The servants came, dressed in walking attire. His family being thus collected round him, Mr. Cohen read from the Law the precept commanding to make the מְזוּזָה, *Mezuzah*, or signs upon the doorpost; after which, accompanied by two of his sons, he proceeded to affix the marks upon the lintel and side-posts.

"This is the bread of poverty and affliction, which our fathers did eat in Egypt; whoso hungers, let him come, and eat; whoso needs, let him come, and eat the paschal lamb. This year we are here, the next (God willing) we shall be in the land of Canaan; this year we are servants, the next, if God will, we shall be free, children of the family."

And then the lamb, seasoned with bitter and nauseous herbs, was distributed amongst those present, together with biscuit or "unleavened bread." When all had eaten what they required, the remainder was taken into another room, and there consumed by fire; for the Law allows none of it to be kept until the morning.

"Of what, sir, is this service designed to put us in remembrance?" said Isaac.

Mr. Cohen took a book, and read in Hebrew an account of the bondage in Egypt and the deliverance therefrom; interspersed with comments, partly taken from the book before him, partly extemporaneous. This done, all burst forth in chanting, in their own majestic language, the **ללאל**, (from the 95th to the 100th Psalm,) constantly used in the Sabbath service. Adeline accompanied with a vivid symphony upon the piano. The effect of the whole was of the true sublime. The fine bass tones of Mr. Cohen, rising in force and expression according as the tremendous imagery heightened in majesty, mingled in harmonious grandeur with the

clear silvery notes of the women. All the family possessed, in an eminent degree, that general gift of their people, a rich melodious voice. But now, inspired by such a time and such a theme, voices and instruments gave forth their sounds as if gifted with a spirit life, that, echoing to the soul's expectant nature floated her above the darkling mists of time, and unfolded an uncertain trembling view of the eternity, which is her home.

CHAPTER V.

ELOÏSE AND HERMON.

"I can't say that I am at all surprised, for I never thought much of him."

COMMON-PLACE OF DOMESTIC CONVERSATION.

THE same afternoon, at the house of Dr. Aben Baruch; the same apartment, in which we first saw Eloïse.

At full length on a couch, adorned with the most gorgeous tapestry, and in the richest eastern style, lay Eloïse—once the pride, the day-spring of her father's house—the hope of her mother's heart. Never in her beauty's most glorious pride had she looked so calm, so great, so noble; but it was a fearful shade of fevered grief, instead of the softness of the past.

Hermon was stooping over her.

"Eloïse, I pray, do speak to me—do smile once more—what tears!"

"Tears, Hermon! Oh, no! no, no! My sad heart calls no such rare drops to witness my affliction. Each source is quenched. My soul is

parched like a shadowless lake beneath a burning sky. But I am well—and very strong, Hermon, albeit I smile not.”

“Oh, sigh no more—forget all these vain dreams; be wise, be gay. Heavy clouds may be outspread to-day, but suns of joy will shine to-morrow.”

“Yet not on me, Hermon.”

“Why not? I do not see. Wherefore allow your heart and soul to be so irrevocably fixed on *one*? Gladness is not confined to one bower, to one spirit, to one place. Her realm is boundless, like eternity. Come, cheer you, sister; it is only action that befits great energies like yours. Why, dear, seas are broad, and earth is wide; you will find friends to love you everywhere. One has been untrue—well, heed him not—since he deserves no sorrow—the world has plenty more.”

“Oh! rayless and cheerless, Hermon, darkness and storm—no light—none!”

“Eloise, it is not in vain that you have loved me so, and been so kind. My heart is twined around you. Your grief hurts me terribly. I cannot have it so. Why, this torture will end in madness.”

“Madness! oh, no!—not madness. It is not grief, Hermon, that haunts me—but—but—no matter. Be assured it is not grief. I do not feel enough to grieve. I could believe my heart were chiseled out of marble, but for the throbbing life that burns and trembles in it.”

"You who were so kind, so gentle, and who loved so?"

"Ay, Hermon. I, who once deemed womanhood my crown and glory, am hardened thus. But it was not in my nature—earth has done it—and tried the harshest mettle in my soul. You, Hermon—you are and will be happy—your dreams unspoiled—the still small voice of fondness never silenced. Around you love will breathe its soft and best enchantments—while I—oh! stay with me no more!"

"You are becoming such a mystery, dear Eloïse. *He*—I never liked him—I hate him now. He never was worthy to be your husband. Why do you think about him so?"

"Oh! Hermon, but when woman waits for man to be fitted to receive her deep engrossing love—her love so changeless and immeasurable—and to understand it—she'll seldom love at all. I loved Ben-Megas—too much, for it was idolatry. But I could have borne to see my love crushed and trampled in the common earth, and dust and ashes heaped upon it—oh! I could have borne that!—all of it!—and still be proud."

"Eloïse, if you knew how this troubles me. I cannot think you feel right about it. 'Set thy hope in God,' is the command of Him who knew what was in man. If I can love you even more dearly than life itself—and I *do*, Eloïse—how much more He who made you and knows your

weakness; and who has no feeling but love for you; and who sustains your being that you may be happy in the enjoyment of His love for ever."

"Oh, if there be a hope and promise—a home where the spirit shall again be bathed in purity and love, and lost in a cloud of immortal fragrance, I yet again might be happy."

"Yes—and *here*, Eloise."

"Oh, not on earth, I think, Hermon."

"Why not, Eloise? Your love believed Ben-Megas true—never mind—don't think about it any more. But, you know—as you seem to like him so—but, after all, I wouldn't recommend it—Ben-Megas will be compelled to marry you if you cite him before the rabbis."

"I know it. But I have decided on other means of avenging myself. I cannot stand up and tell my—— Oh! Hermon, it is not love but passion! I will be near him yet, and will either marry him, or else destroy him."

"Cease such thoughts, Eloise. Come now, I think you ought to feel a good deal better. Let us go and eat the passover. Ben-Megas will be there, of course. But you must not speak—nor look—I never do. Show him how you disdain him."

"Disdain him, I never can.—I am ashamed of it—that love's soft unnerving power should so enthral me. But I will not sit with him to eat that feast of joy and love."

"Father is determined. I wish you would."

"Determined! I owe him no allegiance now. He has broken the bonds of union. I am wronged at his command."

"Yes, dear. But don't arouse him. I dread it. And you know whatever he does the rabbis will second it. And then there's that horrid, hateful cabbalism—I hate cabbalists—he may curse you."

"And then you think I should die directly," said Eloïse.

"Well, one does not like to believe such horrible things; but you know every one says so. I never like to provoke them, for I do believe they are very hardened people, all of them."

"And so do I."

"Well now, make me happy, dearest; join us this evening, and I think it will do you good."

"It is useless, Hermon. I am determined I will not go down. I will not hear prayers mouthed by that white-washed sepulchre, Ben-Megas."

"The will of God be done. It is a great trouble to me, Eloïse; for you are dearer to me than any one."

"Except Mr. Cohen, dear," said Eloïse; and a faint, mournful smile floated across her pale rose features.

"Well, of course he is very dear to me," said Hermon, blushing crimson. "But then that's a

different sort of thing, sweet Eloïse. I love you, it seems, as dearly as I can love any one."

"Thank you, my beloved sister," said Eloïse, with a grateful kiss; for Hermon's simple and unaffected kindness had subdued her warring spirit.

"Now, come down with me, Eloïse."

"No, Hermon. That is what I cannot consent to. Now, don't press me."

"Well, dear Eloïse, if you won't come with me—and I need not say I would go on my knees if you would—I must leave you, for it is quite time you see," and she pointed to the setting sun.

"Yes, my sweet sister—go," said Eloïse. "You cannot feel as I do about it. Perhaps it is better that you should not. Farewell." And having kissed each other, Hermon left the room.

Eloïse heard a step on the stairs. She knew the sound instantly. For a moment her face flushed, and her lips quivered; but it was only for a moment, and she resumed her cold, impenetrable look.

Her father walked into the room.

"They tell me you refuse to keep the feast, Eloïse," he said.

"And they say truly," replied Eloïse quietly.

"You——hussy! Come down and keep the Pasach! What's all these flim-flams about?"

"Need you ask? But I prefer to be left alone; and also that you would preserve your oaths for a fitter use and place."

"Oh! woman, who since Eve hast ever been a tenfold curse — branding with sin man's life's best purpose — and from the evil harvest of thy passions, scattering fruits that mar his highest efforts. What wast thou born for? Happy is he whose spirit rises free above thy vile influence — whose holiest joy is that he lives without thee."

So spake the cabbalist — and he said more — and worse.

Eloïse looked through the window — her face was on fire with subdued indignation, mingling with a look of contemptuous scorn.

"A father's curse light on thy rebel head; and Heaven will hear it. Thou hast broken God's holy law — see to it. Two days hence I take you before the session. The seal is set. Repent, or thy name will be numbered with those who have disgraced their nation, and blotted out for ever."

Eloïse had expected it. She knew it must come; and now she did not blench beneath it. She went to her mother.

Two days afterwards there was great confusion and hurrying in Rabbi Aben Baruch's house. Servants ran up and down, and whispered to each other, with faces full of blank consternation. The

rabbi swore with a fluency and fervency they had never heard him surpass. Eloïse had disappeared. Where could she be gone? No one could think — no one knew. Yes, there was one in that house knew — the mother of Eloïse; but she was silent as the grave.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE JEWISH WOMEN, WITH A FEW ET CETERAS.

RETURN we now to the house of Mr. Cohen, and on the same evening.

As soon as the singing was done, the servants rose to leave the room; the family proceeded to arrange themselves for conversation. Benjamin, a man-servant, remained behind, as though there was something he wanted to say.

"Well, Ben, I see there's something; what is it?" said Mr. Cohen.

"Why, sir, I jest wanted to ask you if it's true about that synagogue bein' carried away from the place where it was built to another place. Our people downstairs seem to believe it."

"And don't you?"

"Well, I dun know what to do about it."

"Perhaps if you ask David or Isaac, they'll tell you what they think about it."

"Do you believe it, Mr. David?"

"Why not?" asked David. "To be sure I do; for I make it an invariable rule to believe everything I read or hear. What is it to me if the

angels can find nothing better to do than to become synagogue-porters by night, in order that they may have the pleasure of seeing how dreadfully the people are surprised in the morning? Or what business have I to inquire how much their backs were galled, or their wings sprained by the carriage, or how many rests they had by the way? The result is everything. In an age so material, so full of utilitarian philosophy as the present, when each man, if he could, would turn all his fellow-creatures into prize cabbages, I can scarcely conceive of any position more honourable than to stand forth as the champion of the Invisible world."

"Then you think it's true?"

"Haven't I said so?"

"Well, I don't know," said Ben, pensively.

"It seems a little too tough, one would think."

"Not a bit of it," returned David. "I myself have a most pious and fervent faith in almost every known kind of diablerie, necromancy, and witchcraft. I am ready to contend for the propriety of believing in the Heloth-Shechi, Barrosh, dreams, omens, spaewives, cantrips, tatie-bogles, and the squadrons of elfin chivalry; in fairies, brownies, kelpies, Boo-men, wraiths, spells, and Holloway's pills; in the divination of fortunes by means of the sediment of a teacup, or the worsted clue dropped into the haunted kiln; in terrible phosphoric writings on the door, and the appalling hideousness of turnip-lanterns stuck on the lonely

churchyard wall. : Finally, to reach the sum and 'tottle of the whole' of my amiable weaknesses, I believe in the vagaries of 'extravagant and erring spirits' by moonlight."

"No, no, Benjamin," said Mr. Cohen, "you must believe nothing of the kind. He knows better than this."

"Then you don't think a word about the synagogue is true?"

"Certainly not. I wonder you could be so foolish as to suppose it possible."

"Well, I must say I had my doubts about it."

"To be sure you had."

"Thank you, sir; I shall go and upset their faith downstairs, then."

"Yes, if they need it."

"How could you talk so, David, dear?" said Mary, smilingly, when Ben had left; "he half thought you were earnest."

"Science, Mary, a votary of science. Science makes fools of more men than you could count in a twelvemonth."

No one is allowed to leave the house until the morning, so Mr. Elihu of course remained amongst the family. Miss Hallevi had not been in England long enough to know much of the language, and, being so young, she had not yet acquired proficiency in Hebrew; therefore she engaged herself in talking to Adeline, who spoke French with fluency. Mr. Cohen addressed himself espe-

cially to Isaac and Mary. After some time thus passed, he turned to the contemplative gentleman who sat rejoicing in a glass of madeira, a handful of raisins, and the title of Elder Elihu.

"Have you heard, Mr. Elihu, what some of our brethren in Poland are suffering?"

"Anything fresh, then?"

"Oh, very sad! Some of the accounts are paralyzing. Hundreds have been ejected from their homes—never allowed to remain in too much quiet—and left in the possession of nothing. Some of them are literally stripped of all. We had a letter here yesterday; it was sent to Rabbi Aben Baruch from a gentleman, who says that himself and his wife, after having been dreadfully ill-used, were turned into the fields in a state of perfect nudity, and that this has occurred in many other instances. Their sufferings I cannot bear to think upon. The Roman Catholics are foremost in the persecution. The infatuated people, headed by their priests, paraded the streets of K—— with banners, on which a price was enumerated for various animals, concluding with such a sum for a hog, and, beneath this, such a sum for a Jew. Unhappy Israel! when will the Most High deliver him out of his afflictions."

"If I had been there I would have hurled a hog in their teeth, if I had died for it," said Isaac.

"Or hung a few red rags about it, and they

would have worshipped it for the Virgin Mary," suggested David.

"Excellent! And the necessary lamp could be hung by the nose-ring."

"And the tail cut off for a wick."

"Confound it! I've always said it," said Mr. Elihu, "These Christians, the cusses! Upon my soul!——"

"Hush! my brother," said Mr. Cohen; "though we must feel our sufferings deeply, it is no part of a Jew's religion to call any people hard names. And I always feel very warmly when such language is applied to Christians. My respect for the morality enforced by Christianity is unbounded. It is as perfect as that commanded by our Holy Law. I am sorry our people don't understand the feelings of Christians better than they do. Since I read the book they call the New Testament, I have known better how to think, for I there found that true, ardent love to God and man is the summary of their religion."

"I often think, dear papa, that it would form a very interesting subject of conversation if you would tell us something about the New Testament," said Mary.

"Well, perhaps I will. I shouldn't like you to read it, because I think your mind is not sufficiently fortified by fixed principles. The character of Jesus is a very lovely one, and His doctrine is very fascinating. He said so Himself.

I can't recollect the precise words, but it was substantially that whereas the law of Moses—blessed be he!—was heavy, His law was easy and light."

"How did you feel, dear, when you had read it?"

"I was a Jew when I begun; and when I finished, I was, if possible, more a Jew than ever. Now for our poor afflicted brethren. Efforts on a large scale must be made. What can we do? And how can we do most?"

"I thought on a ball," said David. "We could easily get one up, and have it here."

"The only thought that had occurred to me was to go round personally, and solicit contributions. But I think what you say is best. A good sum might in that way be realised, and many would come to it who would otherwise give much less, perhaps nothing. It will do. Now when shall it be? Not before your marriage, David?"

"Oh, my dear father," interposed Mary, "I think that perhaps something better than a ball of that kind may be devised. I have got quite out of heart with such assemblies, where anybody can come in exchange for his few shillings. A very queer company is often collected; and contact with such people is not unpleasant merely, but dangerous. But I almost feel I am doing wrong, because I say so much to you. Yet it seems to

me that to think there is expediency in doing good by such means, goes against our common sense."

"Well," replied Mr. Cohen, "if you think you ought not to consent to the thing, why, so be it. But with the conditions proposed, I am glad to avail myself of it. Our Holy Law imposes upon us to do all the good we can, you know. When you get a little older you won't think as you do now."

"So, dear, you always tell me. But if you will allow me to say it, I notice that many of the persons who attend these unions are very deficient in moral principle—some of them we know to be openly wicked in no small degree. And yet there is no way to make the thing more select, for fear our people would talk of it as a scandal."

"Still, Mary, you must think also of the good which will result from this. While we on this evening are peacefully collected in our home, our persons and property protected by the laws of the country of our adoption—the smile of Jehovah be upon it!—many of our brethren wander hungry, shelterless, and almost naked. I wish I could make you properly understand the principle that is the standard of our faith—the rule by which God judges us, and by which we examine ourselves. Here it is—'Every one of the children of men has merits and sins. If his merits exceed his sins, he is righteous; if his sins exceed his merits, he

is wicked. If they be equal, he is a middling or intermediate person.'"

"You see—a—beg pardon, sir, for interrupting," said Mr. Elihu, obsequiously; "but I would make a few humble rigmarks on this interesting opportunity. Women are not allowed to know—they can't, sir, as it were, be igspected to know the ins and outs, so to speak, of our Holy Law."

"It is true that our women are distressingly ignorant in that respect," replied Mr. Cohen. "But I am much grieved about it. It is the cause of much of the hardness of heart amongst us; and will have to be removed before we shall make any good hand of our religion. I wish I could blot out the passages that bar them from knowing it, such as that accursed one in the Hilchoth Talmud Torah, so often quoted, 'Women, and slaves, and children are not to study the law.' It disgusts me. What is good for our teachers to know, must be good for our women to know. Is not their soul as valuable? Are they not more able than

* Very likely it will be said of Mr. Elihu that he is quite out of place, for he would never be tolerated in society—and that of the best. I don't know that. We Christians often have to endure bores and ninnies of the first water. But I am sketching from Jewish life; and here that brotherhood, the strict Jew must acknowledge, compels him often to submit to the inflictions of spirits most ungenial.

some men to understand it?" And he laid a tremendous emphasis on the word *some*.

"Mr. Elihu," said Isaac, "can you express any sympathy with the feelings which our religion inspires respecting woman? Can you, well-pleased, respond to any of those abominable sentences we so often hear; such as, 'Blessed art Thou, O God! King of the universe, who hast not made me a woman!' 'Blessed art Thou, O Eternal! who in mercy hast not made me a partaker of woman's nature, through whom sin entered the world.' The first, you know, we regularly hear in the public worship. God forgive me if the feeling was sinful! but when it has been uttered in the synagogue, and I have tried to get a glimpse through the gallery-screen to observe the effect of it upon our pure-souled women present; and have seen it in the languid eye, and flushed and down-cast cheek, I have felt my heart good to knock the Hazan out of the chair: and I have despised — from the very depths of my spirit have I despised — the men and boys around me, for joining so devoutly in the response. I find nothing about this in the Bible — but the opposite. How dare any one affirm that either on earth or for the eternity before us, a woman's position is far lower and more critical than a man's. It's abominable. It offends me, disgusts me, rouses my whole nature when I see the effect of such a doctrine upon our purest wives and daughters.

To see them kneeling with their face on the earth, when the higher and safer position of us men, if you please, permits us to stand. Enough. My feeling chokes me."

"Now collect your thoughts, Ike, and then start afresh," said David, in a kind tone. "I like to hear you."

"And I know you feel with me too. Though what can one do? It's a part of our religion; so all one says must end in mere vexation and waste of words, after all. Well, to resume. If woman really occupies this lower position in the sight of God, He must have been something worse than unfortunate in choosing her as the type of His beloved people all over the Bible. Solomon's Song is full of it; and expressions too, suggestive of the highest typical purity and vital beauty. 'A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse.' 'As a lily among thorns is my love among the daughters.' But, leaving these, there is one verse in the Psalms that blows the whole concern overboard: 'That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace!' Now this, it seems to me, is quite a compliment to the ladies. The corner-stone occupies the same place in a building that the key-stone does in an arch; the whole edifice depends upon it. It binds the walls together. So then the daughters have a special place, and a *primary* place, assigned them in His spiritual temple; a place upon which the existence

of the whole depends. Then again to what our rabbins say, woman herself presents a living lie. If woman is morally worse than man, how are we to account for the fact that she has a far more exquisite sensitiveness to moral beauty? And how is it that we instinctively look into woman's breast for purity; and there, if she is a woman, we are sure to find it? Men balance motives and actions, and by an exercise of deliberate judgment form an estimate of character; woman decides with an intuitive consciousness, whether she may approach and delight herself in it, or whether she must shrink from it. Now no metaphysician would desire more conclusive proof that she possesses a finer moral sensibility. In fact it's clear to common sense."

"Now, pull up a moment, and wipe your forehead," said his brother David, soothingly. "You'll be able to go on again after you've taken a little rest."

"I'm afraid I've nearly done; for I can't say what I want. You know well enough what mighty ideal views I've got of the sanctity and amount of woman's moral influence. It is a theme worthy of the highest genius; and I never heard that I was a great genius. Did you ever hear anybody say that I was?"

"I've heard an opinion expressed that you had got far enough to be able to dress a common-place truth in queer, not to say ragged, apparel—like

a sumph at a masquerade in the character of a sage."

"Thank you. Well, David, let us thank heaven for according to us the talents of mediocrity. Earthy are we, and of the earth. Glimpses of the sublime are more rare to us than dashes of sunshine on a bad November morning. Let us then thankfully leave them to those to whom they properly belong—the great geniuses and the donkeys; while we are contented to live below, merry and humble."

"But you are come to a full stop."

"And your fault. You always turn the most serious conversation into something ridiculous. Well, I had got as far as to say that woman is a fit theme for the highest genius."

"You have repeated that dogma a dozen times."

"Only once. Let any one try to describe her influence; let him endeavour to bring into light all those elements of good which to us, at present, lie more than half buried in her character; let him attempt to paint the little world which woman creates around her, making it all one paradise, herself the deity of the place, and to apply to his picture all those syren touches—endless as fancy!—which woman gives to the heart, and he will find the task he has undertaken to be one far beyond his power, and he will fain content himself with that emotion of admiration with which the mere conception of excellence is formed, and

that transport of sympathy and love which attends it."

"I say, Ike," said David, "I'm not given to compliments, as you know; but by the key of an elephant's trunk, it seems to me that this homily on woman is fit to print. You'll be paid half-a-crown a line for it. But it won't do to think of sending such heresy to the 'Voice of Jacob!' Any more to say before we compare notes?"

"More, indeed! I've only been making a few preliminary rhetorical flourishes. I haven't cut into the marrow yet."

"Oh, patience! Well, old prosier, proceed."

"And I suppose I may as well be serious as I come on; for there is abundantly more contained in this principle than is felt on a first, or second, or third impression. You know how I always warm up——"

"You are hissing hot now."

"No—how eager I always feel to get at truth; and it has often pleased you to have a fling at me about it. Truth must be sought for with anxiety—in all matters, however trivial; in all directions, however distant. Without this honest and good temper of mind we can know nothing rightly. No pure passion, no combination of noble, self-sufficient delights can be understood, except by purity of heart. The base, sin-stained feeling sees itself in everything, and sets down blasphemies. It writes down the holiest passion to an unholy

cause; it sees Lucifer in the humblest aspirations to the Deity; it finds its treasure of stinking flies in every box of precious ointment; it knows God Himself only as a lying, shuffling, unprincipled Being. And the disposition of mind which is required, in order to accurate conclusions respecting truth, is simply an earnest, loving, and unselfish attention to our impressions of it, by which those that are hollow, false, whitewashed, or imbibed from ignorant judges, may be distinguished from those that are eternal. Yet this will not come up to what I wish to express, unless it be accompanied by a full perception of its being an emanation from and a manifestation of God; since only when we thus feel is its nature comprehended. The character of mind thus formed is great, sound, gigantic; yet ever learning, humble, astonished, worshipping, because it finds all things with 'Holiness unto the Lord' written in eternal characters upon them. It is loving and pure, and ready to see love and purity in all things. Nor is its patient search to be deceived. All that is submitted to it it grasps so tightly, that it crushes it if it be hollow."

"Well," said David, "all this is very excellent, and carries conviction with it. But what has it to do with what we were talking about—the moral status of woman?"

"Give me time and you will see what I am driving at. Though I may as well say that if

you could see two jumps before you, you might see what I intend; for it is not so dark even now. There is need, bitter need, to bring back to the minds of men—but I do believe of the Jews especially—that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him through whom we live: and that He is not to be known by a selfish vain-glory, in the foulness of wicked thoughts, or an ungrateful self-dependence. Nor by marring His fairest works, and denying the evidence of His influence upon His creatures. If man would view all things in their heavenly, God-ward tendency; if he would reverently observe how they might lead his own spirit and the spirits of every one else to those immortal objects which diverge from the throne of God for ever, there would no longer be only a few stunted, distorted objects visible to the eyes of his understanding. He would live as on a mountain-top, where the impressions that flowed in upon him from all surrounding things, would cause him vividly to feel that man is a being full of rejoicing life, placed in the midst of a system ordained by Divine wisdom and goodness, inhabiting a world full of wonder and beauty, moving amongst creatures, in which every part is a manifestation to human understanding of the wisdom and love in which it was made. We should thus start in an eager, loving race. Not the jarring competition of selfish interests, but the aspirations of noble hearts—hearts lifted above the region of unholy passion

—hearts filled with bright realisations of the good to be attained in the ever-enlarging and unmeasured future—hearts of whom each one is striving to accomplish most in the service of its God, yet each rejoicing in what the other has achieved. It is when the mind is thus glorified that the admiration of beauty, and love, and wisdom attains to its utmost grandeur; the intelligence is exalted; science, poetry, piety, and life become one, and we feel our connection with our native skies. This is the source from which the highest delight of knowledge springs—a loving admiration blending in an unpolluted holy mind with the impressions received from outward things, and the workings of the ever-brightening intellect within—a spirit which, may it exist vivid and unalloyed in my bosom, until I turn my weary eyes upon the last setting sun!”

“Amen,” said David. “I thought of begging permission to attempt a slight sentiment myself: but I shall wait till you have done. Go on.”

“What I have said, you may sing as my own requiem. For my soul is dead. I long for a stronger arm than my own to rest upon—Judaism supplies it not. I strive; and strive again; but I can no more gain a footing than if I were climbing the ashes in the crater of Mount Etna. My spirit remains unsoothed still, unholy still. There, the murder is out—let it pass—for if I think, I shall get melancholy. Now please to notice me while in

some sense I sum up. Man's office is to glorify God by a loving obedience, and by the happiness to himself which results from that obedience. The essence of moral beauty in all created beings is the Divine stamp upon them. God has made all things to lead to Himself. From which it is evident that the source of moral beauty is the immediate operation of the Mind Supreme. That where it exists in any measure it implies a condition of the whole moral being in some degree right and healthy: and that to the entire exhibition of it there is necessary the perfection of the whole God-like character. Out of which perception, then, we esteem those creatures most beautiful whose functions are most loving, pure, and noble. This is the standard of moral perfection by which we test ourselves."

"You have proved your point, Isaac," said David. "You have shown, and well too, that, compared with man, woman possesses in a superior degree the sympathetic faculty which leads to the perception of moral beauty; and, therefore, it proves that her moral being — or, in other words, her intuitive affection for the good, the pure, and the beautiful, is naturally higher than his."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then the expressions concerning her in our service are irrational, cruel, and wicked."

"Certainly."

"I believe it. Ladies! what have you to say to this?"

"Indeed, we are more thankful than can be expressed, to be so kindly vindicated," said Mary, blushing deeply; "but it seems so serious to decide against the opinions of the rabbins. Don't you think that perhaps through the transgression of Eve, women labour under religious disadvantages which men do not?"

"Pshaw!" said Isaac, with a movement of impatience; "it sickens me. It is not true, dear, and I won't have you believe it. If it had suited my fancy to prove the lie which our rabbis perpetrate, by such short and simple means, I should at once have gone up to Eve and, taking the Bible as my faith, have said that she was created pure and holy as man himself—like him a mirror of the Deity. So then I should have blown the whole scheme to the devil—to whom it belongs—in a few words. God gave to woman a depth, a supremacy of feeling, which man had not, in order that by her softer, more yielding, trusting nature, still conquering all outward assaults and 'to the end persisting, safe arrive,' He might be more glorified than He could be by the victory of His other and stronger creature. And so He ever has been. Where is the sweet and quenchless love which religion inculcates exhibited as it is in woman's heart? Piety seems there in her native home. And more than this,

you know very well you feel the reverse of what the rabbis say. And it is true of woman everywhere. Woman in every nation exhibits greater instinctive purity of heart than man. Truth cannot be self-contradictory: then I wish you to tell me how you will reconcile the two voices. If women are so bad, I wonder, in these days of reform, they don't try to get a bill into Parliament for the suppression of the female sex altogether—as a thing not only quite useless and a great trouble, but the cause of nearly all the sin in the world.”

“It is, indeed, very kind of you, dear Isaac,” replied Mary, smiling, and she turned upon her brother a look of grateful, trusting love, which to attempt to describe would be almost sacrilege. “One thing, at least, is very cruel—the introduction of those expressions into parts of the service at which we are present. If they knew how keenly we feel it—always. For time can never reconcile us to them. And then the hearty response, and the boys looking up upon us—in blank wonder, I suppose, as to what the words mean. It is very hard, and quite unnecessary.”

“It is a piece of insolent wickedness, my dear sister,” said Isaac warmly; “but it is like the whole of Talmudic Judaism—all a glorious self-righteousness from beginning to end. Everybody thanks God that he is better than his neighbour; and when he thinks he has done an extra good thing, crows over him like a turkey-cock upon a

barn-door. I hate it. The sacrifices of the Mosaic law were commanded by God Himself; but when abused by self-righteousness they became so odious to Him, that He exclaimed: ‘Bring no more vain oblations, incense is an abomination unto me.’”

“Isaac, my son,” said Mr. Cohen in a kind and earnest tone, “I told you it was my opinion you had better have nothing to do with the Bible. You cannot understand it. Its hidden meanings can only be unsealed by our rabbins. Besides you should have a care. What you are saying, if carried to the chief rabbi, would compel him either to cite you before him, to answer for your language, or to cut you off as an apostate.”

“I am sorry, my dear father, if what I said grieved you, and I ask your forgiveness. But will you not say that the degrading estimate which our service teaches women to form of themselves, has a fearful effect upon the morals of our nation?”

“I entirely agree with you; and I wished to have said so at the first.”

“What would our almost worshipped Rabbi Ben Israel say to that, I wonder?” said Isaac.

“Poor Rabbi Ben Israel,” said David laughing, “Which is he like? — Balaam, or Balaam’s donkey.”

“You reely — a — shouldn’t speak so irreverent, as it were,” said Mr. Elihu reproachfully.

“I think so too,” said Mr. Cohen. “Though I

have no sympathy with the feeling at which they aimed, Mr. Elihu. There is my dear child Mary. I have instructed her in the Law. I felt it to be my duty. She is to be governed by it—she is to expect to be judged by it. Will any one say I have done wrong. Is not she as well able to understand it as Rabbi Moses, Aben Baruch, or even Ben Israel himself?”

“Quite right, sir, quite,” was the obsequious response.

“And now, my dear Mary, as I suppose Isaac has done his say, I wish you to promise me, that you will superintend the indoor-arrangements for the ball. I myself will get the information to our friends.”

“Oh, certainly, papa; I will do anything you tell me about it. When do you wish everything to be ready?”

“We must think. It will be as soon after David’s marriage as possible.”

“Miss Hallelevi—pleasure of your attention, ma’am—glass o’ wine, ma’am?” said Mr. Elihu, at the same time throwing his most benignant regards on the lady in question.

“Thank you, monsieur. I veel zhrink allsh at dish fairst. Je comprend Inglis vurry—vurry—little. Vous bettairst to shpoke French.”

“Mr. Elihu can’t, my love,” said Adeline, in French. “Don’t agitate yourself. I have no doubt you will be able to make yourself under-

stood." Turning to Mr. Elihu, "You will be kind enough to relieve her all you can."

"O ah!—yes! You must not mind me," said Mr. Elihu with conscious condescension. "I am—a—nobody, so to speak. Always like to be speculiarly dilicate in my igttentions—a—as it were, to ladies."

Miss Hallevi looked blank. She was evidently not able to appreciate the gallant sentiments enunciated. Adeline translated them for her.

"I fill—all—all—I veesh I could spoke—*Je—Vous avez bien de la complaisance,*" she said quickly, with an air of great embarrassment.

"Views shabby, ma'am? beyond, ma'am—a—? dull and pleasant larks, ma'am? Exactly, miss—yes, madcemoyssel, at this time, so to speak. But we have too as you—a—observed some pretty birds—feathered songsters, for example, as the poet says—and some places, miss, full of delicious beauty and repose—a—such great *poetry* surrounding them, miss."

"Yes, yes, vara goot. I don't know—I can't—*Vos champs sont très beaux, vos bois sont magnifiques.*" And turning an intreating look upon Adeline, she continued rapidly, "*plus de bonté que de jugement.*"

"You are more than half right, dear, I believe," said Adeline. "Mr. Elihu, you see Miss Hallevi cannot speak English, even so well as she understands it. So if you would converse with

her, you really must make me interpreter between you."

"Oh, thank you. I gress, if you please, my flattering — a — my interesting sense of the honour I have, in speaking to your relative — or beg pardon — your relative that is to be — Miss Hallevi; and my sweet and delightful hopes that we shall have many of these instructive opportunities of — a — imparting to each other, as it were — a — our various ideas on all subjects."

Adeline translated this elegant concatenation of compliments, as well as she could. Whereupon Mr. Elihu was favoured with a graceful bend; which he celebrated, by rapturously tossing off a bumper of punch *à la romaine*.

The punch fairly swallowed — and the glass refilled — he returned to the attack. The endless themes he enlarged upon to the great satisfaction of himself, and the infinite annoyance of Miss Hallevi, we really have neither the courage nor the strength to describe.

CHAPTER VII.

MARY'S CONFIRMATION.

NEXT day, Mary was confirmed in the Jewish faith, by the chief rabbi.

The whole of the day, until evening, she spent in fasting and prayer, mingled with many tears in consequence of the solemnity of the service in which she was about to engage. At evening she took a light meal of unleavened bread, with fruits and tea; and then retired with Adeline to dress herself for the ceremony.

Her attire was very elegant, but all of light colours. Her frock was of white silk; over which she wore a robe of rich pink barège.

As the clock struck six, Adeline led her into the drawing-room, and placed her to sit on a divan. The Talmud and catechisms were open upon the table. The room was lit by numerous wax candles, burning in exquisitely-fashioned candelabra. Adeline sat by her side, until, the family having assembled, Rabbi Aben Baruch came to begin the service. Then, taking Mary's hand, she raised her to her feet, and conducted her to the opposite end

of the room, where Mr. Cohen and the rabbi were seated. When they stood before Mr. Cohen, she pulled Mary's veil over her face. The rest of the family placed themselves in a circle round and chanted a hymn selected from the Psalms:

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitudes of isles be glad thereof.

"And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest Himself shall establish her.

"For the Lord is our defence, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

"Then thou spakest in a vision to thy Holy One and saidst, I have laid help upon One that is mighty. I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

"I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.

"Zion heard and was glad. Rejoice in the Lord ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness."

Mary removed her veil and presented her hand to her father. He rose and kissed her.

"My dear child," he said, in a voice brimming with tenderness, "in the distinguishing mercy of the Almighty, He has made you a descendant of Abraham, and constituted you, therefore, one of His peculiar people. You have, moreover, increased cause for gratitude to Him, because, though our genealogies are lost, we can have no doubt

that the family of the Cohanim, to which you belong, is lineally descended from Aaron. Are you thankful to Him that you were born a Jew and of the family of the priesthood?"

Mary replied in Hebrew, "My dear father, I am indeed thankful."

"But, my dear child, your nation is scattered to all corners of the earth; your country is given to strangers; your brethren are everywhere spoken against; often made to endure much suffering for their religion's sake. This may be your lot. In the wisdom of the Most High you may be called to those countries where oppression, poverty, and misery are the results of your being a Jew; where one of your people is of less consideration than the humblest animal in a Gentile household; where his name is but another term for the vilest of the human race; where to insult him, rob him, imprison him, even kill him, is thought a service to Jehovah."

"My dear father, I would still be thankful."

"Will you never shrink from a full avowal of your religion? Or will you try to hide it, if worldly occasion should offer an inducement?"

"My dear father, strengthened by my Almighty Father, I never will."

"Will you love your brethren, wherever they live? Will you, according to your ability, help their necessities—yea, beyond your ability, if need so occur? Will you feel interested in all their

trials, and be diligent in distributing alms amongst those of them who want it, whether at home or abroad?"

"My dear father, to do this is my fixed purpose."

"But, while you give to them first, will you also be merciful to any amongst the Gentiles whom you find need your help? Will you love the whole human race? Will you feel that you are bound to be kind to them as younger brethren? Will you pray for them earnestly, that the Messiah may come to dispel the gloom with which we and they are surrounded?"

"My dear father, all this it shall be my delight to do."

"But, at the same time, you will keep yourself separate from them in your house, your food, and your clothing, as the Lord has commanded you?"

"My dear father, I will."

"Will you love the land which God gave to your fathers?" Wherever you may go, will your heart turn towards it?"

"My dear father, I do love it; and I will continue to love it above all others."

"Let this ring be the token of the pledge you have made." He gave her a ring with the word **ירושלם** engraved upon it; that word which is written so deeply in Israel's heart. "Wherever you are, that shall be your remembrance."

"The Lord has given to us a perfect law. This

law we are to obey, or be no longer His people. Will you keep it in every particular? And will you honour and reverence the holy rabbis who teach it to us?"

"My dear father, I will."

"In so doing, you shall be blessed."

"Yea, she shall be blessed for evermore," said Rabbi Aben Baruch, rising and opening the Book of the Law to read.

"These, Mary, are the commandments given to us by our Law-giver and our King." He read selections from the six hundred and thirteen precepts, and then asked,—

"Do you, in heart and soul, assent to the excellence, and goodness, and wisdom of this law?"

Mary replied, "Sir, I do."

"The daughters of Judah rejoice because of Thy judgments, O Lord," said Rabbi Aben Baruch.

Mr. Cohen handed him a girdle in which was a piece of parchment with the **שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל** written upon it. It was surrounded by a crown of silver leaves and pomegranates.

"And now, my beloved child," said Mr. Cohen, "you are going to make a solemn sacrifice of yourself to Jehovah. Let it be done with joy—

עוֹרוּ לִבְבְּכֶם, קוֹלְכֶם תִּגְבְּהוּ, וְשִׁירֹי,
נִיל, אֲמַרִי כַפֵּעַם, בְּרִנָּה זַמְרוּ:

"I will bind Thy law upon my heart," said

Dr. Aben Baruch, as he passed the girdle to Adeline, who immediately fastened it upon Mary's bosom.

The rabbi took a glass of water, and putting it in Mary's hand said, "As in water face answereth to face, so let thine heart be pure, that God looking into it may see His own image reflected with uninjured brightness. Then thou shalt never be moved, but find love, and rest, and peace for ever and ever."

While Mary drank a portion of the water, Dr. Aben Baruch and Mr. Cohen each held a hand over her head, and the doctor blessed her; which concluded the interesting service.

"Miss — a — Miss Cohen," exclaimed Mr. Elihu, in a voice of brilliant encouragement, a little while afterwards; and turning his lustrous rubicundity of countenance full upon that lady.

"Sir," said Mary, with a slight bend.

"Glass o' wine, miss?" was the tender and insinuating proposal.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Miss Shincbird? Do me the pleasure, miss, to help you — a ——?" pursued Mr. Elihu.

"I can take no more, sir, thank you," replied Adeline.

"I have been thinking, Miss — a — M — M —

Miss Shinebird," resumed Mr. Elihu, pensively, "I've been thinking, miss, what a beautiful thought is the inscrutable wisdom of the present age. It seems to open such a wonderful prospect for our consideration—our sweet meditation—yes, ma'am. Dear me. Why, miss, if they keep all on in the next generation to make us as learned as they do in this, the whole of this wonderful terrific earth will be one great solid flame of light. Do you see—a—M—M—Miss Shinebird? M—Miss Cohen? Do you take in the magnificent scope of the idea?" And Mr. Elihu laughed aloud with ineffable rapture, and proceeded to settle himself down with more than his usual ease and dignity.

Adeline tried to collect her thoughts to see what she *could* reply to this; but before the difficult process was completed, Mr. Elihu, finding he had got somebody to talk to, renewed the attack.

"I always seem sweetly drawn out of myself, as it were—a—when I contemplate—when I *take in*—when I cover with my WHOLE MIND that extraordinary tree, the tree of knowledge. What lots of different kinds of all the various fruits which can be imagined, are all sweetly collected there, miss? There's nice tender pears, and cherries for the children, and apples, and speaches, and raspberries, and what not, for all descriptions of the grown-up mental constitution,—and delicious cooling strawberries for the dessert.

You observe the charming appropriation—a—and beauty of the figure, Miss Shinebird? Often and often, miss, when I've been lost to all, sweetly dissolved, as it were, in meditation upon it, and I've been called to my meals, as might be, I've been inclined to transpose the igspression of the poet, and say,

'Thinks I to myself, here's a dinner for me!'

And then there's igstronomy; that overwHELMING study, carrying us up among the stars—like going up a ladder, miss. Just think a moment of that great orb, the sun, the sole source of daylight, so to speak, with its great round—a—a—something or other—ughm—a—m—m—miss, what i—is it, miss—a—?"

"I understand you, sir, as speaking of the sun's disc," said Adeline.

"I—egzackly, miss—yes, miss—that's the word, miss. To think of that wonderful globe striking a light every morning, and never missin'. And then to think on the wonders of the mind to take in and understand all this. What is your opinion of the mind, Miss Shinebird?"

Adeline suddenly remembered that there were a few questions of some importance, which she wished to put to Miss Hallevi; so with a bend and a courteous "Excuse me, sir," she turned towards her. But Mr. Elihu was not to be shaken off in that way; he waited till her solicitude was satisfied, and she had again composed herself.

"Miss Shinebird—pleasure of your attention, miss? I feel sweetly inclined to spend the time with views to our mutual edification. My opinion is that the real properties of mind are not understood. I think that its thoughts, and faculties, and ideas, and what not, are all governed by the same rules as the musical scale. So I think that the only proper way to cultivate it is on the principles of that scale."

"The musical scale, sir!" echoed Adeline, in undisguised astonishment.

"Yes, miss, the musical scale—gamut," he continued with a benignant smile, at having thus made it plainer to her capacity. "I think that the mind may be played upon, like a piece of music—a flute, for instance, miss—tee—ti—tum—ti—tee—tum," and he fingered some imaginary keys upon the table. "Tuning the tender thoughts, as Mr. Shakspeare says; keying up the ideas, miss, till they stretch like Inja-rubber things. How touching! how pleasing! You perceive, Miss—a—Miss Shinebird? Miss Hal—Hal—levi? This is why I read so much poetry; it seems to be getting my ideas into such grand and musical order. I was—a—sweetly convinced of this one morning last week. I was reading a stray piece signed by Milton, the great comic poet. You have read Milton, I believe, Miss—a Shinebird; and therefore I have no doubt that you are well acquainted with Satan?"

Adeline's smile approached to a downright laugh. She couldn't help it. And she sat wondering what he could possibly mean.

"Oh, Adeline," said Mary, "I am inclined to suppose that, as Mr. Elihu refers to a quoted piece, he means Satan's address to the sun."

"Y—y—yes, ma'am. Igzackly—yes. Hope Miss Shinebird didn't mistake me?"

"I certainly did not understand what you meant, sir. But now that I do, I am prepared to say that I think the poetry very fine."

"Jest so. Jest so. And that description of Referelle, and so forth; there's a grand imagination in that idea."

"What's Referelle, sir?" said Adeline.

"It's a Greek word, I believe, and means head gate-keeper."

Adeline did not know what to say; and so she said, "Indeed."

"Yes, Miss—I—"

"Mr. E—li—hu!" said Isaac, with a huge aspiration, as at this juncture he entered the room. "What are you saying to Miss Steinberg? I positively will be jealous indeed."

"He!—he!—he!" grinned Mr. Elihu, with intense satisfaction. "You needn't, I'm sure—need he, Miss—a—Miss Shinebird? Only making myself agreeable, was I? The—a—idea, now—as if I'd do such a thing, for example—get the affections which had been given to an-

other, so to speak." And Mr. Elihu disposed himself afresh in his seat, with an air of injured innocence, and virtuous decision.

"O, you needn't be under any apprehension there, Ike, I believe;" said David. "I hear that Mr. Elihu has been winking his eye at Miss Moses."

"*They* falling in love together," said Isaac. "Mr. Elihu, is it so? If it is, I'm sure I congratulate you on your choice. Why, she is fitted to become the wife of a prince."

"Reely—I—I—O dear!—wh—what's to be done—Mr.—Mr. David?—I feel—peculiarly delicate—yes—i—it's a mistake—a libel—I assure you. My attentions, sir, to that dear—I mean excellent young woman, have been chiefly, sir—all, sir, of a religious character, as it were. A—h! Y—e—s! Miss—a—my dear Miss Cohen, you are aware of her obstinate attachment to ——— Oh dear!—wh—what's his name, miss? I—I'm so strangely excited."

"I presume I understand what you mean. It is her preference for ———"

"Yes, miss; igzackly, miss. Jest so. Her infatuated preference for—a—Jehudah Hakkodesh."

"Oh! well, if there's a prior engagement, of course you couldn't expect to be accepted," said David.

"Oh! i—i—it's incorrect. I mean his writings—a—yes, jest so, so to speak."

"Oh, she likes his letters better than yours? Well, sir, you can't complain if she believes his character to be more congenial to her own than yours is."

"Reely, sir—c—can't you help me—a—Miss Shinebird?—that innocent young lady—no—I mean myself—oh, my!—I'm—a—it's the author, sir—yes—as it were."

"An author, is he, too?"

"Y—e—s. Bless me. Mr.—a—Mr. Cohen, it's Rabbi Jehudah Hakkodesh, that selected the books of the Mishna, sir—yes, sir."

"Selected the Mishna for her, did he? But why didn't you try to cut him by giving her the whole Talmud, Cabbala, the Targums, Aben Ezra, and all?"

"It looks more comfortable here than out of doors, Adeline," said Isaac. "The evening is excessively foggy."

"And after so fine a day—and so many fine days. I'm rather surprised."

"Yet the weather has been very variable of late," said David.

"Very," chimed in Mr. Elihu, "and trying, too, I believe. I hear that a comet of a new and peculiar construction, and a—delightfully alarming character, has passed over North America, accompanied by a powerful smell of brimstone, that completely suffocated all the lions in the Persian Gulf. We—I and Miss Shinebird, sir—

have been trying to sweetly edify each other upon the wonders of the human mind. What's your opinion of the human mind, sir?"

"I've no opinion at all about it, Mr. Elihu. It's a wonderful thing—far above the comprehension of a mere mortal man like myself."

"Well, now, I seem to think I can comprehend it in some faint measure, sir, as it were. I do, indeed, sir—Mr. Isaac—a—Mr. David. I think our mind, especially our infant mind, isn't correctly understood. In our schools, discipline isn't elicited on a large scale. In training the faculties of English and Greek—the foreign and such like—the best means are not consistently and lovingly instructed upon. I have no doubt, Mr. Isaac, that it is your full opinion, that in rearing the talents—the genius, for instance—of our little ones, we should be more or less attentive to the cultivation of the mind. And the consequence of the present system is, sir, that our children don't like school—play truant sometimes, smoke cigars to make themselves sick, and oblige their dear mammas to keep them at home, and so forth. And when they are there, they are always, as it were, playing and laughing, so that the attention of the other scholars is taken off their delightful contemplations, and in wondering astonishment they are led to exclaim with the poet:—

'Two mulls make one spin,
Two chuckles make one grin.'"

"Yes, sir."

"I feel in a lovely frame," he pursued tenderly.
 "Miss—a—Miss Shinebird, do me the pleasure
 —a—of a tune—please. Sing

'The cedars wave on Lebanon,
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone.'

And sing it to Meshullam."

"Oh, certainly, sir," said Adeline, at the same time rising. "Mary, dear, do you know if Meshullam is amongst your music?"

"I don't think I ever heard the name before," replied Mary. "I am quite sure we haven't got it; at least, not in that name. Still, if Mr. Elihu will kindly sound a few notes, you may find that you know it well enough, perhaps, to play it. Can you give us an idea, sir, what it is?"

"Well, I think that the key-note must be—a—upper G, miss. Let me see," beating time with the dexter forefinger upon his sinister palm. "Doh-ray-me-fol-de-dol-i-o—ugh!—ugh!—a—ahem! hem! Try again. La-la-la-la-le—um—haw—ho-o-o. That's D flat, isn't it? Ughm-m-m. Slight cold. So hard you see to catch—them semi-tones—dee-di-dum. Dear me! my voice seems quite gone, miss. So sweet as I generally sing, too. Ce-e-dars—state-ly—ma-a-aids—are—g-o-o-one. That's the key! Tol-ol-de-rol—that's it, Miss—a—Shinebird. That's the note, M-M-Miss Cohen. Hum-um-dum. No, not that.

He-he-hi-ho. That's it! that's it! Do you catch it—a—l-l-ladies?"

"I think, my dear, I know now what tune it is, Mr. Elihu means," said Mary. And she proceeded to ring several changes upon the piano.

"Yes, Miss—a—Miss Shi—Miss Cohen; that's it! that's the tune!" screamed Mr. Elihu rapturously. "Tum-de-um-de-ti-i-i-i-i. That's it!"

With an intonation clear, pure, and brilliant, Adeline sang the piece desired; which, though written by a man who possessed a head without a heart, has some touches full of pathos; and any one who stood near Adeline, as she sang with mournful tenderness the following verses, might have seen the large tears tremble on her long silken lashes.

"More blest each pine that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race;
For taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace.
It will not leave its place of birth,
It cannot live in other earth.

"But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die,
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own can never lie.
Our Temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne."

All her auditors possessed to the full the home-loving, patriotic, Jewish heart; and the vivid feel-

ing which inspired her voice chained their faculties like a syren spell.

"Do, Miss Steinberg, have mercy upon us, and strike up something a little more lively," said David, when she had finished. "Here's Isaac crying like a waterspout in a thunder-shower."

"Even if I were," said Isaac, "you had no business to notice it. If I chose to say it, I could tell them I noticed a very suspicious quivering about your own upper lip."

"David likes the 'Com' è bello,' dear," said Mary. "But I don't know if you would prefer it now."

"Oh, that I think is too light," replied Adeline. "It has too much of the *aria di agilità* to concord with what we have been singing. The 'Crudel Perché' will do better. And there is a chaste and lofty grandeur in Mozart's music which makes me always prefer it to Donizetti's. Will you take your harp?"

"Adeline," said Isaac, "I know you will forgive me what I am about to do—beg you to sing one of your own compositions. And I would choose 'The Hebrew Maiden's Dying Hymn.' "

"Is this just?" said Adeline, and for a moment the blood rushed a beautiful crimson into her face and neck.

"What?" inquired Isaac.

"To expose me."

"Nonsense—expose! Didn't you know, David,

and everybody else, that Miss Steinberg wrote poetry?"

"I myself certainly had no knowledge of it," replied David.

"Then I'm sure you must have guessed she did; and that comes to nearly the same thing. More than that, she writes music also: she composed the music for this very piece which I have now asked her to sing."

"Oh, do give it us," said Mary entreatingly. "We shall all feel it to be an inexpressible favour."

"And you know, Adeline," said Isaac, "you needn't fear *our* powers of dissection. You know very well you possess the finest abilities of any one in the room."

"Thank you. That is a thing upon which I have an opinion, too," she said smilingly. "There is no need that I should tell you how much I dislike all false humility. I have no feeling of that kind. Had it been my choice to publish it, I should have cared nothing if it had been the most despicable effort imaginable. But I do say that I have a right to demur, because I never, of my own free will, allowed even you to know that I made such attempts. You discovered it by accident. Having made that protest, I have the deepest pleasure in consenting to your desire, so kindly expressed."

And, accompanied by Mary on the harp, Adeline sang—

THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S DYING HYMN.

My God, my father's God! I lift mine eye
To the high forest-shades, the mountains old;
Where oft the lute's low thrill of melody,
And the wild fountain music uncontrolled,
Hath hymned Thy majesty
With Spirit utterance fraught. The tomb was riven;
With the triumphant strains came blending thoughts of
heaven.

But ye have kindled with a wilder voice, oh, hills!
Ay, sounds of harsher, deeper, sterner tone,
Have wakened the haunted solitude that fills
Your echoing depths; this silvery sward hath known
Other life streams than its own.
Stout hearts have fell; the cold thick shadow cast
By Death's untiring wing hath o'er these valleys past.

'Tis gone—from the calm ether's pure expanse,
No more we see Thine awful presence shine;
Kindling our altar with a mystic glance
Of light unfathomed, shadowless, divine;
Thine unsealed mercy's shrine.
No more Thy conquering banner o'er us waves;
The war-horse and the spearman sleep in those urn-like
caves.

Here Love, unsleeping Love, hath loosed its springs;
The love of woman, struggling with its doom;
Saddest, most tearful, of all earthly things;
Girt, like the o'ersweeping Phantom of the tomb,
In Death's mysterious gloom.
Yet nerved by gushing faith, its woes have sown
The hopes upspringing clear whence round men Peace
hath grown.

And many a blighted one ! whose yearning tear,
Distilled like dew upon the violet's head,
In its lone weeping o'er the unconscious bier,
Where, hushed in dark repose, its soul lay spread,
Felt mystery, doubt, and dread
Dissolve around the free heart's burial sod;
For all was pure—a consecration unto God.

But that bright day is changed: the mountain height,
Whence Hope soared dove-like midst a crystal sky,
Is veiled in haunting shadow—still too light—
Making it all one death's gulf; the mingling cry
Of love and agony
Comes darkly gushing from grey rock and cave;
And heavy sighs o'ersweep the sounding torrent wave.

God hath looked on thee, Love! Lift up thy head,
Heart-stricken one! thy Lord hath heard thy cry.
Hope to the nations! Life to the spirits dead!
Joys from the fount of immortality!
Heaven to the illumined eye!
Calmly I lift my earth-song's fading breath;
And then triumphal sink in love's rejoicing death!

“How are your servants going on, Mr. Isaac?
Trying to live by the rules of the Holy Law?”
inquired Mr. Elihu.

“They are very good and attentive, sir, I believe,” replied Isaac. “But, no doubt, there is plenty of room for improvement.”

“Reely—a—M—Mr. Cohen, I seem to feel peculiarly desirous to speak affectionately to them. I do, indeed, sir.”

"We should be very glad if you would be kind enough to go down amongst them, I am sure. And I incline to think, they wouldn't greatly object to listen to you. Indeed, they might be pleased."

In the full consciousness of being called upon to pronounce his oracles *ex cathedra*, Mr. Elihu proceeded to shamble downstairs; in which act we must leave him for the present.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN THE KITCHEN.

ON such occasions as the feasts, when the requirements of their religion demand a complete cessation from all physical exertion, except that of the sternest necessity, it was very usual for Mr. Cohen's servants to assemble together in the same room, and occupy the time either in reading or conversation; or sometimes they spent it in devotional exercises; Benjamin, the man-servant, or Dinah, the cook, conducting the service. Very plentifully was it interspersed with singing various anthems; Ben roaring out the words with all his might—then Mr. Cohen could hear him: for it was his high ambition to maintain that reputation for peculiar sanctity which he had succeeded in gaining from the family.

Dinah was the mainspring which regulated the movements of this little second circle at Mr. Cohen's. She was a gentle, single-hearted person, with a motherly solicitude for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of all with whom she came in contact. And all her peaceful counsels were irresist-

ibly seconded by the placid light which looked out from a pair of loving dark eyes.

Like many of the unlearned members of her nation, Dinah was excessively superstitious; and Judaism surrounded her with things and beliefs in every way calculated to strengthen her confidence in the supernatural. Dr. Faustus and the renowned Cornelius Agrippa were trifling taxes on her powers of credulity. In her opinion their exploits, and the beings whom they saw, were well enough in their way, but not sufficiently practical. Viewed in the light of her belief, the miracles of Apollonius of Tyana, as related by Philostratus, were the most common-place performances. She thought even the Arabian Nights probable. Nothing that might possibly be imagined as happening either in the celestial or terrestrial world, could be so unlikely as to prevent Dinah from uttering the saving clause, "You don't know—it *might* be true." Most fervently did she believe in that miraculous unguent, which, when applied to the eye, has the virtue of disclosing the whole secrets of the Invisible World; and she thirsted for a knowledge of the Cabbala, that, by becoming a practical magician, she might supply herself with a pot of it. Dinah had also been favoured with an introduction to several ghosts. And highly interesting were her nervous delineations of their personal appearance, and of the remarks which followed their presentation to each other. Beside these, there

were many others whom she had only seen : they wouldn't speak. Probably, these belonged to the upper classes of spirits, and considered Dinah's position in society as placing her entirely beneath their notice.

And Dinah was a bit of a Cabbalist. A brother, younger than herself, used to come regularly to teach her. And truly awful were the mysterious things they did, and the experiments they performed. And then the smell—to say nothing of the noise—they kicked up sometimes, when the way was clear. Thames water was a perfume to it.

A small closet, formerly used as a receptacle for lumber, at the back of the kitchen, and joining the wine-cellar, Dinah had fitted up as the operating room. The servants looked upon it with a kind of holy awe. Not for worlds would they have ventured one step within the door. A rumour was current, that once, after a bottle or so of fortifying port, Ben had ventured to raise the handle, and cautiously poke his head just around the post ; but what he heard, and—we mention it with regret—what he saw, produced an extempore fainting fit, and a vitiated appetite, which could take nothing stronger than beefsteaks and Burgundy for a week. For just at the end, where the floor shot down precipitously into a deserted ice-well, with sides covered with phantom hair, floating and sighing amongst the gloomy winds, and to

which no bottom had ever been found — there we say, where the sides were broken, and the chasm was no one knows how deep, was a hideous caldron pool, covered with patches of black and hissing foam that whirling in slow and gurgling eddies tumbled over the horrid crags into some infernal den below; and, on the quivering marge of this spectre lake, a white female figure flitted backwards and forwards, wringing its hands in agony, and crying with piteous wail; when suddenly the Headless Fiend emerged from the depths of the seething waters, his wife at his side, all bejewelled and glittering with a thousand prismatic stalactites, her face black as night with shifting shadows, through which broke at times, struggling like drowned star-light, a few fitful gleams of her fiery eyes, “seen but by glimpses.” Ben could look no more. For, lo! a thrill of horror pervaded his being, a film gathered upon his eyes, and the whole scene evaporated in a whirlwind of smoke and infernal mist. No wonder that he took to his bed that night at half past eleven punctually, in order that he might be drenched in slumber before the sonorous tolling of the midnight; at which mystic hour all who are acquainted with the laws of demon-land assure us, the infernal gates are thrown open wide, the princes of darkness sally forth in search of victims, and the miser returns to earth, to sigh and gibber over his treasure of buried gold.

Dinah had often laughed at their fears, and invited them to visit her *séance*; with an assurance that it should not involve them in unpleasant results at any future period of their being. They could trust her; but not her brother. They feared to commit themselves to the power of a man who might, after all, have connection with some wicked agency, and who might take advantage of their credulity by reporting them to the Powers of Evil. Dinah assured them he had nothing to do with supernatural arts; and even if he had, he was too much of a gentleman to exert any disagreeable influence on them. Wouldn't do.

But the room. There was no smell of sulphur about it—none of the approved apparatus of magic—none of those mysterious preparations which are terrifically depicted in the "Wolf's Glen;" no owl beneath the blasted tree, with ominous flapping wings, hovering over the edge of a caldron of lurid flame; no circle of skull and bone, not even the orthodox ring of pale blue light that should flicker round it. In the middle of the room there was a large table, on which were distributed a variety of bottles, vases, boxes, and other chemical apparatus. Along with these was a little text-book full of mystic rites. Such deep phrases as, outer and inner life, subtle spirits, ethereal essences, invisible fluids, connection of cause and effect—which connection, in our ignorance, we humbly presume must be the sea-serpent—we put

it to Brother Jonathan — mind and matter, hidden things, formed a pretty considerable item in the commodity; so much so, that one could hardly help suspecting a good deal of it to be imported duty free from the stores of Ignazio Palazzio. Around the walls Dinah had hung a series of portraits, intended to represent the passions and emotions. For Vandyke to have seen them would have been inexorable madness. One head was supplied with a pewter face and goggle brass eyes, and a coronal of erected hair, like the gilded spikes which bristle on the top of the Monument on Fish Street Hill — this was Terror: it was enough to frighten the Wellington Statue from its propriety. Resignation was the perfect incarnation of Despair. Amativeness seemed the embodiment of Hydrophobia. Destructiveness was shadowed forth by the countenance of a weak, irresolute ninny. Happiness was just what one would fancy a person being done to death by tickling. Self-esteem was a lackadaisical blockhead.

To return to the second evening of the feast.

"Well, Dinah," said Benjamin, "there's a-goin' to be no more winter now! I hear as how they've bin and fun out a plan for stopping the earth from going away so far from the sun — always keep it in the same place as near as may be, don't you see. And they're goin' to take out a what-d'ye-call-'em; them things, Ruth, as they has to keep any one else from doing the same sort o' work?"

"A paytent," suggested Ruth.

"That's it — a paytent," resumed Ben. "The shepekification is now at Shomersit House."

"Lor'! ha mussy," exclaimed Dinah, putting up her hands, opening her eyes bigger than the glasses of her spectacles, and the great borders of her white linen cap quivered with fright. "Well, the world's coming to an end, sure enough. I allus said they'd never stop these presuntshis inventions till they made the Lord come down and confound 'em, as He did at the Tower of Babel — goin' up in the skies in balloons, and sich like. He'll be down upon 'em yet afore they thinks on it."

"How much further, then, is the earth away from the sun in winter than in summer?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, child, I don't know. P'raps Ben there can tell ee'."

"Eight or nine miles," replied Ben.

"Lar!" exclaimed Ruth with modest surprise.

"Well, I never; as much as that!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Anna, bursting out a laughing. Anna was lady's maid to Miss Cohen, and was decidedly a girl of a high class compared with the rest of the servants; and she had received a good education.

"What pain has got into your temper, my lady?" inquired Ben. "Now, Dinah, if you'll please to stand pudd'n, I can rise a glass o' wine

a-piece," and he deposited a bottle on the table. Dinah immediately started off to the pantry.

"Why, to hear your mistake made me laugh — and enough too," said Anna.

"What mistake?"

"To say that the earth is further from the sun in winter than in summer."

"Well, now, you certainly aint a-goin' to have the emperdince to say it isn't?" replied Ben, as he beat a contemplative tattoo with the tips of his fingers on the table.

"Impudence? It wasn't when I went to school."

"Altered a-puppos, dessay. How was it then?"

"Three millions of miles *nearer* the sun in winter than in summer," said Anna, with decision.

"Oh, my Lord! there's a choker!" cried Ben, as he pensively cut a notch in the table to try the quality of the wood. "See what it is now to be a scholar."

"It's truth, however," replied Anna, quietly.

"Oh, cuss me, yes!—coz you said it—sure to be."

"If you have anything to say to me, Mr. Machir, I beg you will use more becoming language; and also remember what evening it is."

"Oh, bless me! I forgot—yes, ahem! my lady. Ye couldn't now do a poor undone sinner

the kindness of puttin' up a prayer for the good of his soul? Your own lies are as much as ye can answer for — enough to do to keep them square, I reckon?"

"I believe I am much less addicted to lying than my accuser; and I certainly don't break the third commandment, nor the sabbath, nor yet get drunk on the Great Day of Atonement. I'm not such a reprobate as that."

"Me break the shabbat? — me get drunk on the Great Day of Atonamint?"

"Yes; and swear too—most vilely."

"Me swear?—You— I'll have you up before the rabbis."

"Whew! You daren't, Mr. Machir."

"Daren't, Lady Pious?"

"Yes. They'd have to put you out of the synagogue. If Mr. Cohen knew your goings on, you wouldn't be here another week. But I don't want you to speak to me; so if you wouldn't compel me to insult you, you had better say no more. I am vexed with myself for ever having anything to do with you."

"When is it I breaksh the shabbat?"

"Always. You generally cook and clean your boots—do anything you want, I think. And you never do without boiling water to make your tea and coffee. In the synagogue though, I look down and always see you more sanctified than enough. As to that, so you are to Mr. Cohen."

"You've no judgment, nor yet sense, nor yet principle, Miss Gersom. Phuph! I wonder I talk to you. *Women* a-comin' to teach the law now. We ought to be holy; time to be gathered home—Eugh."

"I've too much principle to try to pass myself as a better Jew than I am," said Anna.

"Do you know how often you go out in your lady's clothes?" inquired Ben.

"Do you keep account how many bottles of wine you steal from the cellar?"* retorted Anna.

"Lau!" said Ruth, soothingly, "what a pity it is to hear you two quarrel. I'm *so* sorry. Come, make it up, and be comfortable. Dare say there's six o' one to half-a-dozen of the other."

"No, indeed, there isn't," replied Anna. "I'll never be friends with the great fool again. Let him keep his distance from me in future, else he'll get a lift in Miss Cohen's opinion that he little thinks on." And, with this resolution, Miss Gersom left the kitchen, and went to her own room.

* "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is a principle obeyed to the letter in many Jewish households. The servants are allowed to take freely of any viands for their own use. Conscience and respect for character are their restraints. This is one of those thousand perverted interpretations of the Word of God which render modern Judaism a burden grievous and intolerable.

"What's the matter with Anna?" inquired Dinah, who had met her in the passage.

"Huffy," said Ben concisely.

"It's a sad thing, with everything to make us happy, we can't live in peace," said Dinah, with a sigh.

"Never mind, Dinah; sliver up the pudd'n. That's jest my style o' taste—plenty o' plums in it," said Ben, as he poured a glass of wine for himself. "Well!" he resumed reflectively, as he elevated the glass to his lips, "Here's, 'May the lover of this never want!'" which sentiment he endorsed by swallowing the contents at a single gulp.

"That's gone!" he said pensively—and he rested the glass on his knee,—“and I feel the good on it. Here's a riddle for you Ruth: 'What's the height of gallantry?' Now that's a good un' for a lady to answer!"

"You must give us time to think," said Ruth.

"Well, ponder it over a glass of wine," said Ben, as he filled several, and passed them round.

"Now your answers," he resumed after a while. "D'ye all give up?"

"Yes," said everybody.

"Kissing a woman as takes snuff!" said Ben, triumphantly.

"Eugh! you nasty fellow," exclaimed Ruth, with becoming alteration of countenance.

"Ruth," said Ben, after a few minutes of deep

and solemn thought; for, like many other gentlemen, Ben always felt his piety enlarge over the wine-bottle, "I see jes now you tipped that glass off as if you liked it."

"Well?" said Ruth.

"Well, now, jes listen to a bit of a moral sentiment that's none the wus becorz it comes from me. Whatever you do, don't you never take up a love for wine or strong drink. It's brought many a fust-rate man, Ruth, to be scragged. A ruined fortun is a bad thing, a ruined constitution is wusser; but of all ruins, Ruth, the wust of all is blue ruin, for that kills up both body and soul."

"Lau bless us! *You* to advise—what next? *You* don't like a glass—do ye?"

"Now Ruth," said Ben tenderly, "speak kind when anybody's tellin' on ye for yer raal good. I don't mean to say as I'm not given to take a little drop *sometimes*. 'Twouldn't be no sort o' use, cos you knows it. But women's nat'lly less strongly gifted than men. One of our rabbis says, 'Don't even look upon it in the glass, for it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.' Now, no simile could say more than that. We all know about a serpent,—how if you comes near it——"

"There, that'll do, for Heaven's sake!" interposed Ruth. "Pious talk isn't your forte, Ben, and you'd best to let it alone—more especially

while you act so different. Rabbi Aben Baruch can tell me all I want to know."

"Well, we'll drop that," said Ben, "since you won't take it as it's meant, Ruth. I'm going up the river a-Thursday, for master, and you might square matters so as to come with me, if you'd like a treat."

"I've got a treat already laid out for Thursday," replied Ruth, "I shall be by the water-side all day."

"He? I didn't know as how you was a-goin' anywhere. Goin' to Brighton long o' Miss Cohen, I reckon?"

"No; I wish she *was* going there. What I mean is, I've got to stand to the wash-tub all day. I've got a month's washing to do for myself."

"Now, Ben," said Rachel, "you know plenty of stories, so tell us one or two."

"Oh! and he tells them so soft, too," said Ruth, "so touching! Don't you think so?"

"Well, what shall I tell?" asked Ben.

"You know plenty, tell anything you like," replied Rachel.

"Very good! I will," said Ben.

And then he proceeded to arrange himself in the proper manner for story-telling. Having tenderly, by the help of both his hands, guided one knee over the other, he cleared his throat, spit at the stove, sniffed, took out his bob-pipe,

tapped it on the table, swept away the tobacco ashes with his hand, drew a whiff or two to see if the way was clear, and then, filling it with the fragrant weed, he deposited the "'bacco-box" in his waistcoat pocket, and raising the candle to his mouth, lit up his pipe, till with the fearful energy of his puffs it vomited forth smoke and cinders like a little Etna. During the whole of these preliminary steps, he continued vacantly staring at the fire, to collect his thoughts: and then he told his wondering auditors the following:—

CHAPTER IX.

LEGENDS.

OF a certain animal named Oannes, that came up out of Yam Suph, or the Red Sea, near the confines of Babylonia. He had a human voice and two heads, one growing beneath the other. His body resembled a wonderful fish; and from the tail of this fish body proceeded his feet, which were like those of a man. At sunset every evening this creature retired into the sea to spend the night. As well as conversing with mankind, and vocally instructing them how to build cities, make laws, and acquire the arts and sciences of civilised life, he wrote concerning political economy. He told them of the colossal ship; which was so large that the captain had to be drawn about the deck in a carriage to give his orders. The masts were so high, and the sails so big, that the sailors who went aloft to rig them while youths, were gray-headed with age before they came down. Once this ship was in great peril from a storm. The sailors were obliged to discharge some of the ballast, in order to lighten the vessel; when, to their

surprise, first one island rose above the waters and then another and another until the land was formed. He told them how Abraham whilst he lived in his native country was put into an oven for worshipping the true God; and that he came out uninjured. He told them of the great raven that always flaps its wings in the windows of the dying. He told them how the man in the moon causes the tides: his share in the matter is to pour water from an immense bucket. Being an excessively lazy fellow, he often ceases work to indulge himself in a nap; and the water takes this opportunity to subside to its level. He told them moreover of Zechariah Hildoth. How he apostatised, and tried to make proselytes to his false religion; how one day, whilst he was preaching, he suddenly died; and on undressing him, "Keep yourselves from idolatry," was found written on the tail of his shirt!

One or two of the traditions which he told we feel inclined to give; but, as we are not so foolishly sanguine as to imagine that we could repeat them with Ben's amplifications and embellishments, we must beg permission to write them in our own way.

One referred to the Garden of Eden and our first parents. The Sacred Garden was separated by a vast ocean from all other parts of the world. It was filled with luxuriant trees, and ever-blooming flowers, and delicious fruits; and the climate

was one perpetual, heavenly spring. In the sixth day of the work of creating the universe, God made the first man, and placed him in the garden to cultivate and to keep it. He called him Adam, or *the man*. The name likewise signifies *red earth*, or *mould*; and also *beautiful*, *lovely*, *elegant*, descriptive of his perfect personal beauty. Before creating Adam the Deity assumed a human body, after the frame and shape of which he modeled him. He consisted of two bodies, the one male, the other female. These bodies were joined together by the shoulders; and Eve was formed by merely separating the one from the other. His stature was gigantic. He reached unto the heavens, and extended from one end of the world to the other; but, after his transgression, his height was reduced to one thousand ells, or nine hundred cubits. (Some of the rabbins say that his measure was lowered to one hundred ells.) This reduction was made, not of the arbitrary will of the Deity, but to appease the jealousy of the angels: for they were terrified on account of his enormous height and powers, and requested of God to diminish them, lest, now that his innocence was lost, he and his posterity should make war upon heaven. His body was spiritual; yet tangible and to be seen—like an angel: but through taking the forbidden fruit it was transmuted into one earthy and material. Eve herself was the forbidden fruit. God created her as an intellectual com-

panion for man ; a being who, by converse with him, was to enlarge his views of the Deity ; and they lived together in a state of virgin innocence. But beguiled by the serpent, she tempted Adam ; who eagerly acquiesced in everything emanating from so dear a person, and they fell. The serpent afterwards produced Cain. Adam invented the Hebrew letters, and was the author of several inspired books — one was on the Creation, and another on the Deity. He also wrote the ninety-third psalm ; this he did immediately after his creation.

In the tradition respecting Og, king of Bashan, Ben was obliged to contradict himself at every turn. And it really is such a labyrinth, that we know not how to get through it except by deviating somewhat from the usual style of story-telling.

Og, king of Bashan, was the last of the Rephaim,* a race of giants in Canaan, of whom there were several families. The giant Og is a prodigious favourite with the rabbins, and figures alternately as the Orion and Hercules of the Talmud. They give the wildest accounts respecting him and Sihon, who, they say, was his brother. In their wild, imaginative flights, and quite re-

* The word which, in Deut. iii. 11, is translated *giants*, should be rendered by this proper name, Rephaim ; for Og was not the last of the giants, but only of a particular race of them.

gardless of the sacred Book they professed to illustrate, they have surpassed the exaggerations of all the Oriental poetry, whether Persian, Arabian, or Indian. A principal subject of the rabbinical traditions is the fable of the Loves of the Angels, that absurd perversion of Genesis vi. 2, which describes the apostasy of the children of Seth, and their taking wives from amongst the proscribed posterity of Cain. The variety of narratives based upon it are extravagant in the highest degree. By them we are told that Og was an offspring of this angelic intercourse with mankind; and—strangely enough—that he was the son, not of a good angel, but a bad. It is thus said that his father was the evil angel Schampiel, and that his mother was no less than the wife of Shem himself. Og was born before the deluge, but his brother Sihon was born in the ark. Their power, in itself past all human comprehension, was vastly increased by the connection which, through their father, they obtained with the Prince of Demons. In the *Jalkut Schimoni*, Moses tells the Angel of Death that “he had been forth to war against Sihon and Og, two heroes of the heathens, who were of so vast a stature, that the waters of the deluge could not drown them, for they reached no higher than their ankles.” To exhibit the unconquerable prowess of Israel, it is said of Sihon, that “he was harder than a wall, and taller than

any tower, and no creature born of earth could withstand his strength."

With the usual inconsistency that marks the traditions in the Talmud, we find that the later rabbins began to entertain doubts about Og's being higher than the waters of the deluge. To any ordinary man this, after what Moses had been represented as saying, would have been an insurmountable difficulty; but to the rabbins it was not even a poser. In the *Sevachir* they contradict the *Jalkut Schimoni*, and declare that on the commencement of the deluge, Og, assisted by the power of the Prince of Demons, made an impudent attempt to thwart God and stop the flood by placing his hand over the windows of the firmament, and his foot upon the fountains of the great deep; but God immediately made the waters boiling hot, scalding the giant so severely, that the flesh fell from his bones, and he was compelled to give way. Thus frustrated, he straddled his legs over the ark; and when, by the swelling of the waters, it had reached high enough, he seated himself upon it, and so defied the storm. How he, outside the ark, and his brother Sihon, inside the ark, were supplied with food, we are not very satisfactorily told. If Og retained his appetite in healthy vigour, he required something substantial for his bill of fare. This, as given in the *Sopherim*, was 1,000 oxen and 1,000 head of game, washed down by

1,000 measures of wine.* But in the *Berachoth* we have the monster destroyed at last, after having lived nine hundred years.

Og heard of the approach of the triumphant Israel, and determined to meet them before they set foot on his territory. Tearing from the earth a sheet of rock, six miles in breadth, he lifted it on his head and sallied forth; intending to hurl it on the camp of the Israelites, and crush them beneath it. But some ants were miraculously set to work on the stone as he was on the way; and having eaten a hole quite through it, it fell over his head upon his shoulders, nearly strangling him by its weight. He was thus rendered powerless—a thing of which Moses courageously took advantage. But, even then, the office of dispatching him was no sinecure. Moses—himself being, according to the modest statement of the rabbins, ten ells high—took a battle-axe ten ells long; yet, even then, he was obliged to leap other ten ells to enable him to reach the giant's ankle. There, however, he struck him valiantly; bringing him to the ground; when he succeeded in completing his destruction.

An important evidence of the divine authority of the Scripture may be drawn by comparing the sweet

* Called measures *par excellence*, because the largest in use amongst the Jews, *i. e.* the chomer or ten bathis, —sixty-one gallons, three quarts, one pint, imperial measure.

simplicity of the Bible with the vagaries of the Talmud. The Talmud and the other rabbinical writings prove that the Jewish mind is, like that of all the Orientals, inclined to extravagance and romance. Even the reports which the spies brought back to Kadesh-Barnea go to strengthen our assurance that, left unrestrained by Divine power, the Jews could never have written us such a book as the Bible—apart from those wondrous portions of the sacred page which have inspiration stamped in celestial characters on every letter. The correctness and moderation of the language used by the sacred historians, are unequalled by the ancient books of any nation, especially an Eastern one.

We turn from such traditions as these to others of a more pleasing character. The following allegorical saga is thoroughly poetic, and explains the rising and setting of the sun. When the tired sun rests the tip of his orb on the edge of the earth in the western hemisphere, a company of lovely nymphs station themselves beneath the horizon to receive it, and cut it into a thousand parts, with which they pelt the beautiful youths who eternally guard the great gates of the eastern skies. The gallant sentinels, not to be outdone by the frolicsome spirit of their fair antagonists, ascend to the top of the gates, and from thence they sportively throw back the glittering balls, which, careering through the heaven's calm ether, fall in golden showers upon the heads of the beau-

tiful virgins in the west. The Father of the universe looks well-pleased on the innocent diversion of His children; and when it is time for the sun to rise, He opens the doors of the temple in which the dawn is kept, and the nymphs observing it, hasten to collect the golden balls, and uniting them together into one brilliant globe, they suspend it in garlands of flowers culled from the fields of heaven, and bear it amidst singing and harping to the eastern sky. Elevating it above their heads, they launch it forth upon its course; and the beautiful rosy light which we see hovering around it, is the reflection of the retiring virgins' lovely forms.

Here is one connected with that season, when, in the far north, the sun does not set for several weeks, and, if possible, more exquisitely poetical still. The Almighty had a band of lovely virgins and youths who always waited about his person, and accompanied him in all his walks through the celestial paradise, and collected for him the most beautiful flowers and the choicest fruits. Two of these being more faithful than the rest, he confided to them the care of the sun, saying,—“To thee, my son, Shanna, I give the office of kindling the light of the sun every morning, and placing it in its course towards the west.” And to the other, he said,—“To thee, Hassim, my faithful daughter, I confide the charge of extinguishing the light of the setting sun, and guard-

ing the celestial flame that no evil happen to it, and its source remain undiminished." Faithfully and untiringly did the youth and the virgin perform their work. In the winter they lit the sun's lamp at a very late hour, and extinguished it early. But as spring advanced, and the birds began to warble joyfully, and mankind came forth to enjoy the beauty of the fresh-budding flowers, they allowed the heavenly flame to stay longer in the sky. At length the summer came, when in the northern world the constant presence of the sun is required to ripen the fruits, and by its brightness to bring the flowers to perfection. Then its lamp must be kept always burning, and it must cast its golden light on the mantle of night, and lose no time in idle slumber. It was then that the two children met face to face for the first time, as Hassim stood upon the western verge of heaven, and received from the hands of Shanna the fading sun. And, as she passed him the lamp with which to rekindle its beams, their eyes met, and Hassim's immortal blush cast an enchanting colouring of light on the whole face of nature, while the gentle pressure of their hands sent a thrill of holy love through their palpitating veins, and filling their hearts with purest joy. The Father of all things saw the loves of his children, so he called them before him, and said, "For a whole year ye have faithfully fulfilled your charge. Ye have safely extinguished the

precious light at night, and kindled it in the morning to awaken the flowers to life and light, and rejoice by its brightness the hearts of men. Henceforth ye shall fulfil your duties conjointly, as man and wife." And, from that time, Shanna and Hassim have performed their charges together; and every morning when he rises from their couch to trim the lamp, he presses a kiss upon her lovely lips, and her rosy blush throws a soft and enchanting light over the whole eastern sky.

What more exquisitely lovely creation than this, dear reader, could we leave for your midnight dreams?

The constellation Ursa Major is the chariot in which Enoch and Elias ascended to heaven. As there is no hope that any mortal will ever be sufficiently pious for it to be required for such a purpose again, it has been given to the angels to carry them about in their various nocturnal excursions amongst the stars. The coachman, who is changed every night, keeps his eye steadily fixed on the celestial focus, the polar star, so that he may keep the two stars which form the shafts of the chariot in a direct line with it. If he were to swerve from this for a moment, the balance would be lost, the whole concern upset, and the angels in the carriage would have their ride spoiled by a precipitate descent to the ground.

Ben had scarcely concluded his tales, when Mr.

Elihu entered the kitchen. A chair was immediately placed for him; and all expressed their gladness at his advent amongst them, in proper orthodox fashion.

"Jest come down to see how your—a—reg'lar habits, so to speak, is getting on," said Mr. Elihu, as he took out his great handkerchief fussily, and wiped his round, fat, oily face.

Ben looked blank.

"O, I'll be bound," said Ruth, looking wisely at him, "it's Miss Cohen, has sent Mr. Elihu down Ben, to see if you've done them two riding-habits of hers as she give you to brush."

"O, beg pardon, sir," said Ben, brightening up; "they ain't done yet. You see, I knowed well enough as how Miss Cohen wouldn't be goin' out this afternoon or evening, so I left 'em till to-morrow mornin', when there'll be plenty o' time."

"In what particular view is it that you wish me to understand you have left something till to-morrow morning?" asked Mr. Elihu, with conscious greatness.

"Them things as you was speakin' about, sir—Miss Cohen's habits."

"I didn't refer to Miss Cohen's habits," answered Mr. Elihu; "I spoke about your own—want to know how they're gittin' on."

"We, sir!—we!" said Ben, aghast. "Lor bless you, sir, *we* ain't got no habits. What should such as us do with habits?"

"Not got no habits!" exclaimed Mr. Elihu, in alarm. "What *can* be the reason of such a melancholy event?"

"Got no use for 'em, sir. Lor, why I don't suppose as Ruth or Rachel, nor yet Dinah, was ever on the back of a hoss in all their life. Was you, Ruth?"

"O yes," replied Ruth, proudly; "when I was at home, I often used to git up and ride to town behind father."

"Well, I never heerd as how you'd ever riz high enough to have a reg'lar ridin'-habit, howsomever," answered Ben.

"Ah!—yes!" said Mr. Elihu, with a contemplative sigh; "I perceive—a—onquestionably, that you stand in great necessity of some sound personal advice. Excuse me if I say, gentlemen—a—a—Mr.—Mr. Machir and ladies, that I must be very plain in my remarks upon you—I must indeed. In short," he continued graciously, and putting on his grandest style of diction, "I want to know how the religious faculties—the devotional genius, for instance—of your minds is gettin' on, and see if the moral tree of your piety is bearin' plenty of fruit—to speak in a flower. I always feel igspecially interested in our young people. I think they are responsible for enlarged measures of our intellictual desire and attention—our affectionate sympathy, so to speak."

"Well, I'm very fond o' children, myself," said

Ben. "I always thinks you can't be too particular how you trains 'em up."

"Do you like children, Mr.—a—M—M—Machir? Do you take any interest in them, I mean?"

"Oh, much," replied Ben.

"I've jest been giving my views of children, upstairs," said Mr. Elihu, thoughtfully. "And I flatter myself I have reason to hope that my instructive—I mean humble efforts have not been all wasted, as it were. They're rather peculiar, sir; indeed, I believe I may lay sole claim to the honour of inventing them—but they are sound, and, I think, humbly think, might be made a means of extensive usefulness. What's your opinion of the infant mind, Mr. Machir?"

"What do you mean?" enjoined Ben.

"Lau! how stupid you make yourself, Ben," interposed Ruth. "Mr. Elihu means, what sort of a thing it is, of course. Plain English, aint it?"

"Ig—igzackly, miss," replied Mr. Elihu.

"Well, I don't know," said Ben, pensively. "I never thought much about it, you see. Like a man's, only on a smaller scale, I reckon."

"It's strange, sir; but I can hardly find anybody as seems to *me* to rightly know anything about our infant mind. It's a most igstrornary thing, too, in a wonderful overwhelming age like this is, when there's such igstensive desires—such a going out after, as it were. And our young

people, sir, seem to *know* that we don't rightly understand how to manage 'em, sir, and take great liberties with us, and laugh and make faces at us behind our backs, and call us disrispigful epitaphs, and so forth. In eliciting, sir, the talents of love and affection, strengthening the faculties of their spellin's, as it were, learnin' them the genius of ciphering, for example——"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Ben; "but are you much of a hand at ciphering?"

"I believe I can do a' most any question you like to ask me," replied Mr. Elihu, in a voice of triumphant decision.

"Well, a young man as I know gave me some questions a little while ago, and I can't do 'em; and nobody else as ever I've come acrost yet."

"W—wh—what are they? If I can't do 'em I'm sure nobody else can't."

"Well, you can try," said Ben, unfolding a paper that he had just taken from his pocket. "These is them:—

" 'If the light takes three years and a half to come from Sirius, the Dog-star, to the earth; how many bunches of carrots will it take to make a lean donkey fat? and how many ladies' dressing-combs might be made from one of the horns of the moon?'

" 'If a man, five feet ten inches high, require a nose three inches long, to set off and make stylish a shirt-collar whose diagonal from the side of a

square is just four inches and a half; how broad must the tails of his coat be?’

“ ‘If three of the staves of a water-butt and the tail of a comet will make a soup strong enough to feed one man for a fortnight; what amount of strength would be required to pull the boot off the foot of a mountain?’ ”

“ Ah, they’re some of Mr. Euclid’s Problems,” said Mr. Elihu, in a *sotto voce*, and wiping his spectacles as he said it; “and I never went through *his* works.”

“ Well, I’ve always been given to understand as they were to be done by common figurin’,” replied Ben. “I’ve been told that they are only simple rule of three sums.”

“ O dear no—mistake, I assure you,” answered Mr. Elihu. “If you look among Mr. Euclid’s Problems, I know you’ll find them there.”

And then there was a foolish silence, for Mr. Elihu couldn’t help feeling as if, somehow or other, he had lost dignity.

At last he plucked up courage again. “Well,” he observed, “as you are all present, I feel at liberty to make a few affectionate reflections, to which I beg your serious regard and attention. I have no doubt,—a—brethren and sisters, that you often let your inktillectual understandings walk abroad, as it were, among the brooks, and trees, and purling fields (as the poet says), and the pretty affectionate little flower-gardens of the

country cottages in this wonderful land of earth. And you have been given to feel that, whichever way and manner you contemplated upon them, they always led you—interestingly led you—in-scrutably led you—to observe a kind overruling Providence over all. But it is not merely in everything connected with this world that we may see this; but in all other things that we can possibly invent and imagine—ourselves, for example—our providential existence and life, so to speak. Jest think, now, on this one forcible thought and idea a moment. We all know how much we deserve death for the many inscrutable times as we've broke and transgressed the Holy Law. But, in mercy, this thing that we have so much deserved has been placed, you see, my brothers and sisters, at the end of our life, so to speak. Observe, now, M-M-Mr. Machir—observe, my fellow-sisters, for a short space, how utterly worthless life would have been if the order of things had been changed—if they had been altered, and we hadn't been born first, I mean—and death, ladies and gentlemen, had been placed at the beginning. I don't know whether I can convey to you the precise force of the idea. I don't know ——”

Mr. Elihu's lecture was here ingloriously brought to a close by a strange, unearthly clattering on the stone steps that ascended from the kitchen.

“My gracious! Why!—what's that?” sobbed Rachel, starting to her feet.

"O, don't be agitated, dear!" gasped Ruth, her teeth chattering and her lips quivering like an aspen leaf. "O—i—its given me such a turn, you can't think. Ben, what is it? There, it's coming in! Mercy on us! O!"

"Be quiet!" said Ben. "It's only rats, I expect."

"He!" screamed Rachel, gathering her petticoats and leaping upon a chair.

"P-p-pray l-l-ladies, d-d-don't be alarmed," intreated Mr. Elihu, as he dodged about the fireplace, his face blanched to the colour of a winding-sheet. "I'll come inside there, if—if—you please—I m-me-ean I'll take c-c-care of you—yes—a—h! I'll not allow any—O my! O dear!" he exclaimed, jumping upon the table as the clattering entered the room like mad. "I-i-it's a sp-sp-spi-irit, ladies! Oh!—a!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Ben, in a convulsion of laughter. "Well done, it's the cat!"

"*Lau!*" stammered Ruth. "Why, how did she make *that* row, then?"

"Why, some one, Master Joseph, I'll be bound—jest like his tricks—has been puttin' shells on her feet, and then started her off."

"Goodness me!" sobbed Rachel, shaking out her ringlets, and coming down from her pedestal. "But such frights don't do one any good though. Do they, Ruth?"

"O there, I'll tell master of it," said Ruth.

"I mean to say such things are wicked. I'm fit to drop. I do believe I'm going to faint."

"What an alarming instance of the nat'ral inward depravity," remarked Mr. Elihu piously, as he shuffled himself off the table. "Well, as the child is upstairs, I feel at liberty to go and make a few observations to him upon this igstror-nary event ;" and having so resolved, Mr. Elihu at once retired to act.

CHAPTER X.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABBALA.

MOST persons have heard of the Cabbala, but only a very few of them have more than an indefinite idea of its contents. No chapter in the whole history of human life would be more curious, or more astonishing, than that which embodied this philosophy. Nothing so fully exhibits the power, but, at the same time, the utter depravity of the human understanding.

Cabbalism is a strange, unintelligible thing. Its spirit cannot be understood in any valuable measure, except by a course of close, earnest investigation; added to which — and it is no small difficulty — is the mystic, obscure cant pervading the whole style and dialect of the sacred books in which it is written. Inflamed by the poetic fancies of an ardent imagination, joined to a disposition for metaphysical and psychological speculations, the Cabbalists have endeavoured to penetrate into those mysteries and remote things which, as they were not necessary to be known, God has wisely kept hidden from our dim and limited per-

ceptions in the present stage of our existence. The consequences of that pride of human wisdom against which He so emphatically warns His creatures, may be recognised in the self-deifying theories of these wild religionists. The beginning of this philosophy seems to be a dissatisfaction with the amount of Revelation which the Deity has seen it fitting to impart to us, and an enthusiastic desire to set up a theorem of the relations which mankind hold to the Creator and all created things. Thus, these Jewish doctors indulged in profound, abstract ideas upon the nature of God and man, and all the other beings whom He has created, and of the universe itself; until, in strong minds, their speculations were changed to visions of incoherent wildness; and, in weak minds, approaching, in various degrees, to absolute insanity.

The alchemical, or hermetic initiations, as instituted by the Cabbalists, cannot be separated from their theosophic initiations in general; for they all form one mystical and occult whole. Alchemy is used in the beginning, middle, and end of the Cabbala; and it was not until the sixth century of the Christian era that any attempt to make it a separate science was made. It was then that, incited by the enthusiastic Geber, an Arabian philosopher, the European initiates took upon themselves to form a course of initiations for the distinct prosecution of hermetic researches, unbur-

dened by any of the transcendental spiritualism of the Cabbala.

That alchemy originated with the Jewish cabalists, and that its existence amongst them was, perhaps, coeval with the whole of their theosophy, we have the strongest proof that history and deduction could afford. The Jews themselves declare it positively. But a better evidence than that, is the alchemical interpretation which they give to many passages in the Old Testament; and which we may certainly conclude they would not have done, had they already a fixed theorem respecting them, as viewed in the light of their transcendental spiritualism.

But another proof — and we incline to think it sufficient, if there were no other — is the internal evidence of the Cabbala itself, which shows us that the Jews early commenced an earnest research after the philosophic fire; and even that there is a probability that their alchemical initiations resulted in their mystic spiritualism.

With these remarks we proceed.

Ben Megas and Rabbi Aben Baruch are seated together in a room in the rabbi's house.

Now, before we give cabbalism as a living dramatic reality, we must note that, if anywhere the Cabbalistic philosophy and researches seem to make distinctions between things which, in other respects, they conclude as one — and they do seem

so— it is only because their nice distinctions can never be properly conveyed by *words*. Cabbalists, however learned in their rites, can never give us details of them in common language. They themselves only know them in *spirit*, and after a course of long and patient study.

“Ben Megas, you wish to be a Cabbalist. It is a wish worthy of thee. Our mysterious studies will immediately exalt thee above other men. They will give thee a power which none may slight or condemn. Yet must thou be careful. There are secrets in the Cabbala, which, if touched by one contaminated with the materialism and sensuality collected through contact with mortals and earth, will destroy him utterly. Are you prepared?”

“I am.”

“To leave all sensual thoughts and things?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” He bent forward musingly, his eyes fixed in a thoughtful rapt expression; and he seemed to be intently listening as though he could hear a sound.

“Hush! Soft fans the amorous air— my bright Eliel speaks —

She weaves around her magic spell,
Sings of our love, while spirits tell
How she outshines them far;
With light that dims each star.
Being, beautiful as day,

I gaze my life, my soul away,
Ecstatic in thy glance divine :
I feel I soon shall call thee mine,
Joined in a world of light for ever,
Where death and sin can sunder never.*

Peace be with thee, my gentle spirit !

“ Well, Ben Megas, I now shall know how I may initiate you ; for be assured that, had I any doubts of your intention, so I would be no party to your ruin. I should keep you quite ignorant of the highest mysteries of our learning. Listen while I expound to you the great objects of your life then ; which, having done, you shall commence seeking them at once.

“ Mankind is a retrograded, degenerate race. In its relations with the Great Eternal and Ideal elements, it is altogether changed. Every generation since the creation, and even the Jews themselves — alas ! that I should say it — get worse, more sensual, more material. Even our religion is rapidly becoming gross and material ; as that of the Christians and all idolators is quite so. Sin is not that thing which it is generally understood to be. It is an infusing of the spirit with sensible and mundane things, until it becomes so completely mingled with earth, that it is entirely sepa-

* Mingling with the mystified cant with which the Cabalists surround their secret rites, they extemporise poetry in the dialect of the Cabbala, whenever the spirit takes them—and that is often enough.

rated from its spiritual Source and Essence. The spirit is the life; and every pleasure we give it through physical means, adds a link to the chain that ultimately makes us quite material and sinks us down to original darkness; where the Infernal begins. You comprehend me?"

"I do, so far."

"This degradation commenced when Eve, leaving her high occupations, felt desires to gratify the spirit through the body. She tempted Adam. He listened to her, alas! Their simplicity and innocence were lost. The foundation of sensual pleasures was laid; and, since then, mankind in all generations have been adding to it, till it has attained its present mountain size and deadly power. Have you marked me?"

"I have."

"By the Cabbala, Ben Megas — listen now! — By the Cabbala we penetrate the secret soul of the universe, the hidden spirit of the material; we unite ourselves to the spiritual; we get the command over the sensible and infernal, the relation to the celestial which man had when first created. We attain the power to dissolve all that is gross in our nature, till we rise to the spirit of all things — the Primeval Æther — Life — Intellect. I have said."

"I understand."

"It is well. All matter consists of three prin-

ciples, the celestial — the gross, or sensible — and the infernal.”

“Yes.”

“That is the outline, then. Now to approach it in detail; and may success crown thy learning! Come with me. Fear not. Thou wilt see a strange room and strange things; but if thou art to be a Cabbalist, Ben Megas, thou wilt see stranger yet.”

Aben Baruch walked away with a quick step, Ben Megas following. He descended the staircase to a large apartment on the first story.

CHAPTER XI.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABBALA CONTINUED.

THE light of day was entirely excluded. A solitary lamp threw its pale rays around on the walls hung with white draperies, and the huge agglomeration of implements used in the mystic rites. At the end of the room a curtain was drawn in massive folds, forming a smaller chamber. It was furnished with the voluptuous luxuries of the East; the sun lit it by day, softly glistening lamps by night; and on a rich lounge or bed, both of which it contained, the Cabbalist reposed in transporting intercourse with the heavenly sylphs with whom his mystic rites brought him into contact.

But indeed the whole apartment was so festooned and draperied, that it had a mysterious influence upon the spirit the moment it was entered; and everything was arranged with consummate reference to excite a voluptuous and transcendental ideality.

In the midst of all were the two mystic vases. The one used to dissolve and purge away all matter till only the spirit was left; the other to ex-

plore for the elixir vitæ and philosopher's stone. The elixir vitæ is the cup of immortality — the drink of angels — which the heathen poets have sung with raptures trebly intensified. The philosopher's stone is to turn all that is true, or mercurial, in matter into gold.

The door was closed. Aben Baruch spoke.

"Spirits of earth, and fire, and water, and air! In the name of the Eternal Light and Essence, of whom ye are an emanation and expression, I speak peace!"

"Ben Megas, earthly questions intrude not here, nor earthly thoughts. Remember! Here we explore and unfold the secrets of another world and life."

He took several books from a table near, and spread them open before him. As the soft white light fell round his silvery hair and beard, he presented an appearance so fascinating in its dim obscurity, that one could not look upon him without a strange veneration. Ben Megas began to feel those mysterious emotions which coincidence of things, and scene, and mental predisposition could not fail to excite.

"All things have a destiny," said Aben Baruch, in slow and measured cadence. "But even destiny, impossible as it seems, even destiny may be unravelled — may be exchanged for the possible; even for the probable. For destiny is merciful as well as inexorable; and, like all other things, has

its laws. Which laws, if found, we may make a destiny for ourselves; for we subvert, combine, dissolve those laws, and make or mingle them entirely to our own caprice.

“All that we now see in the actual world is a mere monumental pile of that material love and worship which, in all ages, has usurped the place of pure elementary communion with the unseen. The mysteries of extinct eras might perhaps appal the most transcendent courage; therefore it is that they have faded into myths. Happy is he who believes without questioning — who, by the medium of purity and the ideal, converses with them without inquiring.

“Our learning, Ben Megas, commences with the traditions and philosophy which Moses handed down to the Jewish doctors; and thence it includes all the investigations made by them from time to time, in the schools of initiation, together with the theories based upon them. Thus it forms one great system of what are called the transcendental and occult sciences of initiation; which mankind know by the names of mythology, astrology, theurgy, geomancy, magic, soothsaying, and divination; but which is really and properly the circle of mystic sciences comprehended under the title of theosophy. It is thus that it was studied, eulogised, and enforced by Aben Ezra, Cornelius Agrippa, Scotus, Reuchlin, Alcuin, Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, Erigena, Helmont, Poirel Cam-

panella, Drexelius, Rabenus Maurus, Geber, Lullius, and Boeshmen, with many others. Those esoterics who were so widely distributed over Europe and Asia during the mediæval ages, under the varied names of diviners, prophets, Manichæans, freemasons, astrologers, alchemists, Rosicrucians, *et id genus omne*, damaging our glorious science by their blundering initiations, were not Jewish Cabbalists, but only half-learned scholars who had diverged from them.

"Mark me now. We divide our initiations into three classes — the celestial, the intelligible universe, and the infernal. Between these three, the alchemical or hermetic researches, are the mediative power.

"Am I understood?"

"So far, well," replied Ben Megas.

He opened one of the books of the Cabbala, and read:—

"Alchemy, Ben Megas, is the science which discovers 'the most secret laws of chemistry, the essences of material natures, and the composition or decomposition of all physical things.' This is the wide and sweeping field, which by this branch of learning lies open before you, Ben Megas. You see it solves all that is essential and real.

"Very well. The first thing we require is the philosophic fire — without this nothing can be done. The want of it is the cause of the invariable failures committed by the subordinate theoso-

phists — who are able to attain nothing but the common kitchen fire. This philosophic fire is the Ἡλεκτωρ, or the fiery essence which is the *primum mobile* of the universe. It animates all physical things; it puts all in motion. It is the first element in nature. It elicits all. This principle was worshipped by the ancient Greeks and others, under the name of Jove — or Jupiter Elicius; and thus Ovid applies the term :

‘ Eliciant cœlo te, Jupiter ; unde minores
Nunc quoque te celebrant, Eliciumque vocant.’

This fire is the soul of the universe, the mediator between all physical and spiritual things, the first great emblem of God. Some of the Cabbalistic philosophers believe that the Eternal resides in it; others that it might contain the seat of the blessed. I believe neither of these. Nor are you to confound this theory, with those embraced by the Persians, Indians, Arabs, Sabæans, &c. They derived theirs from us; but, in passing into their hands, it was transmuted till it became merely gross and material — while ours is transcendental and ineffable.

“Artephius has devoted much attention to explaining this fire. His enthusiastic and learned convert and disciple, Pontanus, followed in his steps, and treated of it yet more fully, when giving directions to his scholars, so that they might make no mistake. Hear what he says :

““ Our fire is mineral, it is equable, it is continual. It does not evaporate if it be not too strongly excited. It participates of sulphur. It is not taken from matter. It destroys all; it dissolves, it congeals, it calcines, all. Artifice is required both in discovering and preparing it. It costs nothing, or almost nothing. Moreover it is humid, vaporous, analysing, metamorphosing, penetrating, subtle, etherial, gentle, unconsuming, uninflaming, surrounding all, containing all, and absolutely unique. It is also the fountain of living water, in which the king and queen of nature continually bathe themselves. This humid fire is essential in every work of alchemic art — in the beginning, middle, and end; *for the whole art consists in this fire*. It is both a natural fire, an unnatural fire, and an anti-natural fire. It is a fire at once hot, dry, moist, and cold, which neither burns nor inflames. Think of what I tell you and labour diligently, and do not avail yourself of any foreign material.’

“Here, Ben Megas, is what another says :

““ Our *philosophic fire* is a labyrinth from which the most sagacious can scarcely extricate himself; for it is altogether occult and secret. The fire of the sun cannot be this secret fire. It is interrupted and unequal. It cannot furnish a heat, exact in every degree, measure, and duration. Its fervour cannot penetrate the depth of mountains, nor kindle the coldness of rocks and mar-

bles, that receive the mineral vapours of which gold and silver are formed.

“The vulgar fire of our kitchens hinders the amalgamation of miscibles, and consumes or evaporates the delicate ties of constituent particles. It is, in fact, a tyrant.

“The central and innate fire in matter has the property of mingling substances, and propagating new forms. But it cannot be this philosophic heat, so much renowned, which produces the decomposition of metallic seeds; for that which is in itself a principle of corruption cannot be a principle of restoration, but by accident.’

“This thaumaturgic fire, this essential spirit — *πνεῦμα* — is perfectly invisible, and can only be seen in its second development, *light*, and felt in its third development, *heat*. It is the parent of light and flame, but must not be confounded with them, since these are but its sensible developments — the external manifestation of an internal and mysterious principle. It is a secret element in the universe; difficult to be discovered; difficult to be retained; and difficult to be used.

“In distilling this fire from the labyrinthine being of nature great care is necessary; for any error on the part of the Cabbalist might cause his destruction. This has happened. The philosopher neglected to attend to all the rites prescribed, and was smitten by the fiery spirit.

“Having obtained this philosophic fire, we are

furnished with the key that unlocks the whole mysteries of nature. The power that is to set matter free from spirit, spirit from matter. We pour unceasing streams of it upon 'the womb of metallic seeds' [*i. e.* the alembic]; we come in connection with all that is spiritual — *for this fire is the initiation to spirit life*—and are prepared 'to throw light on every part, and reduce to order every anomaly of materialism.' We can compose and decompose; resolve all that is 'mundane, essential, sensible, material,' on the one hand, till it is reduced to formless matter or Darkness, the Principle of Evil; and, therefore, where the Infernal commences. On the other hand, we analyse, metamorphose, combine, and exalt it until it attains the form in which the essential is lost in the super-essential or ideal; from which spring life and intellect. And then we have reached 'Eternal Innocence,' 'Free Spirit,' 'Time without limit,' or 'Immortality;' and there the celestial being commences. Between these two sole Principles in being — the Principle of Good and the Principle of Evil—the celestial and the infernal — the occult or philosophic fire is, as I have before said, the 'Mediator.' Understand me?"

"I believe I do," replied Ben Megas.

"Before you arrive at this stage in your researches, you will be brought into contact with the spirits who reside in matter. At another time I shall speak of these more plainly. As your

efforts approach perfection, these pure and beautiful beings will be more with you ; until at last when your studies are realised, you will join them completely. This will be when you have arrived at that part of the initiations where the material dissolves in the ideal and intellectual. You will then have found the exact combination necessary to make the elixir vitæ or essence of life—the cup of Immortality. This cup of life will, when drunk, purge away all in your body that is material, essential, and leave only that which is spiritual, intellectual, life, immortal. The same ingredients which compose this cup of life, that sets the spirit in matter free from all that is simply sensible in it, will in another proportion produce the philosopher's stone, which will convert all that is true or *mercurial* in matter into the purest gold ; while all that is not mercury will be destroyed.

“In this I have given you, Ben Megas, a partial outline of one portion of our ineffable philosophy. There you see the two vases ; there is the small one, in which I make the secret fire ; there are the nine primitive forms of matter.

“This will be as much as you can remember and understand at present.”

CHAPTER XII.

TREMBLINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

STEINBERG was a Jew of the credulous sort. He believed in the Talmud, Cabbala, the Targums, Maimonides, and everybody—if they were only a rabbi. Some of his superstitions were ludicrous enough. He had few things in common with either his wife or his daughter. He had his own sacred plate, and his own knife and fork; and he tried to inspire a devout and ardent spirit even into the hard hearts of his stone-ware and crockery; for all his personal property was marked with the words עִירִי לִבְנֵכֶם*—even to his frying-pan! This was Steinberg's seal royal, and woe be to him or her that used the article it was on. If any one did, a perfect pantomime ensued. Steinberg swore, stamped, danced, prayed, spun, and threatened, all in a breath. He never sat upon a seat after a Gentile either. He had a great liking for their money, and, as it was, most of his business was done with this race; but Stein-

* Lift up your heart.

berg entered into the necessary arrangements never to have his rule infringed. In the room where all his business of any importance was conducted there was one chair with a wooden bottom—for that could be washed—which he always appropriated to himself. If, however, by some extraordinary stroke of ill-luck one of his visitors forestalled him by applying this chair to his own use, Steinberg was furnished with an enormous handkerchief, with which he instantly began fussing and mopping over the seat of one of the others, all the time complaining of “dusht,” and “lazy shervantsh,” and grunting like the learned pig when nuzzling amongst the letters of the alphabet, though the chair was already as clean as hands could make it. The result always was, that he could not dust it sufficiently clean to be allowed contact with his old, rusty, drab terminations; and so the wide-spread handkerchief left open upon the seat.

At the time we see him now it was the last evening of the passover feast. He was intensely engaged in his devotions; for indeed he was very pious in his way, and fasted every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, till sunset. He was reciting his prayers, at the same time walking up and down the room at a violent pace, working his arms rapidly, rolling his head, and wagging his tongue between his teeth. At intervals he paused to pat his dog upon the back; who for the most

part occupied himself in spinning around like a whipping-top, in the vain attempt to overtake his tail—emblem of the vanity of earthly expectations. Having concluded his prayers, Mr. Steinberg went to a seat, and taking up the Gobar,* a book of which he did not understand a word, he began reading it with indefatigable energy, while he continually rocked his body to and fro.

The only other person present was his especial friend, Levi Abraham. Mr. Abraham was, in a small degree, an initiate of the Cabbala. He was a man of about fifty years of age, and of very reverend aspect. One could not help feeling awed in his presence. His severe physiognomy was half buried in a long, grey beard. His skin was of a deep olive tint; his nose sharp and aquiline; his black, piercing eyes gleamed from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. His light coverlet hung very loosely around his spare form, fastened at the waist by a girdle, and leaving a passage for his thin, cold hands. He was incessantly engaged in writing, while he mumbled half sentences to himself. Ever and anon he suspended his work, to perform various mystic operations to a small lamp that burnt before him; and then he presented to it, by means of a small pincers, some metallic body that inflamed, while a blue sul-

* The Gobar is the text-book of the Cabbala; and the reading it, even by those who know nothing of its meaning, is considered very meritorious.

phureous vapour hovered round it, and then dropped, melting hot into a small vessel that he held beneath. Having collected as much as he wanted, he poured a liquid into it from a vial at his side; and then he placed it over the flame, constantly stirring it, and muttering broken words. Small scintillations escaped from it with an explosive noise; and when these had ceased, he mingled it with another liquid, and the process was complete.

Mr. Abraham had been ill, and was supposed to be at the point of death. When in this condition, he made a vow that if God would restore him to health, he would write His name on parchment, with the most durable ink he could procure from the arts, a hundred times every day, until he had done so a hundred thousand times. And at each time he would repeat the name to himself, and say a prayer.

By his knowledge of alchemy, he had invented an ink, which he called the "concentrated ink of metallic substances;" and he proposed that it was durable as the parchment itself. It evaporated rapidly, so he was obliged to make it often, and in small quantities.

After a long while, he seemed to be much wearied with his task. So looking on Steinberg, who was still deeply absorbed in his book, he said,—

"Dost thou know, Solomon, of the dying of Rabbi Ben-Uzziel?"

"Yesh; I know. My dear nobil freund! Hish mind, they shay, ish in ein state of unendlich irritation."

"Yes, brother; he suffers much on account of the awful change that must soon pass over him."

"Ah!" half soliloquised Steinberg. "The shtruggle mit death! Zhat's mot it ish. *Il timor di morire fa tremare i più coraggiosi*,—the fear of death shakes the strongest man alive. An excellent ixhpounder of the holy law, Levi, ish fallen amongsht ush."

"Moses himself—blessed be he!—could hardly be better."

"I'm bin sehr krank myshelf seyne thee wash here lastly. I'm had much dolors, and never could get no slipp. Cosht me drei poundah to pay my medicine wit."

"How is the child? Is it well with her?"

"Ya, ya," groaned Steinberg.

"The time of brother Cohen's marriage with her is approaching now, isn't it?"

"Tish shettled for the last eine briefe to be on the shecond of Tammuz—in ein fortnight after the Shabuaut."^{*}

"God has blessed thee with a lovely child, Solomon. She is an ornament to our afflicted race. I'm glad so suitable a husband is found for her, and pray they may be as happy as we expect."

* Feast of Pentecost.

"Ja, ja," growled Steinberg, off the loss of his three pounds. "Happy enough."

"What portion hast thou fixed to give her, my brother?" inquired Mr. Abraham.

Steinberg looked inexplicable: then he turned his eyes upwards for another dose of comfort: and then he slowly raised his fore-finger to his ear. In this way he signified to his "freund" that he had some suspicion he was earwigging him.

After a few moments, however, he relented, and drawled out, with an uneasy jerk—"It'sh not shettled."

"But you know."

"No. Due or drei hundret shoverinsh I thinksh to sink mit her."

"Nay, Solomon, I say. To such a man as Isaac Cohen—what will the brethren say?"

"Shay! Vat caresh I als any of them shay! Vat doesh it matter to me vot they tinksh mit? *Cospetto!* Vat should I give away my shubstance for? Vat for should I pay my monete to Isaac Cohen for no goot? Did I shay to him, mill you take mein daughtersh to you for eine wife? Prayersh of Abraham! If he can't become her his wife witout monete, let him leave her. I vantsh him not."

"This sounds ill, Solomon, I tell you, for an Israelite: and especially towards one of the family of the Cohanim."

"For vat! I'm a poor man, brother Levi:

Vater Abraham knowsh I'm a poor man. I'm bin torn to pieshes wit dolors. I'm had losseshes—sehr losseshes: and mit all my thrifty shavins I can hardly cover them. Vosh dere not de affair of Jacob Frankein, which losht me dirteen dou-sand shoverinsh? And then there wash my agent in Naplesh, to whom this commission I conshign—'Shend me a parashel of the finesht shpecimens of antic coinsh and gute bronzes mich you can getsh: and wit these 15,000 ducati you alsho shall worth them mit.' Vell, he resheive my ducati and my conshignment, all simplesh and direct; and the firsht ting I hear mit him ish, dat he'sh made up eine marriage mit some anti-quary's daughter, and all my monete ish spent wit flaring up on hish Julia or Sharah, michever she is. Then, vash not mein best boxh of jew-ellery shtole from my shop eine monat past, and I no trace of the roguesh. To shay notin of billsh and coinsh unpaid: and the bankrupt gold-smith, mit whom I lent a hundert tousand poundsh, and I'll not get als many pennish. I'm a needy man, Levi, I tell you. The God of my vaters grant I may not be broughtsh to want." And Steinberg clasped his hands in a seeming passionate conflict with his misfortunes.

"Never mind a feather or two, Solomon," said Mr. Abraham; "You have enough left, and you will fly the lighter."

"Oh Cappita!" gasped Steinberg. "You

know not vat you shay. You've gotch too much noishy voice—*il s'emporte trop facilement.*"

And then he took up his Gobar and began to read with tremendous fervour. Abraham turned to make himself some more ink.

CHAPTER XIII.

BARON PUTOWSKI.

It was the same evening, and about ten o'clock, that two travellers, seated on horseback, rode at a rapid pace over the great road that enters London from Bath and the western counties. One was a young man of about seven-and-twenty years of age, moderate stature, and slightly built. His ample military cloak, a very little open in front, disclosed a short braided jacket, buttoned to the throat. His cavalry overalls, strapped and topped with leather, had rows of large silver buttons down the sides. Double-rowelled spurs were fixed to his boots; which ever and anon, with a gesture of impatience, he pushed against the sides of his jaded horse. Suspended to his belt he carried a heavy sabre. A pair of long epaulettes of silver bullion marked his rank as that of lieutenant of Prussian grenadiers; and on his head he wore the low flat foraging cap belonging to the officers of that corps.

His companion was a man of widely different stamp. He was taller, broad-chested, and pow-

erful; long limbed, muscular, and wiry; altogether he looked the perfection of military hardiness and activity; equally ready to endure exposure and fatigue in the field, or to enjoy a temporary repose in good, snug, snoozy quarters. A black, shaggy beard and immense hanging moustaches adorned the lower part of his countenance; and the purple scar produced by a recent sabre-cut, from the eye-brow completely across the cheek, gave a rather unattractive appearance to the upper half. Contempt of danger and reckless daring were legibly written on every feature; and when he smiled—which was but seldom—his glittering eyes, and certain lines about the mouth, gave a cruel, almost a savage expression to his physiognomy. He wore the uniform of a captain of heavy dragoons, and a ponderous sword hung by his side. He kept his cloak wrapped tightly around him; as much it seemed to screen him from observation as to protect him from the cold; for the night was excessively foggy.

“How far are we from London now, Putowski?” asked the younger one.

“’Tis hard for me to say. *Bagatello!* Those few dim rays before us flickering like drowned star-light must be Brentford, I think. *Diavolo!* but the musty air smells homely still.”

“Would you like to be an Englishman again?”

“Santa Vergine! Not I. No power, even if it were the devil who has served me so well yet,

should have brought me here if it had not been to carry away some of their heavy gold. Wo betide Maria Theresa if I get it!" he muttered between his teeth, and clenching his fist with convulsive energy.

"I'm all of a toss with impatience to be at our work," said the younger one. "What do you think will be the first move?"

"If I have a word in the matter—and that all the direction will, as usual, fall on my shoulders, I make no doubt—well then, I say, we shall advance upon Lintz at the same time that Velasquez bears down upon Vienna. But curse me! if we are not quick the Hungarian Diet will be assembled, and Maria Theresa will make an impression that a few ounces of blood will not suffice to blot out."

"And then?"

"Victory is ours—that must be. But it would cost many a brave man his mess, Motjisk. No matter. A soldier or two will be a cheap purchase of such ends. Look you:—the plan already mooted, if acted upon with due precaution, will carry triumph through Vienna and up to the gates of Presburg, before Philip or Charles Emmanuel have collected a single regiment. And, if we can get the country without their help, why, by all law—human, celestial, and infernal, the place is our's—isn't that just?" he asked with a diabolical sneer.

"Go on," said his companion.

"The plan is, that our division penetrate into the Austrian territory and take Lintz by surprise. A small force would be enough to effect that. This expedition might commence between sunset and sunrise. A party of active guerillas, well acquainted with the country and accustomed to such enterprises, might accomplish it with little loss. Not so, if we approached it in broad daylight, with the few light troops which we can afford to devote to this service. The country is wild, and swarms with the Austrians. Our first shot would bring overpowering numbers against us, and not one of us would ever enter the gates; while the narrow defile between the mountains would render a safe retreat impossible. But to approach under cover of the night, and throw out a few videttes to feel the way, and give the main body an alarm in case of necessity, though a little desperate, will most likely be successful."

"If we are discovered, it will be certain death to us all," said the young man. "Our bodies would be riddled like a hair-sieve, and we not able to pay back a single shot."

"Well, that's an after consideration. When there's work to be done, it must be done," replied the other tersely.

"Oh, yes," said his companion in a careless tone. "When we are in for fighting, there's nothing to be done but take it kindly, and mix up

the neat and the ugly jobs together, so as to make a middling sort of stuff."

"And hark you, Motjisk," resumed the other; "should my lucky demon, who has helped me so faithfully in many a less honest cause than the present, fail me now; and should he take to flight, the coward! before a few pounds of cast-iron from an Austrian cannon, I'll even risk my last adventure by myself without him. *Cospetto!* The Virgin be praised! I'm no schoolboy to quail before bamboo and popguns, nor a mad Jew in search of the philosopher's stone. And if, boy, I am out in my reckoning for this, the first time in my life, I'll even take a last random shot at the head of Maria Theresa herself—understand me. And if in my way to her throne I should stumble either over an amorous dame awaiting her adored, or an insane lover serenading his mistress, *bagatello!* I'll still play my part to the life, and send them to paradise with her."

"You are not overburdened with conscience, Putowski," said the young soldier. "Confound it all, I don't like what you've just said—I may as well out with it."

"Conscience, boy! Too unsalable a commodity in this world, whatever it may be in the next."

"What place is this?" asked the other.

"It should be Hammersmith. Holy mass! what light is that bouncing and jumping about

like an opera girl in the fields there to the left of us? Mayhap it's some old woman's sprite come out to entice us to her den to-night." And he laughed ironically at his suggestion. "An ugly piece of weather this," he pursued, "to measure out for two who were able and willing to pay for a better. A curse upon this rotten mist! I can see nothing to perfection. Around and about is a thorough English fog, as if it were cooked up from Beelzebub's Sunday caldron on purpose to blind and choke me; while the blinking stars squint mockingly on my confusion. Push the spurs into the flanks of that lazy beast of thine, Motjisk; the old ivy-owl will else have gone to roost, though it is not quite morning."

The steaming horses struck off into a maddened gallop, which was scarcely checked before they were pulled up outside Steinberg's door.

"This is the house, or my memory plays me traitor," said the elder horseman. "No matter. If it belongs to somebody else we'll knock a reply out of it. Have at my mark, and no time for parley," he pursued, as he thundered away at the door.

Strange mutterings were indistinctly heard, accompanied by a short cough. A window over the door opened slowly; and a head, buried to the throat in a white cotton nightcap, was thrust forth.

"*Paziensa!* Whosh dat? Vatsch the matter mit you?" said a voice—whose but Steinberg's?

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" replied the horseman. "Matter, man! What should be the matter when people knock at the door? Isn't it they want to come in?"

"Vat beensnisse ish it you become mit this house?" growled Steinberg.

"That's old Steinberg, else I've forgotten his croak," observed the traveller.

"Ya, ya, mein tittle ish Mishter Steinberg."

"Well, look you, *Mishter* Steinberg," said the other, with a sneer, "I don't use to stand on words or trifles. So, if you don't see fit to come down and receive a friend in a delicate, lady-like manner, I'll even do what I've often done when I got my living at the trade of an Italian lover, and had to carry off a new mistress every week—try the virtue of my sword at door-hacking;" and he drew it as he spoke.

"Vater Abrahamsh! Here'sh a shtorm and turmoil. Who are you? Vat are you come mit? Vat do you mean wit dis *strepitusness*?"

"Let me in, and I'll tell ye, friend usurer, antiquary, coin-seller, miser, swindler, or whatever name you call yourself. A right understanding is sympathy, *amico mio*, and sympathy is bond and union. Eh, Steinberg? Look at me—do I look like a spendthrift in want of money? or do you take me for a thief?"

"*No temo moltissimo*—I am very much afraid of it."

"A curse upon your fears and your Greek. Are you coming?"

"Ja ja!" conceded Steinberg, with a cough and a grunt.

"Carl, take the horses to the nearest stable," said Putowski to the lieutenant. "You'll find me up aloft in the old raven's nest."

"It was ill done, Steinberg, it was ill done, I tell you," he said, as the door was opened, "to keep a friend there, palavering and juggling in that way. But—*per un Ebreo*!—it is well you've come as you did, for I was bent to kick up the devil."

"But I didn't know only a shight mit you."

"Then make a breach in those thick ears of thine, and I'll try to make it plain to thy stupid scull. Hark you. I am, or rather I was, Arnold Percival; now Baron Putowski, at your service," and he bowed with mock servility. "And I want some of your money; so tip up handsomely, friend miser, if it's only for old acquaintance sake."

"You've come wit bad timesh, signor," muttered Steinberg, deprecatingly. "I'm shwimmin' in troublesh—eat up mit kranks, even in my slipp. I'm a needy man, signor; livesh no tag witout much caresh. Mine ish no *letto di dammasco*—damask bed."

"Look ye!" said the stranger, in an indifferent voice, throwing himself into a chair, resting one

hand on the hilt of his sword, and crossing his legs composedly, but at the same time fixing Steinberg with his glittering eye. "Look ye, friend Steinberg! it's many a year, now, since we first met—no matter where, for whose occasion, upon what business, or to what intent—and you tried hard to swindle me out of twelve hundred pounds, in good English sovereigns; and, *dottore mio*, would have succeeded, only, my stars be praised! in me you found you had your match for wit and cunning—so, Fortuna be thanked! I know you pretty well, body and soul—in designation, avocation, character—in everything but *creed*. Have a care, man, I say, how you trifle with me. Money I intend to have, if I can find it in your den or any of your cosy crannies," and he grasped his sword-hilt menacingly as he spoke. "Humph! Think you not," he pursued, seizing a book which lay upon the table, and flinging it open on his knee; "think you not, Master Steinberg, I know that this is the book by which you profess to act for the eternal well-being of your soul—humph! that is, if you have a soul—and that in this book, I say, this book of saintly hieroglyphics and Hebrew trumpery, lying is forbidden and made a crime to merit endless punishment here and hereafter; and yet, Mister Steinberg, look ye, you—old and grey-headed sinner that you are—whom God could have made 'eine vater' of such a daughter as you have, but to save you from

utter reprobation— you, I say, can look me in the face and tell me you have no money—a pretty tale, *cospetto!*”

“There’sh als the billsh and monet I lent to your freund the Tuscan *ambasciatore*. I’ll loozh every ducat. It’s trown me in much *imbarazzo*.”

“Well, never mind him now, *amore mio*. *Egli è un pretto furbo*—he’s a very knave. Like you, friend swindler, *egli è il più gran briccone che mai sia stato*—he’s the greatest rogue that ever lived.”

“Bonesh of Jacob! You no neet—”

“*Affare!*—business,” said the soldier, oracularly.

“Vat monete do you mont, signor?”

“Half a million—say six hundred and fifty thousand,—every sovereign of it.”

“Vell, call eine due or drei tags and I’ll treat wit you, signor.”

“*Per Jovem!* two or three ‘tags!’ Why man, I must leave here in an hour or two. What you do must be done now.”

“I can’t. Itsh the feasht of the Pasach.”

“The feasht of the Jew’s harp?” said the stranger: and he laughed immoderately at his suggestion.

“Ja! ja!” grunted Steinberg uneasily; “you musht come when itsh done.”

“I shall have the money now,” said the stranger, coolly.

"What bondsh am you gotch to leave wit me?" asked Steinberg.

"Here—and to them you see the king's seal, and the great seal of the kingdom."

"This the king'sh *sigillo*, signor?"

"Didn't I say so, friend usurer?"

"Ber gute! I shuppoz itsh all shafe."

The soldier smiled an ironical smile. Whereupon, Steinberg shuffled off to his strong box, and produced bills to the amount of six hundred and fifty thousand pounds; which, with fatherly tenderness and an uneasy growl, he deposited with the cavalier.

"I shall ixhpect to be paid wit the entire shum mit one lot."

"Certainly," said the stranger. "How else would you have it, man—*un tanto la settimana*?—so much a week."

"And if I should be in want of monet I shall write mit you."

"To be sure, friend; you must write often to your humble servant. *Le vostre lettere mi sono sempre grato*—your letters are always welcome to me. Eh, Steinberg? *Molto fedelmente il vostro*—very faithfully yours. That's the style, *amico mio*, isn't it? Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed at his joke to his heart's content.

"*Addio, favorito!*—farewell, darling;" he said, placing his great hand in Steinberg's. "*Io vi amo—da capo al piede*—I love you, from top to

too. Enough—*temo d' esservi noioso. Addio!*—
I fear I shall tire you. Farewell."

The same hour the horsemen departed.

Our readers may dislike being presented to such a person as this. But we have an end to serve in giving his character such prominence. What that is, their perspicacity will hardly fail to discover in the proper place.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARRIAGE.

IMMEDIATELY on the close of the Pasach, the seven days' feasting and rejoicing which precede a Jewish marriage were commenced at Mr. Cohen's. For David was now to be united to Miss Hermon Aben Baruch, to whom he had for several months been affianced.

It is usual to keep the feast at the house of the father of the bride : but for various family reasons Mr. Cohen desired that all the friends of the betrothed should be assembled at his own. These are, indeed, days of festivity. Visitors are made welcome at all hours ; but the guests usually assemble at about from one to two or three o'clock. They are all of the gentle sex ; male visitors being jealously excluded. If, however, they come — and generally they do — they are allowed free intercourse amongst the lower rooms ; where the tables are kept constantly and abundantly spread with cakes, preserves, pies, pâtés, wines, and fruits of the richest description, in endless variety.

But on no terms whatever are they admitted into the presence of the family circle. This is the rule; but, like all others, it has exceptions. These are, when the male visitor is closely allied to the family, or is on terms of very intimate friendship with its members. Then, "by particular desire," he will be admitted to the upper house. Here the display is very brilliant.

It was the seventh day of the rejoicing. At the head of the room sat Mr. Cohen. This was the first marriage amongst his own family; and as he looked around upon the young and blushing beauties present, he seemed the embodiment of calm and quiet delight. On his right hand sat his son David; on his left the expectant bride, Miss Aben Baruch. Miss Aben Baruch was supported by Mary Cohen; David by his brother Isaac. And next Isaac sat *his* affianced bride — Adeline. Beyond them were the guests, all clad in the most brilliant attire. The display of jewellery, in the form of bracelets, stomachers, necklaces, earrings, &c., was immense. To one who entered the room without a previous knowledge of the love which, ever since they were a nation, the Jews have had for profusion of ornament, it would have seemed to border upon extravagance. Most of the guests were very young. Few of them were older than the bride — eighteen years — and seldom could so large a company be met with, in which every face was moulded with

such classic loveliness, as were the faces of these Jewish women. Many a soft starry eye amongst the happy group was turned upon the bride with trembling rapture—the favoured object of

“Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,”

from all that was fair and beautiful !

To conduct the ceremonies on such an occasion is a post of distinguished honour. The bride is suffered to take no part in the entertainment save that of sitting down to look on. She was very elegantly dressed. A large veil, airy as the rainbow, and spiritual as the Italian summer cloud, wreathed her in misty folds, from the pensive brow, where it was bound with orange-blossoms and flowers of paradise, to the beautifully slippered feet, buried amongst the billowy cushions that scattered the floor.

The management of the entertainment was confided to Mary and Adeline. Both were magnificently dressed. Adeline's attire was a tunic of pale-rose crape, covered with a long robe of amber-coloured silk damask, richly embroidered with crimson and gold. It was open at the bosom, and from thence was buttoned downwards to the feet. A scarf of brilliant cashmere encircled her waist ; and an embroidered jacket of pale blue velvet, with loose, open sleeves, completed the costume. Bracelets of costly stones gleamed soft and star-like on her finely-sculptured arms.

Her long glossy tresses fell in negligent masses around her shoulders, flashing with jewelled drops, such as must have glittered on Danaë when she came forth from her shower-bath.

A cold collation was served first. This over, music, singing, and dancing formed the principal entertainments. Adeline graced the festivities by some of her most brilliant performances, and Mary most ably supported her. The dancing on these occasions is kept up in great spirit, and many of the dances performed are ancient ones, and therefore exceedingly simple. There is one round intended to represent the human passions. The dances in it are generally performed singly, though sometimes two persons stand up together. That one which is intended to symbolise the beginning and triumph of love, is perhaps as interesting as any, and merits to be described at length. It is a very expressive lively dance. One of the ladies commences tripping about on the "light fantastic toe" with much airiness and vivacity; at the same time enacting to the life all those feminine artifices, which characterise the courtly and finished lady when first slightly affected by the evil genius of flirtation. A male member of the party, who personifies her admirer, describes a single half circle around her, dancing all the while. He imitates an earnest pursuit, while she as dexterously avoids him—either by retreating till she gets almost behind him, or else

waving her handkerchief to forbid his approach. This is continued some time—how long depends quite on the tact of the lady—when he gets rather down-hearted at her unsusceptibility. And then she accords him a few gracious smiles, a few attractive airs; but all mingled with that damp cold kindness, which none but the ladies know so well how to assume, and which so often puzzles us of the sterner sex to know what encouragement means. At last, completely out of spirits, he gives up pursuit, and with a gentle, mournful motion, turns his back upon her. And now it is her work to calm and pacify him. At first he refuses to be pleased with her, and avoids her in the same manner as she avoided him. But of course it is a hopeless task for him to try to be vexed with her—nothing else could be expected—and he is soon completely overpowered by her fascinations, and again approaches her. The lady rewards him with a smile of satisfaction, presents him her hand, he takes it, kisses it, waves his handkerchief above his head with a triumphant air, and they perform a *balancoz*, facing each other. The dance is effective on the spectators in proportion as the persons engaged in it have exhibited dignity, gracefulness, and skill.

The musical and Terpsichorean part of the rejoicing terminated at about half past six o'clock. Soon afterwards a sumptuous banquet was served up. All was carried out in the most splendid

and luxurious style; and, to a gourmand, the scene would have been like the whole of Paradise let in at once upon his vision. Soup, fish, flesh, and fowl ranged the ample mahogany in triple column; thickly interspersed with bottles of wine. The table was also decorated by magnificent candelabra, and a princely service of plate. More than forty of the guests sat down. Mr. Cohen asked a blessing, and the entertainment began.

The whole scene was most inspiring, and the dinner passed off delightfully. Enlivened, too, by the harmless *petit morceau*, or the innocent pleasantry of the youthful company; and if the truth must be told, Mr. Cohen entered into the feeling of the occasion as heartily as the most buoyant damsel present.

Then the gloriously majestic 145th Psalm was sung. Adeline played a vivid accompaniment; Mary joined with her harp. Sublime was the soul-breathed melody of so many female voices, that with fine emphatic utterance chanted forth the glowing aspirations, their countenances enkindled by the high and lofty theme:—

I will extol Thee, my God, O King;
And I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;
And His greatness is unsearchable.
The Lord is gracious and full of compassion;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
The Lord is good to all.

And His tender mercies are over all His works.
The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him;
To all that call upon Him in truth.
He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him;
He also will hear their cry and will save them.
Our mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord;
And let all flesh bless His holy name for ever and ever.

"Miss Steinberg!" cried one of the ladies, as she skipped up to the piano and threw her arms upon Adeline's neck. "*Won't* you give us applause now? Didn't we sing that in true and proper spirit?"

"That very thought was just passing through my mind," replied Adeline. "Your execution was admirable; but better than all is the fervent feeling with which you breathed forth the triumphant strain. Is it not very glorious — and God hath said it." And Adeline hummed in a dim and cloudy voice — "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry and will save them! Do you expect to prove this, Miss Lowitz?" asked Adeline, pressing her hand.

"I can't say that I have thought much about it. One doesn't half feel these beautiful things as one ought, you know. Indeed the character of the proper servant of Jehovah seems to me so sublime, that he who fully possesses it must be almost a wonder in creation."

"Well, my sweet friend, I certainly won't do

anything like lecturing you; so I will only say, that I should like you to think on these and similar assurances in future. Do try. If all our people would but do this, and then act upon the convictions of duty thus obtained, we should no longer go mourning and un comforted, our captivity would soon be turned."

"But, Miss Adeline, *we* have no business with it. The law and the prophets were never meant to be studied by women, you know. It's only the men, and chiefly the rabbins, that have to do with them. That's one reason why I so like these times — they are almost the only ones when we are supposed to be entitled to talk about them. It is very hateful to feel so excluded from spiritual things as we are."

"It is. But it is an exclusion entirely of man's doing. Do let me entreat you, and prevail upon you, not to believe that doctrine of corrupted Judaism, that woman is not to read the Bible. The Bible is written to you as much as to any individual of the human race, and as much as though no one beside yourself had ever lived. For mark, the eternal condition of all the rest of mankind has no effect upon yours; it is between you and God alone — and the Bible unfolds to you what His will and purpose is with respect to your salvation, the way in which He desires you to walk, so that ultimately He may take you to live with Him for ever. Then think how important it must

be that you should read His conditions again and again, so that you may know them well, and thus never break them. You might perhaps think me rude and troublesome, if I urged this in a manner commensurate with what I feel to be its importance. Begin now, my love. I cannot express to you the sweet serenity and happiness I have enjoyed, since I commenced to read the Bible, and make its laws my delight. You are not happy, Miss Lowitz? I know you will excuse me—even if for a moment my earnestness should seem disagreeable. I have always felt greatly concerned about you, since I became aware that you possessed such serious views."

"I should like to converse with you alone," replied Miss Lowitz; "and if you will allow me I shall be able to find a convenient season. I will indeed think on what you have said to me—I promise you that. But I must be careful; I am already tried much. I believe if my father knew me to read the Bible, I should become the victim of such persecution as would compel me to abandon either that or my home. Now indeed, somebody will be getting impatient if I don't say what I came to say. You play the office of the Hosanna Rabba excellently. Nay now, I won't be stopped." She pursued, as Adeline placed her finger upon her lips, to impress silence. "We have had the whole account, with marginal references, of the way in which you perform that hor-

ridly hard music; so I have been requested to come to you and ask if you will kindly give it us now. Will you?"

"Will you allow me to make one suggestion?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well then, in my opinion, it can never obtain universal favour in a large and mixed company like this. The music is all in headlong time — the words require it should be; and the responses produce a regularly returning clink which, to some ears, is disagreeable. So, you will think it isn't best to choose it."

"Then one of the Hosannas from the Daily Prayers is what we shall all like."

"As you pass her, then, will you tell Miss Cohen, if you please?"

And then Mary and Adeline burst forth in another of the sacred chants in constant use among their people.

"O, thou sanctuary of the King! O Royal City! Arise, and come forth from thy subversion; thou hast dwelt long enough in the abode of calamity, for He will now pity thee with kindness. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"Shake off the dust; arise, O, my people! and adorn thyself with thy beautiful attire; for by the hand of Jesse the Bethlehemite redemption draweth nigh to my soul. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"Rouse thyself, rouse thyself; arise, shine, for

thy light is come. Awake, awake, utter a song ; for the glory of the Lord is revealed upon thee. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"Be not ashamed, neither be thou confounded. O, Jerusalem, why art thou cast down ? why art thou disquieted ? In thee the poor of my people shall take refuge, and the city shall be built on her own heap. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"They who spoil thee shall become a spoil ; and they that swallow thee up shall be removed far away ; thy God will rejoice in thee, as the bridegroom rejoiceth in the bride. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"On the right and on the left wilt thou be extended, and the Eternal wilt thou revere ; through the means of a man, the descendant of Pharez, will we rejoice, and be glad. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"O, come in peace, thou crown of thy husband ; also with joy and mirth, in the midst of the faithful and beloved people. Enter, O, bride ! Enter, O, bride ! Come my beloved, to meet the bride."

Then came on the interesting ceremony of presenting the bride with a marriage gift by each of the family and guests. Mr. Cohen gave first — a copy of every one of the books used in the Jewish services, together with the most important of their standard theological works ; quite a large library — and, as he laid them before her, he blessed

her. Each gift is accompanied by a motto suitable to the time. Some of the mottoes presented to Miss Aben Baruch, we shall write here; and, if any of our fair young friends are verging on that important period of their life to which they are especially applicable, they may find that several of them will repay the trouble of a little serious thought.

Mr. Cohen's motto was business-like and practical:

Lovers may live on very aerial food,
But husbands require something solid.

David's was a delicate tribute to his bride:

The great felicity of conjugal life consists in the reflection that we are beloved by one whose love we have deserved, and that we are NECESSARY to his happiness.

Isaac's was very like himself:

What is a Young Lady? A thing to dance, sing, flirt, play well on the piano, talk flippantly in poor English and worse Italian, order the servants about, have her own way in everything, dress tastefully, make a nice cup of tea, and preside elegantly at the table.

What is a Woman? A being of intellect and feeling; who, by the instincts of her nature, is made the guardian of peace, and love, and innocence; the first who initiates man into a knowledge and apprehension of something above the sensual and selfish; the barrier between amity and discord in social life; the soother of anguish and sorrow; the fountain of gentleness and pity; an unchanging friend; and the link of spirit beauty which connects the natures of earth with those of heaven.

Adeline's was like herself—gentle and womanly :

Woman should manage her sensibilities in composing the happiness of herself and all in connection with her, as gardeners do their flowers in making a chaplet—first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper place, where they will give a lustre to each other ; each one reflecting a part of its colour and gloss on the next.

Mary's was of the same high-souled character :

To create and preserve a happy home is the ultimate result of woman's office, the end to which all her enterprise and labour tends, and of which the whole of her desire prompts the execution.

Miss Hallevi's, written originally in French, was translated by Adeline. It contains truth too excellent to be slightly passed over :

Nothing in the character of woman is of more value than the possession of a sweet temper, for a very large proportion of her native virtues have their source in this. Home can never be happy where it is wanting. It falls on the heart of man like warm sunshine on the young blossoms of spring. He is made loving and happy, and the pains of life are forgotten. A good temper diffuses a heaven over a whole family circle. It is the smile of nature, and captivates more than outward beauty. It is a thing which man can converse with, and the language of which he can comprehend, and deeply feel, and retain through life. With gentleness in himself, comfort in his house, and a sweet temper in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete.

Mr. Nathan's — a valued friend of Mr. Cohen's family — was clear and pointed :

Pertinacity is one of the most disagreeable qualities in human nature. An ounce of it in the maiden will become a pound in the wife.

His brother's — though somewhat eccentric — comes to us with the seal of truth attached to it :

It is never too late to repent, to do good, to get married, to train children for God, nor to prepare for heaven.

His sister's has the same seal :

Purity in the heart,
Intellect on the brow —
The sum of human happiness.

Miss Lowitz's will bear reviewing more than once :

SEXUAL DISTINCTIONS.—Man is bold and daring; woman timid and unassuming. Man has a stern and confident heart; woman a soft and gentle one. Man is great in doing; woman in suffering. Man has judgment; woman sensibility. Man has knowledge; woman taste. Man is a being of justice; woman an angel of mercy. Man's study is to prevent affliction; woman's to soothe and relieve it.

Miss Carolina Lowitz's is very good :

Love is the health of the soul —
Passion is its fever.

The following — by a young friend of David — we like much :

The Mother!
The first beloved —
The latest remembered.

The next two may go together :

All Love ! —

All Faith ! —

All Happiness.

Love and smile —

And man is conquered.

The last we shall give is by Mr. Elihu. And put into sense, and then into English, it contains a sound maxim.

The mind—especially the infant mind—is one of the most inscrutably important of the domestic duties. Therefore it should be our constant study, miss, to mildly and sweetly elicit all the various degrees of learning and genius, and talents, so to speak, from the affectionate little a-b-c books up to the tip-top summit of that igstrornary tree, the tree of knowledge, miss, in the most loving and consistent manner possible.

The next morning rose clear and cloudless, and calm as at the dawn of the first sabbath. The golden overarching sky looked down upon earth, as though it longed to clasp it in an embrace of unutterable love. And so thought Adeline, as passing out of her chamber, she glided softly down the staircase, and descended the steps into the noble garden. The slightest breath that crept among the trees was audible, and bore on its wings the scent of fragrant flowers. After lingering awhile amidst the vine-wreathed borders, and the bright lilies, and the large trees of

damask-rose, she went on through the shadowy paths, until she reached a small conservatory that stood in a sweetly secluded spot. Here she sat down, completely enshrouded amongst green leaves and pearly blossoms, and taking a book of prayers, began to compose herself for reciting the שְׁמָע יִשְׂרָאֵל, Hear, O Israel, or Shema of the morning.

But Isaac had seen her go into the garden, and pass along the porch of trees which led to the conservatory. And, as was to be supposed, he followed her; and perceiving that she had not commenced the devotional exercise, opened the door.

"I seem to intrude; will you mind?"

"Oh, certainly not. But I cannot attend to you yet. Have you said the Shema?"

"Dear no. Isn't it horrid, Adeline? I do believe I'm going desperately wicked."

"If it is so, I am glad you are able to see it. That is a hopeful sign. But it is not so; for I happen to know that you are generally pretty strict, sir. Yet if you mean to attend to your duty this morning, it is indeed time. Our friends will be coming soon."

"It is quite true; may I join you?"

"Nothing could give me more pleasure. It is a very important time; and I am glad to mingle our prayers together. I should be yet more delighted if Miss Aben Baruch were here too.

"And such another time, Adeline—beloved Adeline," said Isaac, and there was a soft tremor in his voice, "there will, in six little weeks, be here again. Do not be angry."

And Adeline was *not* angry, as with consummate delicacy he pressed a kiss upon her blushing cheek. Of course, in a novel, we should be expected to say she was; but then, in real life, well-regulated people do not display any such false sensibility. Adeline had long known that Isaac loved her with all the profound, unwavering affection of which a perfect man's heart is capable. And the love which she returned him was too pure, and her nature too noble, to allow her to profess any indifference to whatever she was assured would be an addition to his happiness. She repaid his chaste embrace with a smile that was heightened in beauty by her changeful cheek; and accompanied by a look from the lucid depths of her large blue eyes, such as only a woman can look, and with the power of which to fascinate hearts none were more eminently endowed than Adeline.

The Shema concluded, they both walked into the house.

"Very fine, Mary! you expect a day's enjoyment, no doubt?" said Isaac to his charming sister, as she tripped gracefully into the room where he sat, and courtesied before him to display the fairy-like dress of pink gauze which floated airily around her elegant person.

"Before I answer that question, sir, I should like to hear why you think so," replied the damsel.

"By that stream of brilliant eloquence now pouring out of those tell-tale eyes which it is your privilege to own, miladi," answered her brother. "Have a care, oh! blue-eyed maiden, how you use your ocular powers. Don't be such a sweet innocent as to suppose that we of the rugged sex cannot read the language of the eyes—that most cultivated speech of all speeches, and which has flourished since Adam and his gentle wife Eve first mingled their loving looks together."

"Enjoy myself? well, let me think. Why, certainly—what should prevent? I think I ought to. Come, now, do you like me?" and she turned with a gay smile to a full-length mirror that revealed her graceful form and her expressive countenance lit up with a world of living delight.

"You are got up with some measure of taste, at any rate," replied Isaac, with a sort of half-thoughtful smile, that was peculiar to himself, when he wished to throw a damper upon her. "But I think, sweet sister, I like you quite as well when you are sitting placidly down to bake cakes and your face covered with smuts," he pursued, taking up her prettily arranged head between his hands and laying a double kiss upon her lips, as the good people did in days of yore.

"Yes, sir, but you are spoiling my hair and

hurting my dress," cried Mary, struggling to release herself, "and you know I can't have you do that. Come, Isaac, this minute! save up the displays of your affection till you see me quietly stirring pancakes or reading the Talmud. I am fully aware of my matchless attractions; but fraternal love and admiration of them is quite out of place at these seasons, when things will not permit me to receive them graciously. Isn't this the fifty-second time I have told you that there are occasions when young ladies are only to look at, not to touch? Just as I allow myself to believe that after a half-hour's advancing and retreating before my toilette glass, I have successfully laid on the last finishing touches, you always find a sudden inspiration of the 'feeling beautiful and infinite' that destroys half my labour. Be more recollected in future. I haven't time to extend this lecture to a more judicious length. The Doctor's carriage has just come; and we must go to see him. So, sir, take up your book and follow sail."

The queenly scold was sweeping out of the room; but seeing that Isaac followed, she stopped, and walked away leaning upon his arm.

During this little episode between Mary and her brother, Adeline had retired to assist in the last duties of Miss Aben Baruch's marriage toilette. First, her long hair was cut off: for, according to Jewish custom, the wife is not allowed to wear

her own hair. It is perhaps striking that the women feel no regret at losing this becoming adornment, and which—so say the Macassar advertisements—is “a woman’s pride.” Habit seems completely to reconcile them to the spoliation. Next her eyebrows and eyelashes were painted, and her nails dyed with henna. Then the bridal dress was put on. It was made of silk, with satin stripes, and profusely encrusted with jewellery; and the scarf, head-dress, and veil achieved the toilette.

Then she was conducted to the room in which the entertainment of the preceding days had been held. At the upper end was a raised dais, with a chair of state, in which she was placed to sit. A maiden was stationed on each side—both holding in the right hand a long wax candle.

The friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom were all assembled, and the important moment which was to indissolubly unite two spirits amidst the duties and sorrows of life was near. At exactly nine o’clock, Dr. Aben Baruch entered the room, followed by Mr. Cohen, Isaac, Adeline, Mary, and the bridegroom. The bride pushed aside her veil; her father kissed her; and pronounced over her, for the last time with the sole and supreme authority of a parent, the injunction to faithfully serve the God of her fathers, and the blessing. Then the ceremony began. Rabbi Aben Baruch placed himself in front of his

daughter, and Mr. Cohen immediately led David to his right hand, the friends present forming a circle around them. The religious, moral, and social duties to be observed by the husband and wife were read aloud in Hebrew. The greater portion of the service is chanted—every one taking part in it. A large gold ring was then given, which the rabbi placed upon the forefinger of the bride's right hand. This was followed by the prayers; all present joining in the responses. On the conclusion of that part of the ceremony, Dr. Aben Baruch placed the right hand of the bride in the right hand of the bridegroom, and repeated over them the marital benediction. He then gave the bride a piece of sugar, and taking a glass, filled with water, broke it over her head. The sugar is intended as a type of the solace and support which love is amidst the trials of earth, the water of its purity, the broken glass of the irrevocable nature of the union so solemnly made.

The scene seemed to awaken memories—memories lonesome and painful—in the bosoms of some of the women present. Was it in one a remembrance surpassingly sweet at the moment over all others—of a thousand nameless graces which had now ceased to exist, each of them inspiring the spirit with the delight of its own mournfulness—of a succession of vivid emotions mingled with “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” as when love and poetry happily meet together,

flowing softly and harmoniously from lips that "murmured near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own?" Had some seraph child, fading away in the cold embrace of untimely death, soared through the immense abyss on steady wing, and attained the crown worn by the triumphant spirits in those abodes of perfect felicity, where the centuries of our noisy earth seem nothings in the eternal silence?—oh! lofty thoughts!—she looks, and her heart is in that heaven—but it fades, and the grassy hillock that marks its resting-place—the last of earth—by the working of some secret power, far buried within the heart's deep infinite, suddenly rises in palpable representation to imagination's eye, covered with the mellow sunset, there so often seen, glancing in quivering flashes through the leaves of monotonous yews and hoary eld, and brightening with stripes of burnished gold the oblivion of the wavering burial-place—and instantly feelings "sweet but mournful to the soul" as the thoughts had being and breathed themselves forth with the accordant prayer that, long after the mourned and mourner are forgotten, will continue to mingle its elegiac music with the feelings of stored hearts—for when will earth be unvisited by such sorrow?—in the same chant, "most musical, most melancholy," surcharged throughout with one sigh-like note, elevated or depressed in modulation only as each singer has her soul touched or her heart

saddened by a fainter or a deeper shade of sorrow or of grief—until, it may be, that eternal Hope lifts up her voice, so that, like the echo of the afar-off forest hymn, it appears to reach the sky, and tells, in tones that seem heralds of the immortal melodies, the spirit-music calm and clear of angel voices, that God is heaven and heaven is God—and therefore to live is love. And yonder is another—her princely head prostrate with all its plumes, heroic yet with dying falls, for the singer weeps! Haply she is thinking of the days of light and joy when her head so gently rested on her young lord's bosom—that hour of purest bliss—tranquil as the waveless summer lake when its mirrored crystal mingles with the heaven's calm ether; or the peaceful summit of the far flushing cloud, soft sleeping in the glory of the sunshine on the blue serene of the meridian sky, when there is not a breath in heaven—yet in its deep hush, fraught with strong and passionate affection—strong and passionate as the heart's fullest worship could inspire—oh, cruel husband! how much more loved than lovely! how couldst thou find a heart so irrecoverably lost to goodness, as to quit—desert—thine adoring wife, who, if it could have added to thy happiness, would, like the turtle-dove in the dim and lonely forest-tree, glad only in the present, have bowed her noble head and died, without one sign given to the fading brightness of heaven and beauty of earth

— nothing except one last long loving sigh, breathed from the immortal depths within her soul — and breathed for thee — as her spirit spread wing for its eternal flight, and her gentle form fell lifeless on thy bosom. Peace to ye, grieved ones ! and may your trust breathed forth with the low mourning notes of Judea Capta's prayer be realised, and ere the sun measures other summers more, your feet, early sandaled with immortality, shall wander in company with holy angels and blessed spirits, on the pellucid crystal which surrounds the fountains of eternal life.

And it was so. One young mother had just stooped over the unconscious bier of her first-born. Another had been separated from her husband, because he was a fiery Talmudist, and she a simple student of the Bible. Another — yon beautiful pensive-looking woman ; so exquisitely lovely in her mournfulness — had just before been, at twenty years of age, divorced from her husband, after having been married to him rather more than two years, because in that time she had failed of presenting him with an infant. From her disappointed, defrauded, and despairing heart ascended the groan-like prayer, which is the language of the soul's deep yearnings towards the bright and lovely, that the young and blushing bride before them might receive a happier fate !

CHAPTER XV.

THE BALL.

"O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits."

SHAKSPERE.

A FEW evenings later, and that appointed for the ball. The room was superbly lit up with that most chaste and brilliant of artificial lights, the wax candle, suspended in magnificent lustres. There were in truth grandeur, profusion, and style sufficient in the entertainments of that evening. Both eye and ear were ravished by the luxurious pleasures collected around them. All useless furniture had been removed. Immense mirrors hung around the room, reflecting the beauty that stood or passed before them. Along the sides, and at each of the corners, were large vases filled with exotic plants, which scattered far and wide a delicious perfume. At intervals clusters of candles glistened in soft radiance on snowy marble stands. Elegance and splendour seemed to outvie each other in the disposition of everything. The first step into the room was like entering an ideal world. The most stoical

philosophy was for a time unable to resist the power of its enchantment; and acknowledged, against its will, the tremendous sovereignty of Mammon.

The room was filled with company; and sundry preliminary flourishes, in the form of agonising shrieks from the fiddles and the great bassoon in the orchestra, announced that the proceedings were about to commence. The leader started up, twiddled his fingers about his nose with great glee and importance, hit a couple of smart cracks on the edge of his music stand, and the band struck up a selection from Verdi. The floor is covered with dancers, all ready for action. That instant the exhilarating march changes to a spirited waltz, and away go the whirling couples, gyrating like mad. One pair after another comes before you, and is immediately lost in the bewildering mazes of the dance. You see a face that you know—you determine to watch it—impossible. In a moment it vanishes amongst fifty others; it is lost in a maelström of faces. The men flag; the women appear so heated, that to the calm bystander the impression of faintness becomes painful. They will cease directly, and give themselves time to recover. But no—a fresh impulse seizes on both musicians and couples; the leader's stick flourishes with redoubled rapidity—the movement becomes more furious—the music, itself gone mad, has maddened the dan-

cers; the men augment their speed, and the women, with dress flying abroad, and ringlets given to the wind, are whirled away, away; we shut our eyes and draw back, quite dizzy from the scene.

David Cohen and his young wife threw themselves amongst the flushed multitude. But Adeline—where is she? Seated at the upper end of the saloon, under the orchestra; the only part where there is any reasonable share of elbow-room. Often during the evening, when for a moment the pulsations of the great artery had ceased, she had met the enraptured gaze of the gay cavalier, and heard the hushed exclamation of applause. But Adeline felt no answering throb within her placid breast. It was rather strange, perhaps, that she should not; for the triumph of conscious power is one of the strongest emotions that can agitate the heart of woman. But amidst the giddy fluster her spirit maintained the same clear tranquillity which always distinguished it—a tranquillity as free from stagnation and insensibility on the one hand, as from hurry and excitement on the other. You saw at once that those deep reflective eyes, from which she looked out with such calm and observant inquiry, were not to be imposed upon by gauds and glitter; that she perfectly understood the true meaning of the scene before her. Her disposition to profound thoughtfulness fulfilled the office of expe-

rience. To her it was a phenomenon which would commence a new moral epoch—a shadow on the soul's dial, moving, though too slowly to be noticed by the superficial and unheeding. To every solicitation that she would join in the dance, she made but one answer—that while exceedingly obliged by the attentions thus shown her, she had no desire for it, and would greatly prefer to remain a spectator. She was chiefly interested in speculating on the characters of the persons who came near her, as illustrated in their manners, dresses, and physiognomies. At a little distance from her stood a lady of about forty years of age, who evidently plumed herself much upon her dignity. She was exceedingly fastidious and select in her introductions, and all her movements, and even the tones of her voice, were modulated by the cold rules of etiquette. Yet Adeline thought she could discover a true woman's heart beating beneath that formidable exterior of silk and ceremony. There was another that Adeline noticed, who, if any one crossed her in her efforts to elbow her way from one part of the crowded room to another, would let her eyes fall upon them with the petrifying glare of a Medusa, and then turn them elsewhere to enact the rolling witchery and the fascinating languishment of flirtation. One, too, she observed with a face redolent of light and pleasant scandal; she was talking to another, whose malicious light-heartedness could not be

mistaken. By the rapid twinkle of her eyes, and the caustic pleasantry of her countenance, it was plainly exhibited that the repartees passing between them were such as to make the ears of the absent tingle. There were several exquisites, too—exquisites just “come out.” Adeline noticed the elevated smile that curled their lips, as they moved about with that vulgar advertised modesty which seeks notice, while it professes a supreme and haughty indifference. One amongst them Adeline might easily have supposed the whole place belonged to, if she had not known the contrary—he strutted up and down so, gazing about on everything and everybody with an air of such sublime satisfaction, and neck straight and erect like a superannuated stork, walking about with his tail between his legs.

And then the eyes. Adeline looked upon them till her conception grew confused, and they indolently floated through her imagination in picturesque disorder, like a dream on the shell-wreathed shore of the sunny sails of long-absent ships seen coming homewards on the main. They conveyed so many different kinds of expression. Why doesn't somebody write an essay upon eyes? Even a collection of passages, describing their effect, from those of Eve, as painted by Milton, in “Paradise Lost,” down to the large, lovely, lamping orbs of the Marchioness of Abercorn, would be an intensely interesting study. The

expression of Europa's eyes must have been tremendous ; for, as the story is given us by Lucian, her beauty tempted Jupiter to steal her ; and, judging by the fine ado made over her, he was no little proud of his theft. He swam with her from Phœnicia to Crete, making the sea calm, the winds hushed. Neptune and Amphitrite rode before them in their best chariot, to clear the road and level any refractory waves. The Tritons, each one holding a torch, danced about them ; the Syrens, sailing on dolphins' backs, sung to them in harmonious measure ; and Venus herself came behind them in a sea-shell, strewing roses and flowers on their heads. And who will do justice to Psyche ? Who captivated Cupid, enlisted the favour of half the gods — all it may be, for all of them came to her wedding ; Vulcan cooked up the feast ; Ganymede served the nectar ; Apollo strung his harp ; the Muses sang ; and Venus tripped about to her sweet heart's content. Petronius—who is a great authority in these delicate inquiries—gives to the eyes the appellation of *fastos* : and describes the Loves, and Pleasure, too, living in the midst. Musæus, in the story of "Hero and Leander," imparts a wondrous brilliancy to the eyes of the lady.

Οἱ δὲ παλαιοὶ

Γρὺς χαρίτας ψευσαντο πεφνχεναι εἰς δε τις 'Ηρους
'Οφθαλμος γελων ἑκατον χαριτεσοι τεθηλει.

If the reader is at all interested in such contem-

plations, we would invite his special attention to the word *τεθηλει*.

And Adeline's observation was also attracted by several gigantic specimens of the ancient Jewish beard. Not a beard gracefully trimmed and pol-larded till it was nothing but a mere luxuriance, but thoroughly patriarchal ones of wondrous dimensions. There was no end to them — they were faces that might have walked out of Titian's canvas. Adeline loved everything that belonged to ancient Judaism ; and she would have been quite contented that every Jew should wear his beard ; but these — it was too much — she would have preferred them in the canvas. They seemed to her a little too sublime for so common an occasion.

The course of her meditation was stopped by a voice so well-beloved, close to her ear. It was Isaac's.

"I am glad, dear Adeline," said he, clasping her hand warmly, "to have finished my work at last. And after all, in adding those lights and vases at the end, it seems to me we have not much improved the general effect. If you turn your eye full in that direction, don't you become impressed by a disagreeable glare?"

"If you looked on them only, perhaps so. Yet I think them quite necessary. They certainly harmonise well with the whole ; they supply the something that was wanting."

"I would rely upon your taste in a thing of a

thousand times the value; the excellence of your decisions is established. We look magnificent to-night."

"Oh, certainly."

"To look around upon all this life and gaiety, one would think that there can be no such thing as unhappiness. Ours is a beautiful life, if we will but make it so. And those men are wondrously ungrateful, who represent the world as simply a scene of melaucholy, desolation, and woe."

"In that I entirely agree with you. I have very high views of the happiness which might be attained by a proper exercise of our intellectual powers, and conferring our deep and solemn affections upon pure objects. If mankind would only begin to love each other — to feel nothing else but love — and let no grosser emotion intercept it, what delightful consequences we should soon witness. But to talk of this in the present condition of mankind is valueless. For selfishness must first be eradicated. And this can only be when every human being has received the impress of the Divine Mind — for God is love, and love is God."

"The world is said to be divided into two classes," said Isaac; "those who believe all men to be honest until they are proved to be false; and those who believe all men false until they are proved to be honest."

"There can be no doubt which mode of belief

is the right one," said Adeline; "and I devoutly hope we shall ever preserve the lucid transparency of a pure heart, which, having no evil intentions and feelings in itself, cannot imagine them in others."

"A ball-room is a remarkable phenomenon in some of its aspects; though a selected pleasure of all who aspire to a position in the world pre-eminently called '*ton*.' My great delight is to contemplate it from such an elevation as this—the mysterious evolutions of the throng put me so in mind of those heavings and movings one sees in a cheese, when in what some call 'prime condition,' but which all people of good sense call rotten."

"Well, do not let us quarrel with it either," replied Adeline. "An ingenious mind may perhaps discover a profound philosophy in it all. It may be a necessary safety-valve by which the mere rage of movement can escape, and thus preserve the balance of that quiet deportment which is so essential in cultivated life. I myself take no pleasure in the scene. But there are numbers who do, and a great one. Very well; if dancing makes them happy, let them dance. I think the mode of recreation which you and I prefer by far the best, because in it we obtain intellectual as well as physical pleasure. But I very much dislike that vulgar stoicism in philosophy, and that splenetic misanthropy in religion, which, without any knowledge of the individual characters of

those engaged, would treat the whole with a bitter, scornful sneer. This is not the way of God, nor of the Bible; and I believe He must be very angry with those who act it. Let our labour be, first to gain the deepest love towards ourselves, and then, in a spirit of love, try to turn the minds of those who compose our circle, habitually to studies that are great refined and pure—the loveliness of virtue, the majesty of truth, the beauty of holiness—and all these things, as far as mistake is connected with them, will peaceably adjust themselves. There will then be no difficulty in discovering true and eternal sources of happiness. Every day in our career of bright rejoicing life will open to us fresh springs of delight in our intimate and filial communion with Him who being nothing but love Himself, feels nothing but love for His creatures, while He sees them humbly striving to know Him, and to perform His will; we shall feel that to rejoice always is the law of Him who has filled earth and sky with gladness, so that wherever we turn our eyes, they are met by the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα of nature.”

“Excellent truths, eloquently spoken. I have been watching that pale, intellectual girl, now stretched fainting on the lounge yonder. The mighty-looking man who stands by her side walked up, looking cold and frosty as an iceberg, newly imported from the pole, bowed himself

into her notice, and led her out to dance. And, now observe; instead of the quiet, graceful being reposing in a flower-soft calm, as though wrought by Praxiteles in marble, there is a flushed and breathless young creature, almost gasping for life from tight-lacing, weariness, and excitement. What is it, Adeline, can possess young ladies, that they crucify themselves by such slow lingering means as those modern inventions of steel and whalebone? Some judicious friend should persuade them to believe the truth, that no man with the three grains of judgment necessary to make him worth having for a husband, likes a small waist in his wife; he is afraid of it, for he knows it is unnatural, and he cannot expect her to be healthy; therefore his domestic joys will be spoiled, because it is impossible he could accept happiness, while the being who is dearest to him is incapable of sympathising with it."

A hand unceremoniously laid on Isaac's arm, stopped the conversation, and at the same time his right hand was grasped as if by a vice.

"Adolphus!" gasped Isaac, as he turned round to the new-comer.

"Indeed it is. How are you, my friend?"

"Perfectly well. And you?"

"Exactly."

"Have you seen father—David—Mary?"

"Not yet. I inquired for you first; and your Cerberus was going to call you. But I had no

patience to waste over such shuffling: so I expressed a desire to go on the voyage of discovery for myself. He thought you were in the refreshment-room. I elbowed from room to room, until to my horror I found myself in one that had all the appointments of a lady's drawing-room. However, to cut short, I at last arrived here in safety. You wonder why I came earlier than you expected?"

"I wished to ask the question."

"Well, I've come to get married."

"An excellent reason, certainly. Couldn't you manage it in India?"

"Not to my satisfaction. And there was no policy in waiting to be miserable."

"A young man in an elegant position, and miserable because he couldn't get a wife, might, I should think, soon make a thumping fortune by going round the country in a caravan, and exhibiting himself as the Unfortunate Youth."

"I should be glad, Isaac, to leave here now. This heat is too oppressive," said Adeline.

"I observed that a price is paid for admission. What means it?" asked St. Maur.

"That the ball is for the benefit of our poor people in Poland," replied Isaac.

"This sort of charity is just like Judaism."

"And Christianity, too," suggested Isaac.

"Exactly. You get up a ball and make yourself mad with enjoyment, out of simple benevo-

lence. There's something grand in the invention — dancing out of pure sympathy with sorrow, misfortune, and death. The arrangements, however, are marked by superb design and elegant taste; under whose presiding genius were they made?"

"Miss Steinberg's, assisted by Mary."

"The balls don't look half so gay as they used to, I think. In India they sometimes carry them out on a fine scale. A little before I left, I attended one at which a live governor and his wife were present. The lady wore eleven thousand pounds' worth of jewellery — so they said."

"Her appearance was sufficient to cast a glow over the whole company, I should think. But read Pliny's account of the embellishment of Lollia Paulina: '*Smaragdis margaritisque opertam, alterno textu fulgentibus toto capite crinibus, spiris, auribus, collo, manibus, digitisque.*'"

"You have some odd people here. Who is that with the copper-face yonder? He is positively a *rara avis*."

"None of us know much of him. He is a Moorish Jew; and is reputed to possess enormous wealth."

"A Jew! is he? I'm ashamed of him, then. I haven't often stumbled over a more unlucky phiz. Gracious! there's a spectacle," he pursued as the Moor exhibited his molars in a free-and-easy grin. "You're too late. He has closed the

doors. And I do declare he's got the assurance to offer the loan of his blackness to that pale young person opposite. And she accepts—bless her taste! Smothering is too good for her — she deserves doing to death in a bag of soot."

"Now, we must introduce you to father, Mr. St. Maur; so come." And making their way through the crowds as gently as they could, they passed out of the saloon.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. COHEN'S PRIVATE SYNAGOGUE. ITS FURNITURE,
DECORATION, AND DEDICATION. AND A FEW OTHER
MATTERS.

"Beautiful art! my worship is for thee —
The heart's entire devotion. When I look
Upon thy radiant wonders, every pulse
Is thrill'd as in the presence of divinity!
Pictures, bright pictures, oh! they are to me
A world for mind to revel in. I love
To give a history to every face, to think —
As I thought with the painter — as I knew
What his high communing had been."

L. E. L.

For a long time Mr. Cohen had been determined that, like many others amongst his brethren, he would have a small synagogue attached to his house. Yet in all this long time he had never really had it built. At last he had begun it in earnest; and in the month Nison, of the year of which we have been writing, it was finished; and on the first of Ayier it was to be dedicated as a house of prayer.

Beautiful exceedingly are these little temples. For ourselves — we never can think of them save with feelings of deep delight. That caricatured simplicity—that palpable, undisguised meanness—which so frequently characterise the house of God amongst Christians, and especially dissenting congregations—as if, although nothing is too good or too beautiful for their own house, anything is good enough for His — this, we say, is not known here. Elegance, grandeur, harmony, and chasteness, mingling in a thousand forms of perfect loveliness, mark the disposition of all within them. And vases of flowers and blossoms are often there—filling with lovely perfumes the soft and solemn atmosphere of “dim religious light.”

Mr. Cohen's was sixteen cubits, or twenty-eight feet long, and eight cubits broad. Each side of it was a row of seventeen pillars, which—with their capitals and their entablature lying across them, carved in exquisite imitation of clusters of grapes and pomegranates—were all of cedar. These supported the ribbed roof—so chastely decorated, and divided into compartments distinct yet never separated from the whole—and with the floor, the steps, and the sides, all composed of polished cedar. A carpet of goat skins, dyed a brilliant crimson, covered the floor; and upon this numerous costly divans of sky blue satin damask were strewed.

A cornice of brass, adorned with carvings of

the flowers, and leaves, and fruit of pomegranates, stretched from pillar to pillar; and from this were suspended hangings of blue, and purple, and scarlet Damascus silk, splendidly wrought with gold embroidery in various devices, as cherubim, &c. by the hands of Adeline and Mary. At a distance of three cubits from the end, a curtain of the same material was drawn across the room. Behind this was the ark.

The ark was made of cedar. It was a cubit-and-a-half high, a cubit wide, and a cubit deep. A pair of folding doors enclosed it; and the whole of the inside was inlaid with plates of pure gold. Over it were two cherubim; the tips of their wings touching each other. In this ark the "testimony"—the Old Testament in Hebrew was deposited.

In the midst of the room was a large table, covered with a luxurious drapery of lace, brocattelle, and damask; which would almost stand alone, from the stiffness produced by the gold and silver thread woven through it in clusters of flowers and leaves. A golden candlestick—which for delicacy of workmanship and elegance of design, seemed as if it might have come from fairy-land—occupied the centre. Gleaming amidst the burnished leaves and branches, were seven lamps, each tipped with its steady, unwavering, little globe of light, kept constantly burning. It was a brilliant and mystical ornament, a loveliness placed

there for its own sake—not to *give* light, but to *be* light. Like the deep still lake sleeping in the tranquil glory of the moonbeams, or the wooing brightness of the stars; or the crystal waters rising and falling in the fountain, the ordinary purposes of utility were forgotten — enough that it was a feeling of admiration, that it was beautiful.

On the same table were also two basons; the one used to hold the blood of the Passover, the other that of the sacrifices on the Great Day of Atonement; and several vases, spoons, and dishes, all made of pure beaten gold, and used in the various services. Each of the basons weighed nearly one-third of a maneh.*

A smaller table stood behind it. On this the sacred books were arranged. And in the middle of it there was a large silver dish, heavily laden with grapes, and other fruits, all the growth of the beloved land of Judea. Any person who entered the synagogue took freely of these fruits, if he chose; and when the supply in the dish became scantied, it was refilled.

A large silver laver, surrounded with lotuscups, occupied the space beyond the larger table. This laver was filled with water of Lebanon,†

* A maneh, or 60 shekels, is 2 lbs. 3 oz. 6 dwts. 16 grs. Troy.

† This perfume, called by way of eminence water of Lebanon, is indeed a most delicious one. In vain should

which cast around and about a most delicate and lovely perfume—that winged the imagination far far away amongst the flower-groves, and spice-woods, and starry-winged birds of Canaan's bright land. This was used for the various purposes of ablution.

Mr. Cohen allowed no distinctive places to be set apart for the men and the women. He hated it. They mingled in their worship indiscriminately together.

Joining with this sanctuary there was another small room, in which the ecclesiastical robes were kept; and whither the family adjourned to clothe themselves in the Talith, and put on their Phylacteries. It was, in fact, furnished with books, and altogether fitted up as an elegant library. On a stand at the end the robes were deposited. The stand was covered with white watered silk; on this the robes were laid; and over all was thrown a priceless lace spread of the same material as the finest and most expensive capes are made. The window curtains were of lace and watered silk looped back with bright blue cords and tassels, and orange flowers. A luxurious brocatelle lounge was placed for the family to occupy whilst reading. Over it was a statuette standing on the tip of one foot with outspread wings, and holding in one

we search amongst the dealers in modern essences for anything to equal it. It is composed of myrrh, spike-nard, calamus, cinnamon, aloes, and the chief spices.

hand a wreath of roses, from which depended a curtain of gossamer lace that floated dreamily around the seat, inviting to delicious contemplation and repose. And the ceiling and the wall were very beautiful. The ceiling was painted with the most delicate flowers in their natural colours; and from it to the floor all round, the wall was draped with fluted cerulean silk damask, and adorned with large paintings in massive gilt frames.

On the first of Ayier, Rabbi Aben Baruch came to dedicate this beautiful little temple. At twelve o'clock he went into the library to robe himself for the ceremony. The colour of the robe was blue. A girdle of blue, and purple, and scarlet cord fastened it around his waist. On his head he wore a mitre, upon the front of which was a golden plate with the words HOLINESS TO THE LORD inscribed upon it. The men put on the Talith and Phylacteries, and the service began. A great deal of it is chanted. As soon as it was over, the rabbi and Mr. Cohen's family retired from the synagogue to meet the rest of his friends who were coming to join him in keeping the feast of the dedication. For such a season is a time of immense rejoicing, and every one enters into the feeling with much gladness of heart.

"I think, Adeline, father has fitted up this place very tastefully, and made it quite one of the

prettiest synagogues we have amongst us," said Isaac. "Do you think so too?"

"I do," replied Adeline. "It is a work quite after my own heart."

"Now indeed, then, I shall like it better than before. Well, come into the next room, and let us look at his pictures. I haven't seen them since they were hung."

"The more I study this picture the greater is my admiration of it," said Isaac, as he stood before a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' fine composition, "The Infant Samuel." "There is more of the simple smiling beauty of nature, and less affected sentiment, about it than can be found in the works of many Italian masters with high-sounding names—out with it, and say Raphael at once. The feeling throughout is pure, elevated, and sustained. It seems *the* perfect realization of the subject. If you notice, when they are present, you will see women look very lovingly on this delightful picture; and what triumph would a painter have more?"

"Very fine, sir!" said Adeline smiling. "But let me keep tranquil, for I want to understand it. Indeed, I feel with you. Those eyes! and lips!—and that face—so holy!—so ethereal! My sense of delight is overpowering and I tremble. It was a happy skill which prompted Sir Joshua Reynolds to make all his portraits historic," she

said after a while. "This always confers the charm of novelty, and gives dignity to feebleness. I wish you to understand that reflection to be a general one, and not at all intended to disparage the great master. The organization of his mind constituted him a painter; and his peculiar genius made him a painter of portraits. But let me say that, while I admire his fine talents in the master qualities of colouring and expression, I must think him confused in his conception of story, and elaborate without correctness in his outline. He had more ease but less elegance than Lely; more grandeur but less pathos than Vandyke; and few native artists have exceeded him in rich variety, profound feeling, and nobleness of design."

"And he had a very accurate practical knowledge of even the commonest details of nature," said Isaac; "and hence he has so successfully given that consistency of expression which prevails throughout the muscles of the whole body, and so perfectly depicted the nice changes produced in them by the various emotions of the mind, pain, grief, joy, &c. Yonder is a mighty picture—a full-sized copy of the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo. It is indescribably, painfully august. That, I say, is a sublime—a true sublime—a new sublime—more sublime than the Greek sublime, although so worshipped. And now, as they say contrasts are best, look at this Baroccio—'Hagar and Ishmael.' It will touch

you most exquisitely—it is a tearful picture. I can never forget the effect it had when I first saw it. My feeling was so intense that I was glad to turn away from it to rest, and prepare my mind for a new view. I sat down; determined to translate my feelings into words, and send them to a friend to whom I was writing. But in what a wonderful way has the painter managed to create out of a few colours and a pot of varnish. I laid down my pen, leaned my head in my hand, and thought and thought. All the figures arranged themselves in perfect order, all the colours were properly reflected in the little camera obscura of my brain. But it was useless. I could not have described what I felt if pens were brushes, and words were bladders of paint. Having attempted which sentiment, let us turn to look at a bad picture—a bad conception—badly drawn—in a bad imitation of Michael Angelo—De Louthembourg's 'Deluge.' ”

“You are severe,” replied Adeline. “Remember that to discover the faults in an effort of that kind is exceedingly easy, while the subject is the most difficult that can be undertaken. Few who have attempted it have been anything like successful. And indeed, the Deluge is just one of those pictures respecting which the opinions even of acknowledged judges must always disagree. But come, what have we to do with a carping criticism? Let us cease, and search for beauties.”

"Well, here's a landscape by Claude, that I think you will like."

"It quite sustains me in my high opinion of everything he did. Whenever I see the *classico* ruin which he so loved to make into compositions—the Corinthian pillars, with their entablature lying across them, and the broken capitals and friezes at their feet—it gives me deeper delight than I can express. So exact, complete, and well-defined, it seems to speak to me of an age of calmness and order—when Time allowed himself to stand still a little, and look placidly on what he was about—and not as now, an age of wondrous intellect and majestic conceptions, but incongruous and disorderly withal; as if Time, anxious to overtake in the future what he has lost in the past, was hurrying on in confused march, with leaders and baggage, standard and the sutler's wagon, all jumbled together. Claude's distances, too, are matchless; yet they are the smallest parts of his pictures, always subordinate portions of a grand whole. There is no mapping. The air comes to us clear and pure over a country free as the savannahs of the West. But see this nymph crowned with flowers. And *such* a head; and such life-breathing flowers. And she wears them so serenely—so profoundly. Oh, I like that!"

"One cannot pass from such works without taking away a certain pleasing, dreamy feeling of delight and musing," said Isaac. "I cannot

think of any decoration to a man's study more beautiful than a few landscapes. They seem eternally suggesting new thoughts in your bosom, as they do fresh and richer beauties from their own. I think, too, I would prefer them all pretty, cheerful, third-rate pictures. To gaze upon those tremendous first-rates is often enough to put us ordinary people in a fever. Some of them, too, seem to have been drawn on the old supposition—that no man could be a great author unless he wrote a big book, nor a poet unless he wrote a big poem; and so they have painted us canvases of overpowering dimensions. Confess now, if you have not sometimes felt your head ache while you were gazing on one of these vast performances; and has it not made you long for the sight of a couple of donkeys and a few yards of common? With which, turn we to a brilliant composition by Gainsborough. That river stealing through the wood is a thing of life. It is a fine specimen of the ideal pastoral—like Gaspar Poussin's."

"That prince of painters of the poetic pastoral! The author of 'The Picturesque' strangely concludes that spring is not a painter's season: Gaspar Poussin is a living refutation of this assumption. He loved the bright, transparent, thin leaves of spring, bursting into the full leafage of summer. He never indeed presents you with positive spring; and happily not. There is too much of the gloom of winter retained in it—too much of the upspringing of the new from the

grave of the old. It is the office of the true poet and painter to produce something which, though true to nature, is elevated and refined above it. He has therefore painted a season quite Elysian—one which conveys the idea of unfading bloom. True poetry bursts in beauty over all his country; there is no 'false glitter.' Fresh spring its flowers from the 'dædal earth;' or seem—they are so very beautiful—as if spring had indeed descended from heaven, 'veiled in a shower of shadowing roses.' I think all seasons suitable to the true painter—'Ut pictura poesis,' and ut poesis pictura. I have an autumn scene of Gaspar Poussin's. It is evening; and the poetry, as it should be, is melancholy. Everything exactly accords with the season and the hour—that when

'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,'
the birds will soon be asleep in their forest-tree,
'And leave the world to darkness and to me.'

The whole picture is very true and very simple; the colour brings to one's fancy that of objects in dreams. There is the 'sear and yellow leaf;' mixing with the dull hazy brown, which connects itself with the solemn green of the foreground. In the second distance, a black river steals with oppressive silence amongst the shadows of a deep wood. The air breathes heavily. You hear ominous whispers in the vast forest gloom. A few clouds are perspectively going off to their repose, float-

ing in a sky of cold blue, mingling with the faint ruddy light which continues to linger behind. There is no figure—the subject would not bear one. The spectator himself is all it will allow. Thus the whole tenderness and peace of departing day is preserved.”

“Let us turn to the statues,” said Isaac. “First, we will do reverence to Aristides the Just—great, austere, self-contained—the stern enemy of vice, the worshipper of virtue.”

“Full of his grand and unapproachable abstractions,” said Adeline, “he asks nothing but justice from all—even from the gods. Nay, they shall submit to justice, too! Great leveler! But virtue so proud, so uncompromising as this, in a creature who feels his proneness to sin, is more than a mistake—it is rebellion. But here we have Truth, with her invariable mirror. Which mirror, it has always seemed to me, is a very poor allegory. It certainly images, and images faithfully; but it is only the surface of things. That sort of truth is not very valuable; and often we are better without knowing it, for it leads us to wrong conclusions respecting what is concealed beneath.”

“But whatever is presented to it, it reflects *faithfully*,” said Isaac.

“Which has a very humble significance,” replied Adeline. “It would do to illustrate the simple thing, to *speak* the truth — a prime excellence in

morals, but the humblest condition of eternal truth — but it leaves the exalted act of attaining truth quite unsymbolised.”

“Here is a work of art which you will not greatly admire, Adeline; that little boy — cherub he is called — that holds the drapery.”

“Very pretty; but so sage, so serious. An infant that must not smile — what can be made of it? And must not smile, lest he be mistaken for a thing of earth — for some other love than the celestial. Strange! that the artist should so mistake the conception. Love on earth and love in heaven is the same feeling: emanating from the same source — the bosom of our God: only the one is shackled and distorted by sin and sense, the other large, unconfined, bright, pure as eternity. An infant without a smile! Heaven is filled with smiles; light, bounding, joyful as a summer sunbeam.”

“Now, dear Adeline,” said Isaac, in a soft and tender voice, “I have to show you something that you *will* like—above all else. It is a little group of two infant children. The one is kissing the other, whom he is supposed to have just crowned with roses. I was quite sure that if you saw it first, I should find much difficulty to persuade you to move from it. And therefore it was that I hid it.”

He went behind the drapery and produced the group, which he deposited in its place in the

centre of the table. "Now come and sit here while you look at it," he pursued, as he drew her towards the lounge.

"How exquisitely natural! How serene, how guileless they are!" exclaimed Adeline. "Oh, it is perfect loveliness! Those countenances so full of thought as well as beauty — of love and angel hopes. And those brimming eyes — brimming with innocence and bliss — and all is realised! Happy is the function of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. To move the world, to sooth it, to re-people it; but to shun its confusion and toil! To create, to fill with beauty, to persuade, to elevate, to command. To dream back the greatness and goodness and glory of the past. To image the mystery, the grandeur, the majesty hidden in the misty future. To inspire men to moral purpose and achievement. To exalt earth to heaven!"

"Adeline, dearest," said Isaac, "are you the author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm?'"

"I am not. I might be glad, perhaps, if I were; it contains so much that is excellent. But I rejoice to possess the ardent spirit of an enthusiastic admiration. Admiration! from which the nobler delight of knowledge springs — without which sense and intellect were vain — which in the vast immortal cycles that are before me, shall, gushing in unpolluted, unperverted streams, be my life, my joy, my bliss — in the constant suc-

cession of its vivid emotions for ever increasing my delights, because it lets me into God. The feeling which even on earth—clouded and dimmed though it is—enables me to fling off the inexorable necessity of life: and when beneath its melancholy skies, so seldom irradiated with gleams of redeeming happiness, I am inclined to weep and be restless, it imparts a flowing, calmy peace, a felicitous tranquillity like some sweet monotone in music, stilling my unquiet heart into supreme repose. Strengthened, inspired by it, I dash off the thralldom of the present and take refuge in the illimitable future. There I can command, make my own destiny, and attain the summit of my highest wishes. It is only by thus living beyond reality, and hoping beyond possibility, that I can ever expect to attain the pinnacle of human happiness and the utmost limit of human power.”

“You are a philosopher, Adeline. It is well for you. To me existence seems a heavy bondage. What is our life? A disconnected series of broken fragments—good and evil jumbled together—blackness mingled with little brightness—an unconsciousness of itself—a tomb to pure feeling and passion—a mystery which seems to make us fools—a destiny in which innocence is only the sport of malignity and death. It is vain to feast the imagination with bright remembrances. In such a being, then, how deadly is the strife of an impassioned soul. Hunted and scourged by wear-

ness and suffering—weeping only that it may longer live to weep—its highest, noblest, purest affections wasted or turned against itself—and exhausting itself in mighty but useless longings for succour and deliverance. In vain man struggles to escape from this bitter subjection. He looks around and above, but there is the same inclement sky. As a Jew, Adeline, I often indulge a momentary pride in the trueness and origin of our religion ; but whenever I do, a cold chill always comes over my heart. One invisible chain of suffering links us, Jews and Gentiles, all together. Indeed, I think the Christians especially must be happier than we are. They have an object of faith, though a mistaken one. We have nothing but uncertainty.”

“ While it is our duty to strictly examine ourselves, that we may justly estimate our position with respect to God, let us not too presumptuously aspire. Whenever we feel tempted to doubt the kindness of our Father in those things which surround us, let us strengthen ourselves by the reflection how much the spirit of earth must always mar our best and most sacred conceptions. So, instead of wasting in idle despondency, we shall *think, feel, do* ; and then *think, feel, do* again. Nothing which falls short of this can be called LIFE. And oh ! how does the intellect kindle when, out of simple trust in the knowledge and goodness of a Mind that is higher than it, and which

cannot err, it has built up for itself a place of rest. It is this 'feeling and faculty divine' within us that visits with illumination our uncompanied heart, and preserves our happiness calm and self-consolated even in the longest, darkest hour. Till, filled with a loftier inspiration, our conception itself changes, our soul enlarges, our feelings are stimulated almost to the point of realization, as by 'touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,' our hearts burn with love, lit up with celestial fire."

"That was indeed well, even eloquently, uttered, Adeline. But mind you, I too can harangue like one of the German poets, if I have a will. At present I would prefer to be silent. For you have left me almost where Jacob was when the candle went out."

"Let us, with a calm certainty which He Himself will impart, offer unto God the sacrifice of a contrite heart and humble spirit; it is one which He has declared He will accept. It is such doubts as you have been expressing that stand between us and our inheritance. Jehovah will not exercise his power on our behalf while we question the wisdom of His ways. We are to be humble, yet confident. You are a noble-minded Jew, Isaac; be a patriot Jew too. We are now fighting in a moral struggle for our country, for our own sweet Judea. That is our country, not where we have lived and breathed alone—not that land which we have loved because in it we first saw

the soft spring time, the beauty of summer skies, the brightness of heaven and the gladness of earth—but the land for which we have longed—for which we have hoped and suffered—for which our souls have burned, and our hearts have beat in unison with the hearts of thousands of heroic breasts—that land for which we have lived, for which we have prayed—of which we honour the mighty exiles living, of which we love the illustrious dead.”

Adeline had perhaps never spoken so impassioned before ; at any rate, Isaac never witnessed it if she had. And, as the fervour of her spirit kindled her countenance, and lit up her large beautiful blue eyes, till at the closing sentence her usual dignified look heightened to the majestic, he gazed in irrepressible admiration.

“ Adeline,” he said, after a brief pause, “ I didn’t think you *could* speak with such passionate ardour as that. In future I shall believe you can do anything you like.”

“ Oh, no !” she replied, in her old voice, so profoundly calm. “ I cannot do so much as that. Though I believe my mother would have taught me the broadsword exercise, if she thought it could be of any possible use. But our friends will be wondering what detains us. Let us go.”

CHAPTER XVII.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABBALA CONTINUED.

ONE thing we would whisper to the reader. If by means of these papers on the Cabbalistic initiations we introduce him to the art and mystery of transmuting the common metals into gold, we shall expect a very handsome present in acknowledgment of our share in his fortunate discovery, if, indeed, we do not claim a regular per centage upon all the "yellow mischief," he may thus manufacture.

As to the elixir vitæ — the cup of life, the ambrosia of the gods, the vase of immortality, the beautifier of the body, the exalter of the soul — he is perfectly welcome to the names of the ingredients which compose it.

Nor is it a thing to be sneezed at. No doubt medicines so strong in their therapeutic properties, so tremendously energetic in their action, may be so commingled as to produce a wondrous purgation and exhilaration of the whole constitution. For ourselves, indeed, we have had some

thoughts of getting a professor to mix us a mild dose — stipulating of course, that it shall be made after Dr. Faustus's infallible recipe.

At the same time, they must not be so insane as to expect from it the gift of immortality—not even a restoration of youth, like Godwin's St. Leon. These are consequences which can only exist in the imagination of the Cabbalist. We observe this, to save the trouble of seeking after the apportions necessary to produce these the sublimest results expected from it.

Aben Baruch and Ben Megas are seated together in the Cabbalistic room.

"Well, Ben Megas," said the rabbi, "I need not ask if you are ambitious, even ambitious to be rich."

"*Ἔα με κερδαίνοντα κεκλησθαι κακόν,*" says Euripides. Ha! ha! But we don't feel in that way—though men may say it of us. Yet what matters their judgment? No, Ben Megas; gold is of little worth except as a means of doing good; to yourself and family first, others after. A desire to be rich is not only natural, it is right, it is an excellence.

"Now not only is the means of turning the metals into gold a thing desirable in itself, Ben Megas, but it comes in the way of all our initiations. The three bodies we use for that purpose are the same three upon which we rely in all our operations upon matter. Else I can hardly tell if

we should be justified in occupying so much valuable time in the research as we do.

"Often you have heard the philosopher's stone laughed at—you have heard it abused—treated as a fable—the wise men who seek for it called madmen—maniacs. And yet, Ben Megas, it is true—it exists. It is very easy to ridicule that of which we know nothing—or which is past our comprehension—nothing easier.

"Listen now! Ben Megas. I have myself succeeded in the transmutation of lead into gold; but it was very impure, and so charged with salts, that on submiting it to the action of fire, it became a compound mineral, hard, malleable, ductile, but valueless. Other philosophers are reputed to have found the exact proportions of the stone necessary to make fine gold, as Helmont, Rosencreuz, Helvetius, Pontanus, Berigardus, &c. If they did succeed the secret died with them.

"This stone is of exactly the same weight as gold, it is of a deep crimson in colour, breaking like glass, and melts like wax if held to the fire."

"In what way does it act?" said Ben Megas.

"Now tarry a little," replied Aben Baruch. "You will know all in course. I was speaking of the philosopher's stone. It is a specific preparation of chemical powers, a most fixed, strong, concentrated essence, which when mingled with metals while in a state of fusion does 'by the impulse of a spiritual love'—what among men

would perhaps be styled a magnetic virtue—immediately and indissolubly unite itself with all that is true in the metal, which is its mercurial body; while all that is gross and impure, is burnt or volatilized, leaving behind nothing but a mass of the purest gold; gold purer than any that is dug from the mines. Am I comprehended?”

“Certainly.”

“Not only can we make the philosopher’s stone to do this, but we can bring it to what will be its perfection. That is if it be thrown into a quantity of gold while melting over our secret fire, the whole shall be changed to philosopher’s stone. Also if it be projected upon pure mercury, the whole shall be transmuted to philosopher’s stone.”

“And what are the ingredients that compose the stone?”

“Once more, sir impatience! wait. Ben Megas, hearken now; this hurry of thine will work an evil end. All our trials are made in a cold, impassive, deliberate spirit. Thine ears have caught the earthly itch. It is not the ineffable interests of our mysteries draw thee so, it is their newness; thou art simply curious. Once more, I say, be careful; be quiet; be profound; or thou wilt do nothing here.”

“I am sorry I was led to interrupt you, I will remember.”

“It is well. Attend to me. There are but

nine primitive earths: and yet the smatterers in chemistry—those shameless pretenders to alchemic learning, who pronounce with unblushing impudence upon all questions of our science—these reckon thirty-eight simple metallic substances. Nor will they ever be reduced by their useless blundering labours, because they can only attain the common flame.

“All metals are composed of earth and fire. The difference in metals arises simply from the varied proportions of the fiery essence, and the earth which form them. Now, mark me; every metal contains as much fire as its nature will absorb. If more were added to it the whole would be sublimated. So then, we say, if we find a body which by subtilising, purifying, and digesting, will mingle with the hidden and occult basis in the metal—which is always the same—the whole will be converted into gold. This the philosopher’s stone will do. You understand what is intended?”

“As far as mere explanation serves, I do.”

“Very good. We go to experiments anon. And now for the ingredients which compose the stone.

“The elements of the cup of immortality and of the philosopher’s stone are three of the most active and universal agents that have ever been discovered in physical things—mercury, nitre, and sulphur. The exact quantity and order of

mingling these being found, a strictly prescribed amount of gold is added to them, and we have the cup and the stone — the one liquid, the other solid or in powder as we please.

“The first of these elements — mercury — is the basis of all metals.

“The second element — nitre or azote — composes nearly four-fifths of the atmosphere, and enters very largely into the composition of all physical things. In truth, it is a principle constituent of the fiery essence which they contain; and which, mixing with the earth, mineralises it, thus forming a salt. Joined to an alkali, we obtain the natrum of the ancient alchemists; what is now called saltpetre. From nitre, we distil aqua fortis and aqua regia — solvents which no metals can resist.

“The Scripture figure ‘vinegar upon nitre’ is taken from the dissolving powers which this salt has when mingled with that liquid. Its cleansing properties is why we, even to this day, use it in our baths.

“The next element, sulphur, is also a simple substance. It operates with irresistible power upon all bodies when assisted by nitre, aqua regia, or aqua fortis; and if projected with them upon mercury, enables us to make transmutations.

“As to the gold which still more exalts the properties of the elixir especially, it is an ingredient in every metal yet known.

"The basis of our research in transmuting metals is, that, by maturation, we will do as much in a short time as it takes nature perhaps ages to accomplish.

"We transmit incessant streams of the secret fire through the vase in which the metals we desire to transmute are in a state of fusion ; these we continue to exalt and modify with the ingredients composing the philosopher's stone, mingled as our increasing knowledge may suggest.

"To illustrate. We wish to convert lead. If we find a body which will so dissolve or agitate the salt which is its secret nature as to blow away or burn all that is not mercury therein ; and if in this body we have also the strict amount of sulphur necessary to concentrate the mercury, the whole will be converted into a mass of the finest gold.

"But remember, Ben Megas, that this is one of the lowest efforts of our lore ; one upon which I shall not suffer you to waste much of your time ; for the Cabbalist has so many objects, endless in variety, leading him onwards to a higher life."

And then he proceeded to experiments : which, as they present no points that could be laid hold on for description, we must leave amidst the darkness in which they were performed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEATH OF BEN UZZIEL.

POOR Steinberg had got a soul: and, like everybody else until it has found repose in the bosom of its lovely Father, he felt it was a very tremendous, unquiet sort of possession. The Sabbath morning had been ushered in by an account of the death of Ben Uzziel—the language of sorrow and uncertainty upon his lips. Steinberg shuddered when he heard it. If *he*, a prince in Israel, felt so disturbed in dying, who was to expect peace? It was vain that he read the Talmud—that he went to his Gobar—that he took neither breakfast nor dinner—that he recited prayers by the dozen, strewing dust upon his head, and beating his forehead upon the ground—that he repeated the most encouraging portions of the Jewish casuistry—he could get no comfort. He tried still sterner modes of recommending himself to some expression of the Divine favour. He exposed himself to the coldest water he could obtain—he beat his bare body till the excessive pain of the weals obliged him to desist. To symbolise his sense of the bit-

terness of sin, he chewed one of the most nauseously-bitter roots: and then the violent sickness produced by it compelled him to cease that also. He vowed to devote large sums to charitable uses: and yet, dear soul, though he fully believed that all these things put together had certainly made the scale of his merits preponderate, and so his safety was secured, he could not feel satisfied. No still small voice within his soul whispered of love and joy and peace on earth, and soft rest beneath immortal skies—nothing except a low, desponding melancholy. To be sure, he felt a sort of hope, but it brought little comfort. There was no undisturbed confidence, no sweet assurance, such as the Christian possesses; nothing but an indistinct and shadowy trust that the Divine mercy would be extended to him, although he knew not why.

O hard religion! Unlike—how unlike—that generous, loving trust which the Lord of glory delights to receive from His creature—that blessed relationship into which He waits to enter with all those who believe upon Him, as He has revealed Himself in His written word.

“Father, dear, it makes me very sad to see you so unhappy. What is it?” said Adeline, rising from the tea-table to throw her arms upon his neck and kiss his pale lips.

“Death! my child—death!” he said, slowly.
“The death of Ben Uzziel has shook me. Tell

me again what it was his disciples said to him when they found him weeping."

"Don't be angry with me, dear papa, if I seem to be undutiful to you, and cross your will; for it is from reverence for you that I speak. Your nerves, just now, are much excited; ask some other time. Calmly rest your spirit upon the infinite love and mercy of our Father, leaving the vain teachings of man, and you will find a happier death than Rabbi Ben Uzziel."

"I believe that my soul is safe, if thy wishes can make it so. Blessed be the God of my fathers for the comfort of thee, my child! and may His blessing be upon thee for ever. Dost thou pray that I may be right at last?"

"Oh, yes, yes, dear papa!" said Adeline, kissing him fervently, her face bedewed with tears. "I do indeed pray very earnestly for you, and for dear mamma, too."

"Thank thee, my daughter. Kneel then, and let me bless thee."

And Adeline bowed her head, while with outspread hands her father repeated over her the usual benediction.

"Now, my child, tell me what I asked you."

"It was this, my dear father: One of his disciples, seeing him weep in prospect of death, thus addressed him: 'Rabbi, Light of Israel, thou strong rock, right hand pillar, why dost thou weep?' He replied, 'If they were carrying me

before a king of flesh and blood, who is here to-day and to-morrow in the grave—who, if he were angry with me, his anger would not last for ever—if he put me in bondage, his bondage would not be for everlasting—and if he condemned me to death, that death would not be eternal; whom I could sooth with words and bribe with riches; yet even in these circumstances I should weep. But now I am going before the King of kings, the only blessed God, who liveth for ever and ever; who, if He be angry with me, His anger will last for ever—if He put me in bondage, His bondage will be everlasting—if He condemn me to death, that death will be eternal; whom I cannot sooth with words nor bribe with riches. When, further, there are before me only two ways, the one to darkness, the other to paradise—and I know not to which they are carrying me, should I not weep?">*

"O God!" said Steinberg, clasping his hands, "if our sins are so great that Thou wilt not forgive, save us by the merits of our ancestors—of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; by the merits of Rebekah, Leah, and Rachael; by the merits of our holy law; by the merits of our holy men and teachers; by the merits of Jesse, the father of

* This reflection of one of their chief rabbis is taken from the Jewish prayer-book. In the Talmud, it is said that Rabbi Inani, "on his death-bed," made a similar reflection.

David—of Abner, the son of Ner—of Utheal, the son of Kenez, who constantly protect us; through the merits of Moses and Aaron, and all the illustrious of our nation. Adeline, my daughter, you will say the Kaddish when thy father is gone from thee?"

"O my dear father," said Adeline, "I *cannot* hear you speak of it."

"But will you, my child?" persisted Steinberg, in a hard, dry tone.

"Papa," said Adeline, in a steady mournful voice, "it sinks into my heart, it unnerves me when I see you resting your hopes on the wicked falsehoods of men." Adeline was frightened at what she had said; and a cold misty thrill of alarm quivered to the extremities of her palpitating veins, lest her father should be angry at her daring to hold such language to him. The whole conflict was too much for her gentle spirit, and in thick-flowing tears she continued brokenly, "Papa, do read the Bible. The moment our spirit quits the body, we rise to the abodes of happy angels and blissful spirits, or" —she could proceed no further.

"The Bible is for the rabbins—I believe the rabbins—O God, all against me—my child unfaithful—Curse upon——"

"Father! father!" sobbed the terrified Adeline, "Do not say so! I will say anything you command; I will do anything to make you happier."

"Lay your hands upon your breast, and promise that when I am dead you will say the Kaddish * every morning."

* Death to the Jew is fraught with sorrowful contemplations. In the grave his body is beaten by the Evil One, and suffers other terrors too numerous to mention. His soul goes away into some dreadful place, and endures a process of burning for eleven months. Thus after all the fasting, and mortification, and charity, the soul of the dying Jew is not to expect the rest of heaven. It enters into a purgatory from which the prayers and alms of his children are requisite to free it. One of the Jewish prayers has this preface: "It is customary among the dispersed of Israel to make mention of the souls of their departed parents (or other relatives) on the Day of Atonement, and on the ultimate days of the three festivals; and to offer for the repose of their souls."

This is the prayer—called Kaddish:

"May God remember the soul of my honoured father who is gone to his repose; for that I now solemnly vow charity for his sake. In reward of this, may his soul be bound up in the bundle of life, with the souls of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; Sarah, Rebekah, Rachael, and Leah; with the rest of the righteous males and females. Amen."

In reference to the time of offering this prayer, we read: "The custom is for eleven months to repeat the prayer called Kaddish, and also to read the lesson in the prophets, and to pray the evening prayer, at the going out of the Sabbath, for that is the hour when the souls return to hell; but when the son prays and sanctifies in public, he redeems his father and mother from hell."

The same high authority says, that the prayer "should not be offered more than eleven months, lest reproach

"I do promise you that I will," replied Adeline, placing her hands upon her bosom.

"For the full eleven months?"

"Yes, dear."

"Blessings be upon thy head, my daughter. And you will perform charity for my sake?"

"I will, my dear father."

"It is well;" and he again blessed her. "And now, my child, get the books; it is time to offer the evening sacrifice."

should be cast upon the character of the departed father and mother, as if they were wicked, for twelve months are the term appointed for the wicked." For "Israelites who sin with the body, and also Gentiles, descend into hell and are judged there *twelve months*. After the twelve months their body is consumed and their soul is burnt, and the wind scatters them under the soles of the feet of the righteous."

These are passages which must touch the tenderest chords of every Christian heart; and awaken the most vivid emotions of sympathy and love.

CHAPTER XIX.

INTRODUCES A GREAT MAN.

To every man of wisdom—and to find an Englishman without *much* wisdom, is so extraordinary a thing as almost to be matter for history—to every Englishman, then, we say, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day (the effect of which rare and exquisitely poetical simile, dear reader, varies considerably according to the place at which we may happen to use it, or you to read it—from Temple-bar, London, to the Piazza di San Marco at Rome, or the Strada di Toledo at Naples), or as clear as—clear can be, that one of the first principles of the bipedal genus to which it is his honour—as it is his glory—to belong, is politeness, and merciful consideration of any individual failure from the national standard of character: but when, in addition to the original sin of a miserable exterior and a soul shriveled up like an over-dried Scotch herring, is added a disposition to stuffing and guzzling—to doating on great hunks of meat, and flagons of strong drink, till the brain-pan being filled with a compound of

pudding, and beef, and sausages, there is not even room left for the shriveled-up soul aforesaid—then the person becomes as fair game as any that is to be met with from September to February inclusive.

It was a few days after the events narrated in the last chapter. Steinberg was sitting placidly down to breakfast; when he was startled by the sound of short hurried hurrahs beneath his window, like the rumbling of distant thunder. Sufficient to set afloat "that windy suspiration of forced breath" was such a noise as this in such dangerous proximity; and he went to gain tidings of the cause. And lo! the green-grocer opposite, having in the opinion of the Man of the People ill-used his tenant—his next-door neighbour—the lollipop shop—by distraining her goods for rent, when he knew she would have paid him if she could, was being treated to summary justice by an irritated London mob. He was none too soon. Beneath the soft aerial, yet dusty, almost husky haze, rolled and raved a sea of men, women, and children, heaving in multitudinous motion, as when cross seas, cross winds, and cross tides meet with tumultuous rushing and whirlpool fury, in some mysterious sound between unfathomable sandbanks and inexplicable capes. The air darkened, and the mischief thickened, till it seemed that Steinberg, house and all, would be hustled off amongst the ragged, raging regiment. * * *

Imagine a colony of wasps disturbed by an unlucky schoolboy threading his dubious path amongst the lattice-loving trees at the meridian hour of the hottest dog-day within the memory of the oldest dog; or—better and higher comparison—fancy a hornet's nest blown to rags with gunpowder in the hollow trunk of an old beech tree—there's a ferment! No wonder that poor Steinberg turned death-pale as he would faint. It was useless that he implored, expostulated, threatened; he might as well have said not a word. Some insultingly muttered in his face something about "old clothes"—and, whish! away goes the side door before the backs of the awful crowds pressing over the "airey" in front; the passage was thrown open, and the whole penetralia of Steinberg's mansion was laid open to Mobby's vision; dining-room door on right hand, parlour door behind it, kitchen door under the stairs, and garden door at the end of the passage, through the glass light of which might be dimly seen the large flower and flower-pot—a "chayne" one—which Steinberg always persisted looked equal to the "besht Bohemian glassh." Amidst the thunder-shower-ferment, the worthy knight of carrots and turnip-tops sat in his shop, hang-mouthed and crest-fallen, affording to philosophers one of the finest opportunities of lulling into perpetual peace that *questio vexata*, whether greatness of mind is most severely tried

by prosperity or adversity. For he, who on the day preceding was perched like a gay young bridegroom bird on the topmost twig of the tree of felicity, making the woods ring with the joy of his song as he looked down upon his unhappy victim, was now sitting like an old sick widower crow at its foot, incapable even of a caw, and deepening the gloom with that of his torn and dishevelled plumage, which bore strong symptoms of Erebus and Friesland.

“Dear me! surely you don’t say so?” whispers with an enchanting smile, and the sweetest of all susurrs the pensive Young Lady. But *entre nous*—you are a Greek scholar and know our harmless meaning—we really must be excused, for, if we stop to converse, it will be impossible to compute the longitude of this sketch. And this brings us back with a beautiful graceful motion, like a ring-dove on bright and emboldened wing floating airily in the warm sunshine homeward to its rose-encircled tree—back, haunted by no other thoughts save those of sweet recollection, and as innocent of all mischievous intention as our own dear little French pup who, it gives us much pleasure to observe, has, for the last quarter of an hour, been vainly attempting to enlarge a casual fracture in our slipper—back to the beginning of our chapter.

The morning had advanced; and, by the aid of the police, quietness was again established in

Steinberg's street. A carpenter was busily employed repairing the broken door. Steinberg was as usual seated to his little old table, snuffling over his treasures and occasionally talking to himself, when a customer entered.

Before we proceed to describe the transactions which ensued, we must of necessity introduce this brace of personages to the reader. The oldest of the two, Lord Derescourt, at that time high in office under the Government, was a tall portly individual aspiring towards six feet in height. He had been what is called a handsome man: indeed, he was handsome then. His features were mild, and harmonized well with his expressive eyes. He wore his hat in a jaunty fashion, and cast his regards about him with the air of a man who knows more than he chooses to tell; and does not intend to be taken in.

His friend, Earl Vernon, was a queer-looking piece of humanity. He was a thin, grizzly, little man, with a tiny pot-belly wagging from side to side over a pair of spindle shanks, always full of business, fussy, doing nothing, and confused, like an elderly innkeeper at whose house the Cheap-and-Hasty changes horses and stops twenty minutes to gin-and-water. Like all such people, he was always in bad condition — purfled and short of wind, flabby and dabby, as if he had been steeped for three hours in a hot bath. His appetite was carnivorous; and, though his cook

mixed and minced his beef with all the choicest little tid-bits that she could devise, all her efforts to fatten him proved an unmitigated failure. Fatten! pshaw! she might as well have tried to plump the cheeks of a statue by feeding it on oatmeal and barley-water. One look at his vinegar-face was sufficient to set every tooth in one's head on edge; it couldn't have looked sourer if it had been soaked an age and a half in verjuice two hundred per cent. over proof. It was surmounted by a terrific pyramid of fiery hair and a great tall hat, half the height of himself, on the top of that. His small grey gooseberry orbs, throwing a shifting and uneasy light over his pea-soup complexion, were expressive of a restless, discontented, and unprincipled mind. He had a nose too, quite in keeping with the rest of his physique; it was a profound exaggeration of that classical style called Roman, and we should be inclined to draw its likeness here upon our paper, only we are fully assured, kind reader, you would pronounce the production of our genius to be, either the work of an inexperienced draughtsman or one of *Punch's* caricatures. All his clothing was made with growing room, and hung about him shapeless and voluminous as a balloon when the gas is out. What information he had managed to scrape together put one in mind of the *Penny Encyclopedia* begun at the wrong end and printed upside down. His carriage practically illustrated

the vulgar proverb, "He looks as if he had swallowed a poker;" and his little high-dried legs and feet were awfully engulfed in a pair of riding-boots of brigand-like dimensions, bristled with doubled-rowelled spurs, menacing and terrible as those of that fearful knight who comes riding in upon "Zohac, or the Wild Horse," as transformed into a Drury Lane Easter spectacle. After this description it is almost unnecessary for us to add that he always wore a blue coat and brass buttons, lavender silk waistcoat, with a yellow sprig, thunder-and-lightning breeches—painfully nipped about the bottom of the legs by an untimely frost—cream-colour gloves, and a very large primrose cravat, tied after the Tam O'Shanter order of architecture, as cast in plaster of Paris, by Venovali and Co. of Shoe-lane.

"I hope we don't disturb you, Mr. Steinberg," said Lord Derescourt.

"Niente — not a bit of it," replied Steinberg, with an innocent shake of his head, and putting down his snuffy old magnifier and a coin.

"Well, then, introduce us to your very best things. The earl here has no appreciation either of *vertuosi* or *vertù*. His judgment concerning both is as crude as an unripe medlar; so I purpose to lend him mine."

The earl testified his profound sense of the compliment by bursting into a sort of triple-toned bob-major laugh, in which—it being his own by

natural entail, and neither left him by will with his escutcheon nor acquired by ingenuity—he was wont to indulge on all occasions, even when nothing laughable had been said; but suddenly recollecting—as he generally did—in the midst of his euphonious peal, that he was a “great man,” and therefore entirely above such vulgar imitations of the low, snorting, common herd, he checked himself with a flash of energy, and an effort to be dignified ludicrous in the extreme; much more so than the sudden stop, of the sudden laugh, of the sudden apparition in “Sah-ban-hesad-berk, or Gulguna and the Enchanted Head,” in Assa Behn Hilali’s hair-stand-on-end Eastern tale. And having partially recovered from the convulsion produced by the violent effort required to rein himself in, he twitched the sleeves of his coat and said, “True, true,” with an effort at gentility beautifully ridiculous.

“Ya, ya,” said Steinberg. “I’ve got some coot coinsh and tings. Dese here, mich you see, are simplesh blaytings als any childer might blay mit. If you’ll go up stairsh, gentlemensh, I’ll pring dem and be wit you in eine meenut.”

So accordingly up they walked into a moderately sized room, where blazed a bright fire of Gilmerton coal. A servant entered, shook the cushions of a baregère, drew it to the fire, fidgetted over a few more things, and then withdrew. Lord Derescourt seated himself on the baregère;

the earl disposed himself on a couch at the other side of the fire—in the elegance of his position and the disposal of his drapery looking alarmingly like Cheops redivivus.

“Here, gentlemensh,” said Steinberg, as he placed a collection of coins and stones before them, with a most bewitching tenderness, “I trust we shall satisfy all parties. It vash only yesterday zhat I resheived these coinsh from my agent. No one wit myself has ever sheen them bevore. I babtise dem all antic and all nice.”

Lord Derescourt and the earl drew up to the table, and packed themselves closely by the side of Mr. Steinberg; the three forming an object for Rembrandt, well and fittingly grouped for the canvas.

The earl began to finger the coins. Passing over Himeras, Messina Hares, Hieros; the bearded coin of Metapontus, with Ceres or Mars on the reverse; Arion on his dolphin; these most beautiful of coins were all too common for his practised eye. It at length dropped, kite-like, on an Æmilianus, with a rare reverse. He took it up and turned it about, with the air of a man well-instructed in such matters. And one good turn deserving another, he turned it about again. “Five pounds,” and he cleared his throat in approbation of his magnificent offer.

“Eh?” said Steinberg. “Letsh shee vot it shez.” He fumbled it up in his snuffy old hands,

rubbed it on his snuffy old coat cuff, wiped his snuffy old goggle glasses, hung them on his snuffy old nose, laid the coin for contrast on his snuffy old account-book, and having done so, screamed, "*Che!* Five pounds! Vat tink you I doesh to live wit — *calare boni maltolli?* — receive stolen goods."

"No! no! no!" said Earl Vernon.

"Yesh you musht, to offer five poundzh for de gute ting to begin wit. Doeshn't any childer know that a Piscennius is cheap for fifteen poundzh? Zhat the man may preak hish heart wit hish unendlissh fortunate that gitsh the Velian lion for twenty-five poundzh? That Æmilianus, Julia Pia, Matidia, and Plotina, can hardly shildom be bot for forty poundzh? And that Crotons, Constantines, and Ptolemy Evergetes, are almost unpurchasable?" Turning to Lord Derescourt, and looking half with an air of injured grandeur, half spitefully, "I have notin to say wit him more." And he took a handful of snuff, and wasted a deal on his snuffy coat collar and shirt frill.

"Don't be cross, Mr. Steinberg," said Lord Derescourt. "I myself believed the coin to be as common as blackberries."

"That coin! all antic, and all scarsh. *Cospetto!*" He was awfully vexed. He turned himself about; he *cospetto'd* once: he took a pinch of snuff; he *cospetto'd* again: he took out

his snuffy handkerchief, wiped his snuffy nose, and his snuffy magnifier; and he *cospetto'd* again. "For dis reason I spoke not, vat I did say to you lashtly. You are too much so onreasonable."

"Well, Mr. Steinberg, what *will* you take?" inquired Vernon.

"*Eccola!* I don't care if you takesh it away wit you for forty shoverins."

"Too much," said Derescourt, tersely.

"*Pigliate lo per trenta*—take it for thirty." And he gave a short, stiff grunt.

"Twenty-five," replied Lord Derescourt.

"Twenty-five!" echoed Solomon. "Vere have you left your conscience pehind? Itsh impossible I should let you have it for that. You shee I should lozh shixty per shent. But never mind. I shuppozsh, eine brief, you musht take it. There it ish, then for twenty-five poundzh. Vatsh nexht?"

"This Julia Domna?"

"*Alla buon' ora*—well and good. That goesh for twenty."

"Only give ten, Vernon," suggested Derescourt.

"Ah! vell. No use, no use. You musht take it." And Steinberg sighed heavily.

Lord Derescourt hoped he had not offered too little. For he had no intention to act wrongfully, or to take an improper advantage of his desire to sell. Not a bit of it.

But Steinberg was already convinced that they

would do "notin wit him that was not fair and not nice." So, all reassured, they again proceeded to business.

"What's this?" inquired Vernon, picking up a thing that looked like the mummy of a newly-born kitten, and turning his visage full upon it like some keen-eyed tarantula.

Steinberg, who was occupied in nuzzling amongst the contents of a large Etruscan jar full of all sorts of odds and ends from the Creation downwards, looked wistfully up at this address, not suppressing an anxious sigh when the scrutiny was over.

"*Caro lei!*" said he, stirring the fire, and looking either at the poker or the mummy, his spectacles preventing us from seeing which. "Dat eesh my ver beshtest and finesht piece." Taking it up, "I shall confessh to you, signors, for vonce for allsh, dat de preis of dis ish shomevat dear. De leastest preis als I can take vill be a chent." He proceeded to unswathe the article; and after much wheeling and turning about, the unbinding of the rags was successfully concluded, and a small Agrippina — Claudius' Agrippina — exhibited herself upon the table.

"*Ah! ché bella faccia!* signora," said Steinberg contemplatively. "You shee, gentlemensh — you judge ber sur, and can tell the worth of dis ting — you shee it is a bargain, and can't be got ein any tag of the wick."

"How did you get her, Steinberg?"

"'Tis yestertag," replied he, looking guilelessly, "seyne mein old freund, mein nobil freund, Signor Pozzuoli—(a man who would shooner trow hish head away than hish character, eesh Signor Pozzuoli)—Vell, 'tis yestertag seyne he came here from Napoli wit coinsh and shertain other antics. 'Steinberg,' shay he, 'I have gotch eine prize, mich I foresaw not ven I did write to you lashtly.' So I shay to him, I shay, 'Letsh me leuk at dis your prize for mc.' Den he takesh out a dirty little voman, with a face allsh covered in flt. 'Ya! ya!' I shay to him, 'dat eesh no gute. Vat she ish I foreshee not!' 'No gute!' say he, in eine great dolors, '*dottore mio*, you shan't have her den. I'll take her back wit me if datsh de vay you do beesnisse, and veesh you coot night.' 'Vat you vant for her?' I ashk. 'You shall have her cheap, and wit a small trouble you also shall clean her; itsh a shimple ting als any childer might do.' So I gotch her a bargain, you shee, signors."

"And how did you manage to clean her so nicely, Mr. Steinberg?"

"*Col pazienza ed il temperino*—with patience and a penknife."

Vernon took up the Agrippina. He twirled her, and turned her, and finally squinted on her. Each moment he became more and more absorbed in the contemplation of the lady. Until after

taking his fill of admiration, while he appeared gloriously oblivious of time, his pent-up enthusiasm at the sight of her charms burst forth in a very rusty, creaking exclamation of, "Be-ea-u-tiful! What is the least you can possibly take for it?"

Before Steinberg could tell the forthcoming lie, Derescourt requested to examine the bronze. It was very correctly shaped; and he allowed himself to be convinced that it was, beyond doubt, an authentic one, and therefore valuable.

"Is it an edited figure?" asked Vernon. Not for worlds could he have explained the meaning of what he said; but he had heard Derescourt talking of edited and inedited coins, and other articles of vertu. So he coughed nervously, and gathered himself up at the thought of his question with an overwhelming dignity; for he felt he had spoken like a connoisseur.

"The price?" asked Derescourt.

"Dat cesh fifty poundzh, den, ready monet."

"But you bought her a bargain, Steinberg, you said. Can't you, now, let us have a little benefit as well as yourself?—just a *little*, you know."

"Not a shixpence lessh."

He dared to propose forty.

Steinberg exploded with virtuous indignation. "Dit dey tink he shtole her? Dit dey tink he could afford to part wit de goot ting in such a manner? Als nice and als clean as a young baby,

too—she vash. No. He would botel her off, and keep her for himshelf to leuk at. Fifty he had said, fifty he would have—dat was de mosht leastest preis."

Of course, as he had so resolved, and they really wanted the figure, there was no alternative but to dub down the fifty.

This bargain, then, being satisfactorily adjusted, they proceeded to make others equally favourable—as Steinberg condescendingly assured them. He rubbed his hands, and rattled his snuff-box, and snuffed his snuff, and was very pleased; for it seemed their intention to buy up his stock. They purchased a Plotina, a Mariana, a Matidia, a Maximin, a Germanicus' Agrippina, an Annia Faustina, a Marinus, Crotons, Lipari bronzes, and all the Julias of the Roman empire, even to Julia Paula, who married Eliogabalus, and Julia Mammæa, wife of Maximin. Last of all, Steinberg brought out the very best coin in his collection; a highly-preserved Valeria—most noble-souled of Roman empresses—of a rare coinage, and, as he approvingly declared, "als goot als ven it came fresh from her mint."

Whilst Steinberg was engaged in the transactions just related, a Jew belonging to the same synagogue as himself walked into the parlour, and

requested an interview with him. Mrs. Steinberg being absent, Adeline replied,

"Vell, Miss Steinberg, as usual, you see — come a-begging."

"But, sir, you always come with a good cause. What is it now?"

"Death."

"Where?"

"Pet-tee-coat Lane."

"And what, sir, are the particulars?"

"A young woman. The father and mother, my childsh, is dead — long, long, timesh. She kept four or five childsh by doing work and thingsh among the brethren; and von of the boysh vent out with a clo' bag. But now she's dead — died this morning. There'sh no monish in the housh, so ve mush do liberalsh, you know, 'cause of the childsh."

"What is the sum which the necessities of the family require each person to give?" inquired Adeline.

"Vell, all whosh shubstance will allow it ought to give ten shillings; none less than five. Brother Levi, though, gave only half-a-crownsh — he'll lozh the reward, for the Eternal hash blessh't him with plenty of monish."

"I'll see father — I'll not detain you long," said Adeline, as she placed a sovereign in his hand. And bounding up the stairs, she gently pushed aside the door of the room in which Stein-

berg and Vernon were occupied in closing their accounts.

The blood rushed crimson over her face and neck, as she perceived the eyes of the two strangers turned upon her in undisguised admiration. Her father buckled himself up with conscious pride in his daughter, and either could not, or would not, understand the meaning of her up-lifted finger. Stepping lightly up to him, she whispered hastily, "A very distressing case of death and want; ten shillings at least."

"Ja, ja," said Steinberg; and he grumbled the money into her hand, ludicrously mingling his discontented mutterings with an effort to seem hearty and willing. Having received the donation, Adeline retired as noiselessly as she had entered; and it was speedily transferred to the box of the collector.

"Can I have a little conversation with you in private, Mr. Steinberg?" asked Lord Vernon, as he handed him the cheque.

"Shertinly you can. Let'ah shee; yes, 'um—if you mishes for such a ting," replied Steinberg, contemplatively, for he was admiring the cheque.

"This is new," said Lord Derescourt. "What's afloat now, that I can't hear?"

"Nothing," answered Vernon, in a high-dried,

uneasy tone. "Tell *you* some other time," he added, as they quitted the apartment.

"Fact is, Mr. Steinberg, I've took a fancy to your daughter," he said, bustling himself up and down the room.

"What do you mean by fanshy?" drawled Steinberg.

"Why, I've taken a liking to her. I want her to keep house for me, receive the company, live with me, instead of the one I've got."

"She's going to be married wit a hushband in eine wick or two. But if she vashn't, I shouldn't let her go shervant mit anybody."

"Going to be married! eh?" whined out Mister Vernon; a faint gleam of light finding its way somewhere within him. "Then, I suppose, if I'm to have her, I must marry her?"

"Augh! vatsh that you shay?" gasped Steinberg.

"I'll marry her. She's a — fine, beautiful girl — no mistake. I think she'll suit me exactly."

"Make her eine wife mit you, do you mean?"

"To be sure; to-morrow, if she likes."

"Mill you love her ber gute — als I have loved her?"

"All my heart and soul I do!"

"Vell, I daun know," said Steinberg, thoughtfully. "You'll treat her wit all the same manner als you would your wife?"

"I'll marry her, as I said. Make her Countess of Vernon, and present her to the highest circles as my countess. I'm glad I've seen her — so grand and queenly; one would have thought she'd been bred at court. She'll suit me first-rate," said the youthful expectant with quite a flash of intellectual energy.

"Ver nice. But there'sh her shweetheart," ventriloquised Steinberg.

"What odds of him? She'd, of course, sooner have *me*. He'll soon find some one else—trust him; plenty o' women."

"She mightn't likesah to part herself wit him," suggested Steinberg, tenderly.

"Haw! haw! haw! Haw! haw! haw!" roared the noble earl. And he was so sublimely overjoyed at the intensely preposterous idea that a woman *could* have any feeling in such a matter, that, in his excitement, he rose from his chair and walked about the room, indulging his enjoyment to his heart's content.

At last he recovered a little.

"Haw! haw! What's she got to do with it? She'll have a husband, and a finer fellow than he is, I reckon. What more does she want?"

Steinberg was quite brought up by this view of the affair. A husband — wealth — rank — title — high connaxions — how sweetly refreshing.

"You know she's a Jewess?" he asked.

"Why certainly I do; that is, I took her for your daughter, so I reckoned she must be."

"You'll let her come to the synagogue, and keep all the feasts and fasts?" he asked, with praiseworthy solicitude.

"Anything she likes. All I want is her; then she may be an atheist, if she's a mind. What does it matter to me what she believes!"

"You don't mean any ting unhonoursh wit her?" persisted Steinberg.

"I mean just what I've been saying."

"Ber goot, ber goot," remarked Mr. Steinberg cheerfully.

"Do I consider the thing settled then?"

"That you shall take her to you for eine wife?"

"Exactly."

"Yes, ber sur."

"Well then I'd better see her," said the ardent young lover, looking down upon his leggikins, and eyeing himself from top to toe with tender complacency.

"No, no. No, no. Let me breaksh it wit her frsht. She's ver timeet to anthward shtrangers."

Vernon did not coincide with this proposal at all. But however reluctant he felt, there was no help for it.

"When *shall* I see her?" he said pettishly, and twirling his gold-headed cane.

"Vell, let me shee," soliloquised Steinberg.
"Dis ees Montag, to-morrow den ees Tuestag;
ven she mill be off mit her Isaac to the feasht,
before I shall have time to say wit her what you
have said to me lashtly. De mosht simples direct,
den, als I can give you ish, to shee her in about
cin wick; and then you can have her conshent."

"Oh, yes—she'll consent—no fear," said the
earl in a decided voice. "Well, I shall call in
about a week or so then."

"Ya, ya. Do in such a manner; that will be
goot." And they left the place together.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

"Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship, here and everywhere."

WORDSWORTH.

"Could we but keep our spirits to that height
We might be happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal."

BYRON.

"She was a fairy thing,
Like day-light in its opening."

OSBORN W. T. HEIGHWAY.

ISAAC's engagements of a business character were never very numerous nor pressing; and therefore he almost entirely resigned himself to the society of Adeline. Every day brought some new excursion to scenes of chaste and quiet beauty, in companionship with one of the most lovely and gifted of women. Isaac's theory, that what is most

beautiful in nature ought to be enjoyed in solitude, he found to be quite impracticable. He never felt a desire to visit any place if Adeline could not accompany him; and every ramble which they took together derived its higher gratification from her presence. He could always realise the hope, the joy, the poetry of life, better when she was near to direct his thoughts. Between them there was sympathy of taste, and thought, and feeling; sympathy of high purpose and noble sentiment; sympathy which no time nor change of circumstances could subdue. Solitude indeed —

"O Zimmerman, Zimmerman,
Hadst thou but a glimmer, man."

But he had not a glimmer of sense, else he would never have dreamed and prated of a thing so unfit for man on this earth as solitude, where Nature has furnished every fragrant bower, with or without license, episcopal or parliamentary, to hold *two*.

And it was something like this that Isaac decided when, one evening, he went out alone to look upon the scene near his home, which of all others he preferred, it so completely *fascinated* his spirit. To his surprise he found that he, a devoted admirer of nature, was standing by the deep stillness of the water, beneath a beautiful starlight, watching the heavy flush of the trees

and hills with a distracted mind. All the enchantment had vanished! Where now was the water, and the starlight, and the hills, and the mysterious profound above him! Evidently Isaac was no longer his own, *half* of him was somewhere else.

It followed, therefore, that he and Adeline made many expeditions alone. Few who looked upon that soft and quiet exterior, might have imagined the exhaustless well of poetry and blessedness which was ever gushing over in Adeline's bosom. She possessed not a faintest tinge of the wild fervour of the enthusiast; all her manner was serene, peaceful, still. Yet to a kindred spirit it was revealed in the brightness ever hovering so dreamily over her beautiful cheek, and the vivid feeling which lit up the pellucid deeps of her large earnest eyes, with a light belonging to other worlds.

"I cannot tell you," said Adeline in one of these walks, "I cannot tell you the pleasure I feel when I get away, quite away, from all the haunts of men, and find myself serene and still under the crystal azure of a cloudless summer sky. There all seems made only to minister to my delight; and I feel in its fullest, most enthusiastic degree what a beautiful thing is life. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It haunts everything in earth, and sea, and sky; and an infinite joy is lost to men because they so inade-

quately understand this precious principle of our being. Its delights are so refined, elevated, and pure; it is so inseparably united with our noblest and loftiest sensibilities, that I often grieve that any one should omit to cultivate this spiritual life; for let the world think how it will, the life of the soul is like God, from whom it emanates, all beauty. Were men's eyes opened to this truth how would their existence be elevated. All we see, and all we feel, would be transformed — recreated. Everything visible and invisible, would, like our own spirit, be love and peace. That any one can live and move about among these beautiful scenes, daily forgetful of the Deity of whom they are an expression made intelligible to mortal eyes, would be a puzzle did we not accept it as a proof how low sunk in sin our spirits must be. To me the earth and sky do so seem to mingle, that I can scarcely separate them; and feeling thus, I often indulge myself in dreamy and delicious speculations that, if the misty veil of time were drawn aside from my eyes, I should see myself surrounded with blissful angels, and holy spirits with their golden lutes, and immortal suns, and fadeless bowers, and all the glorious love and beauty of eternity."

"It must have been from some such feeling," replied Isaac, "that the great painters have thrown a mystic dimness over their Elysium. It was quite necessary that there should be a dif-

ference between it and earth : they found themselves unable to imagine a world more lovely and beautiful than this, and therefore they painted a land of shadows and mysterious twilight, where the spirit might wander and fill with heavenly beauty for itself. Adeline," he pursued, and there was a quiver of intense feeling communicated to his voice, "I often think it strange when I hear some people talk of a desire to go to heaven, for thinking and feeling as they do here, I wonder how they can expect to be happy there. The change produced by death is not a metamorphosis but an emancipation. The soul renewed in the spirit of God begins the divine life here ; in this life it is as impossible to stand still in time as it is in eternity ; but at present all our aspirations are clouded by sense, all our efforts confined by the body. At last, God commissions Death to come and throw the shackles off, that we may be admitted into the higher sanctuary. But not a feeling in the soul is changed—they are simply heightened, enlarged, elevated to the illimitable degrees of immortality. The unbound spirit finds itself in the visible presence of Him, whom before it could feel and behold only faintly and at a distance ; and free as infinity itself, is searching, learning, increasing in the enjoyment of God for ever."

"What you have said," replied Adeline, "brings to my mind the thoughts I had when I

first began to read the Bible. One of the things that I earliest deduced from it was, that heavenly spirits are not equal in their degrees of enjoyment. For a moment I felt disposed to object to this. But a very little reflection enabled me to discover that in the very nature of things it must be so. As God is heaven and heaven is God, it follows consistently enough that they who imbibe most of His spirit here, will in heaven enjoy a bliss of which less earnest ones can form no conception, for they will *know* more of Him, consequently *feel* more of Him. Of course, those who have the less happiness, do not miss the higher, because they are quite incapable of feeling it. So each in his own measure feels a heaven. Just as here, the simple unlettered man can have no idea of the immense and inexhaustible delight which flows from a cultivated heart and intellect, and thus believes that his happiness is as great as it is possible to enjoy on earth."

"You are one of those, dear Adeline," said Isaac, in a playful voice, "who have learned to begin their heaven in this world."

"If I do not begin it here," replied Adeline, "I never shall at all."

"Well would it be if all would strive like you; for then the curse and misery of sin would almost have passed away, even in this life. You would have what you so fondly picture—a world all love—no jarring chord in any heart."

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful!", exclaimed Adeline, her eyes radiant with soft rapture, and a crystal tear trembled on their drooping lashes. "And it would all be so if we would only allow God to govern in *His* way, instead of madly persisting with our own. But I think we really must stop our transcendental contemplations if you please, else we shall imbibe such a dis-relish for the actual world, that when we return to it we may be somewhat out of humour. Look at the beauty of yonder mansion, with its thick dark shelter of oaks on the one hand, and its graceful avenue of acacias on the other; and the statue, surrounded by that lovely parterre of flowers, looking so thoughtfully — as though in the quivering shadowiness of the water depths he could find aerial companions for his loneliness — on the fountain bubbling up at his feet. And then shift your position of view a little—how fine is the wavy outline of those blue hills, interlacing the azure sky with gently undulating ridges and massy trees that seem to hide themselves in the very brightness — yet so soft — so dream-like — like a shadow on the soul of Love. Oh, that is beautiful!"

"And do you notice that semicircular hill, invested with so much positiveness of hue, that at last mingles itself with the far bright distance which has no limits. The gradation of shades and colours is perfect. It is an infinity, divided

into an infinite number of degrees, but always beautiful. It is repose — perfection!”

“It is earth melting into sky!” said Adeline. “See, it seems expanding, rising higher — higher — ascending in a calm ethereal cloud! — a mist of light! The Spirit of the Beautiful has triumphed!”

It is near the middle of the month Sivan, and one of Mr. Cohen’s happiest seasons, for all his family are peacefully collected together in his calm and gentle home, it being the שבועות — feast of Pentecost.

The feast of Pentecost has no features of particular interest. None of the sacrifices appointed for it can be offered now. The want of these is, as usual, supplied by prayer and alms-giving.

“A new synagogue is to be opened the day after to-morrow, Isaac, at —, in Berkshire,” said Mr. Cohen. “I cannot go. But you might; and surely Miss Steinberg will too.”

“I shall be delighted; and so will Adeline. We can go in the chaise.”

“I think so,” replied Mr. Cohen. “The distance is about eighteen miles. You won’t be there at the saying of the Shema?” and he smiled gaily.

“Why then it would be necessary to start at

once. No. If we get there in time for the late service it will be excellent, I think," said Isaac.

"Yes, that would do. Our brethren there are few in number, and have had hard work to build their little place; and the Holy One—blessed be He—having prospered us, we must take part of their burden. Give this for me." And he placed a bank-note in Isaac's hand.

"This is enough for you and me too, father. Now, David, where is your share in the concern? You have to treble your contributions, you know, now you are married; one lot for yourself, two for Mrs. Cohen."

"Whish!" cried David, "Hermon must pay for herself, I think. But no matter. The money being joint-stock, I may as well subscribe all. What damages do you expect now?"

"Three guineas, at the very least."

"There is need for the utmost liberality," interposed Mr. Cohen. "He can well afford four or five."

"In my opinion, Mr. Cohen, you might generally be more liberal than you are; you have the means," said Mary.

"My lovely accusing angel!" said David.

"Let me see the effect," said Mary.

"Three will do," said David. "One for myself, two for Hermon. Unless," he pursued, as he looked upon his wife, "unless you wish to give more."

"If you will allow me, then, my dear husband,

I will add one more guinea to yours. We have so much cause for gratitude in the peace and love with which a kind Providence so abundantly blesses us." And she drew out her purse.

"Will Mr. St. Maur go with us?" asked Isaac.

"I don't know. It's a very serious question, and should not be hastily answered."

"O, take plenty of time for consideration, by all means," replied Isaac.

"You see I've lost a good deal of my piety lately; and to go would be worse than a Talmudist's penance, and do as little good."

"But you might make a sacrifice to friendship."

"And, besides, get a mouthful of spiritual food. But no; I'll retract that. Far more glorious would it be to go as a martyr to friendship; that then shall be my motive."

"You are a faithful affectionate creature," observed Isaac, tenderly.

"And always was. I learned it at school. We used, you know, to write it in our copy-books—'*Amicus fidelis medicamentum vitæ*,'—a faithful friend is the medicine of life. We should at all times be ready to accompany a friend either in a triumphal ovation, or on a melancholy march to the scaffold; to place the victor's crown upon his head, or the funereal handkerchief in his hand. And all should be done with the most disinterested feeling—from the mere pleasure of serving him."

"You may perhaps find some tidings of Eva there," said Isaac.

"I wish I might; but I have no hope of it. However her guardian will be back soon."

The entrance of a servant with a letter, which she placed in the hands of Mr. Cohen, changed the current of the conversation.

He rapidly ran his eye over the contents, and then said, "Show her here, make tea, and bring whatever substantial food you have at hand."

The stranger entered. She was a pale, thin woman, with a countenance that bespoke a familiar acquaintance with sorrow. In her arms she bore an infant; and a little girl, of about eight years old, stood trembling by her side. Placing chairs, Isaac requested they would seat themselves.

"Why, my good lady, didn't you make your circumstances known to us before you were reduced to such extremity?" said Mr. Cohen.

"When I was offered a letter to you, sir, I didn't like to take it, if I wasn't obliged, because I am a Gentile; and I felt I had no right."

"How could you allow such a thought!" ejaculated Isaac, involuntarily.

"It was indeed a sad mistake," replied Mr. Cohen. "It matters nothing to us whether the poor sufferer is Jew or Gentile. While we have bread we must help him. How many children have you? Let's see though — I think the letter says——"

"Seven, sir," said the stranger.

"And that in arms is the youngest—of course?"

"Yes."

"And it is very young, I should think."

"It is nearly six months old, sir."

Adeline was quite incapable of rudeness. But, spite of herself, she was obliged to indulge in several very covert looks in the direction of the baby, each one increasing the intensity of her sympathies towards it, until it were hard to say if what she felt was not a downright breach of the tenth commandment. Now, however, that the remarks had turned upon the little creature, she could restrain herself by the cold rules of etiquette no longer.

"I do hope you will forgive me my intrusiveness, ma'am," she said as, with a face beaming all over with love, she advanced towards the stranger lady. "But I should feel much pleasure if you would allow me to nurse the baby while you remain."

Of course no objection was offered. So Adeline took the infant gently in her arms, smoothed down its long white robe very carefully indeed, laid a kiss upon its peach-blow lips, and marched off with it to her seat triumphantly.

"Do you love children, Miss Steinberg?" asked St. Maur.

"Oh! passionately," replied Isaac. "She positively adores them."

"And how do you manage, my good lady, without any furniture? Is it possible you have nothing at all left?"

"My husband went and got a bundle of shavings for us to sleep on; and those with a few bricks——"

"Spare yourself any further particulars, pray," said Mr. Cohen. "Your circumstances are dreadful; it is a melancholy thought that such things are and can be?"

"The Lord only knows what we have suffered," said the woman, and a strange brilliance flashed in her feverish eyes. "Once I wouldn't have thought it possible to live and endure what I have. But nobody knows how much they can bear, especially when the Lord helps them, till they prove it."

Eulalie—the beautiful, the lovely Eulalie—had all this time been standing with her white arms inweaving the waist of the little stranger child; her mild, angel eyes fixed earnestly upon her father, while her ears drunk every word. She tripped lightly up to Mary, and said in a sad and tearful voice, "Mary, dear, may I go with you next time you go a-visiting?"

"Certainly, my love, you may if you wish; but why should you?"

"Oh, Mary, these things lie so heavy on my heart, and make my head burn so. I cannot bear it. That little baby, with its poor thin fingers;

oh, dear!" and Eulalia buried her face in Mary's bosom.

"Hush, my precious!—don't cry," said Mary, folding her still tighter to her heart. "We shall be able to relieve them and make them better, I hope, now we know of it."

"Yes, dear, but, oh! what they have suffered. What a world this seems; so much sorrow, sorrow, sorrow. I don't understand it. I feel God does not mean it, for He loves us so very dearly; and it grieves Him then, I know it, I *feel* it, dear Mary."

"Yes, my love, sin, by introducing sorrow, has made this world a great grief to our tender Father. But if we suffer now, we shall reign with Him hereafter. Let us be thankful for that hope." And Mary stooped to kiss Eulalia's quivering lips.

"I wish I could do something for them," said Eulalia, sadly; and her voice wandered until it seemed to die away in soft, afar-off murmuring. "I would make them very happy—all of them. I would love them so fondly, so deeply, so faithfully; and be so careful of them. How lonely they must feel, and desolate; nobody to speak kindly to them, nor to share their trouble; but people all passing by them as if they cared nothing about them. Here's this lady, Mary, loves her baby as well as papa or you love me; and it would kill him to see us all lying in the cold, with nothing to cover us. Oh, it is so dreadful!"

"So it is, my love," said Mary, in a voice in which soothingness, benignity, and tenderness were beautifully commingled. "And if we feel rightly, we shall not allow ourselves to enjoy happiness while such suffering is unrelieved, if we can do it."

"But why, dear, do people feel about it as they do? Papa often says that if those who have means would give all they could to those who have none, no person would be distressed for comfortable things."

"It is quite true, my beloved. But we cannot make them feel so; at least if they do, they like their money better than making others happy, and so they will not give it away."

"If papa were to speak to them about it," said Eulalia, in a soft absent voice — "he convinces everybody. Perhaps, dear, they don't know that some little children suffer so much. Of course they cannot help loving people; especially when they see them in trouble and unhappy. And so beautiful as it is to see we have made them all delighted and joyful!"

"Ah! my dear Eulalie, I sadly fear they know all about it; many of them more than even we do," replied Mary.

"Then I don't know how to think about it," said Eulalia, thoughtfully. "What use is money if it is not to do good with? I am sure I should never want it. And so cruel—so wicked—as

it seems to let people suffer when we can stop it."

Mary felt so too, and joined to the music of Eulalia's sweet soft angel voice, the solemn spirit light which beamed from the deeps of her mournful eyes, and her holy trusting look—such as a cherub might wear, while sheltered beneath an angel's wing—as she turned them upon her, it made her heart swell big, and a rush of melodious feeling sweep through her soul as she hung over Eulalia's bright forehead to kiss it.

"I long to go to heaven," said Eulalia, in a still and misty voice; and a bright unearthly cloud passed across her eyes, like a shadow from a seraph's wing, and then they grew light again. "All is so peaceful, loving, beautiful in heaven. All is happy there. All love each other there. I long to go. I often *feel* it, Mary; *near* me, filling me, it seems — and — and — oh! it is so beautiful!—I seem breathing myself away in love. And I see that bright blue sky—that sunshine that I often picture—those beautiful waving flowers that never fade—and I breathe those soft sweet airs which whisper — and oh! it is of such beautiful love they whisper—among the fruit and orange groves of my lovely Father's land. And oh! those happy times. I seem to be falling away in a beautiful gentle sleep, like I do when I sleep in your bosom by the side of the fountain in the garden."

A servant came into the room, and rapidly

spread the table with all sorts of viands : and then in the midst of all, she placed a most inviting pot of tea, steaming cheerful and joyous, and with its musically murmured song seeming to mingle the most irresistible prayers for some one to come and drink it.

“ Now, ma’am, be so kind as to draw your chair up to the table,” said Mr. Cohen. “ Miss Steinberg, will you please to attend to them ?”

The poor woman complied with a look of frightened gratitude. Adeline lost no time in spreading cakes, and fowl, and hot broiled beef ; nor was cold pie forgotten. It was just the office that was congenial to all the sensibilities of Adeline’s loving nature. And, with the look of her beautiful eyes, the sweetness of her smile, and the feeling, quicker than thought with which she passed on from one thing to another, all centering either in the woman or her child, she appeared so blessed, so benignly joyous, that all who looked upon her, felt their soul stilled to the deep rich hush of perfect happiness. How calm, how beautiful, how heavenly is love !

Yet you must not think that Adeline surrendered up her infant treasure. It could not be expected ; and she would have smiled if any one had been so sweetly innocent as to request it. She placed some milk on the fire to warm ; and while this was in operation she pounded biscuit very finely indeed, and then mingled it with the milk.

To this she added certain mysterious ingredients which we really cannot specify, because the proper composition of this kind of food has, ever since the days of Eve the first mother, been known only to the ladies. Having mixed, she tasted the compound; and finding it in every way satisfactory, began to feed the little creature very carefully, and in small quantities at a time. Adeline was delighted with the remarkably successful manner in which it accomplished the feat of eating; and, indeed, there did appear to be some danger that baby would be done to death with feeding, and hugging, and kisses, and smiles, and expressions of admiration.

"Dear papa," said Eulalia, whispering in his ear, "the little girl is just my size. Could she not have some of my clothes? There are some things I am sure I don't need, because I can wear them so seldom; and I should feel so much happier if I knew she was dressed warmly. How she must feel, dear papa, in our comfortable home!"

It was one of Mr. Cohen's principles never to check the liberality of any of his children, but to do all in his power to encourage it, and show that he approved of it. So he said, in the same soft voice, "Well, my precious child, if you think so, go and see what you can spare them. But mind that the things are warm and serviceable, and suited to the rest of her dress, so

that she may not be ashamed to wear them. Ask Mary if she will be kind enough to go with you, and help you to judge."

At last, when all was collected together, the poor afflicted creature, scarcely able to contain her gratitude, was dismissed with a load of food and clothing beyond her strength—reduced by hardship—to carry; and therefore a servant was despatched to assist her. Nor was money forgotten. And as, on all such occasions, every member of a Jewish family is moved by a noble spirit of emulation, she received a very substantial sum, accompanied by a desire that they might continue to be informed of her circumstances.

"There's to be some experiments in Animal Magnetism made to-night," said David, looking up from the *Morning Post* with a yawn.

"Where?" asked St. Maur.

"O! at B——, just beyond here."

"Shall we go?" he said to Isaac.

"Why you don't intend to countenance that of all things?"

"Well, I should like to see the concern. I have a decided antipathy to being gulled; and I am quite of opinion that this thing is a disgusting sham all out—in fact, about one of the most elaborate specimens of humbug, which any German quack, in his German *stube*, over German beer, ever perpetrated. I wonder it has been endured

half as it has. But Englishmen have an instinct full of sympathy with medical quackery — from German pills and table-turning, to this magnetism. They hate political and poetical quackery ; but they shut their eyes, and open their pockets, to any impudent rogue who professes to render them immortal by a pill. You know I have seen a thing or two in India ; where, without any acknowledged contract with supernatural powers, a native will make you a cup of boiling coffee without either fire or water—so he says ; and take mangoes and cocoa-nuts from an empty sack before your eyes ; and swallow poisons without harm. So I should like to go to this thing to-night. What do you think of the concern, David ?”

“ Nothing.”

“ I’m glad of it — shows your extreme good sense. I’ve made a few experiments myself ; but after going through all the flummery of passes, and looking gravely and steadily into a pair of laughing blue eyes for a quarter of an hour, I was obliged to give up, and own that all the magnetising power had been exercised on the other side.”

“ You might do some service, if you would denounce it in public,” said Isaac.

“ Exactly. I could make out a pretty fair case, I think. Amongst the three hundred and sixty-five manuscript miscellanies, innocently slumbering on the shelves of my cabinet, are as many papers as, if collected, would make, I think,

a couple of nice octavo volumes, entitled, 'Private Opinions upon Rank Impostures.'"

"Or, 'Secret Instructions of the Imposition,' " suggested Isaac.

"That is better. I should get two or three thousand pounds extra for the title; for they say a punning title always trebles the sale of a work. Well, ere long perhaps, they may see the day; nor need they shun the sun, for unstained are they by unkindness as a lady's letters to her female friend, written on her first visit to the vales of Italy. I think there are two or three lectures among them. I lectured once in person in India."

"The assurance!" said Isaac. "You lecture."

"Certainly."

"But how did you manage to get up the impudence and matter for a lecture?"

"Genius, Mr. Cohen, genius. Genius can do anything. It can effectively personate Iago in a kilt, or Macbeth in a tail-coat and breeches."

"Then among all your other excellencies you reckon an ability for spouting?"

"Like Niagara."

"Were you perfectly collected, in your attempt?" asked Mary.

"Well, I was frightened at first. Not that I feared any lack of abilities—these I knew I possessed in an eminent degree. But I am so excessively, even painfully, modest and bashful, as you know."

"Yes," replied Isaac, "I can easily understand that your exquisite sensitiveness in that way cost you much suffering. But of the lecture which this itinerant Xavier is going to let off to night. You'll go, Adeline? I am guided by you."

"I am sure, then, I will not be an obstacle," replied Adeline. "But I hope Mary will go too."

"She will be sure to say yes. So we shall just make a party."

"I'll take Tim, my Irishman," said St. Maur.

"What will you do with him?" asked Isaac.

"I might be inclined to speak. If anything rough followed, it might be acceptable to have him near me. Besides, Tim will enjoy the thing so: and he is a good, straightforward fellow, and has the muscles of a rhinoceros."

"O do let me beg you to keep silent," said Adeline, imploringly. "It will make us ill if you arouse any feeling of an unpleasant nature."

"Be sure I will not intentionally. You need not be apprehensive — it's only a joke. Tim can drive us."

CHAPTER XXI.

DOINGS AT THE JEWISH SEMINARY.

THE carriage stood at the front door. Tim plumed himself not a little on his newly-acquired dignity of "dhriving the laadies," and sat upon the box as upright as a hovel-post. As soon that afternoon as he was made aware that he had it to do, he commenced worrying the poor groom almost out of his life. It was in vain that the latter assured him that "everything was as right as a trivet," and "just as it always had been;" and "what had pleased before, would please now." Tim would have the carriage re-rubbed and polished, the horses' trappings more highly bur-nished, and the "iligant craythurs" themselves were encouraged in all possible ways, and desired to "stap their fut out nately."

Elder Elihu, who had arrived at Mr. Cohen's during the later part of the day, took it into his head that he should like to go to. A horse was accordingly saddled for him.

Now Mr. Elihu was by no means a horseman; and probably the horse found it out. For after

going about a hundred yards in an orthodox, horsely fashion, he turned himself sidewise to the road, and commenced demonstrating a series of most extraordinary mathematical problems with the houses opposite. When he had amused himself in this way to his heart's content, he began capering and flourishing with his feet, as if he were taking his first lessons from a dancing-master. This interlude was followed by a succession of plunges and leaps of an alarming character. Mr. Elihu lost his hat; and with his coat-tails bobbing up and down, contributed his full share in making up a sweetly picturesque group. He was the image of blank fright. He tried coaxing, and patted and stroked the neck of the refractory animal, while he used various soothing addresses, as "Poor horse, then; did I hit him too hard, then?" "Good horse, come, turn round—good horse—good horse—nice fellow—yes, that he was." The horse, like a sensible creature, despised his flattery; and finally, after rearing in every possible way he could devise, turned his tail, and trotted quietly home with Mr. Elihu upon his back.

Isaac selected, and paid for, a front seat; where, in exchange for their half-crown a-piece, he and his friends were to be permitted to imbibe a considerable amount of strong and full-flavoured information. But with this lecture we have nothing to do; so it may pass away.

When it was concluded, our party adjourned to their private room, in the commercial hotel, at which they had left the carriage. While the horses were being put to, Tim proceeded to ensconce himself over a snug little drop in the tap-room. Being supplied with the glittering beverage, he poured out a tumbler-full and commenced disposing of it in very exactly proportioned sips; often pausing to imbibe the dew which continued to hang about his lips. During these operations, Tim's physiognomy became philanthropical in the extreme — a thing not unusual with gentlemen in similar circumstances. A bland benevolence of sentiment, embracing all races, and classes, and sects of men, permeated his bosom; quite the "mild angelic air" that Byron speaks so highly of.

"Droothy work this dhrivin," he soliloquised. "Plisint plaace itself this. Kaaps the raal craythur, anyway—the raal mountyin-dew. Will, may pace an' binidiction be an the sowl iv him as firstht invinted brandy-an'-wather."

At this stage in his meditations Tim was hailed by a man dressed in the true Anglo-Hibernian style. His unbraced pantaloons had worked themselves many degrees out of place by meridian, and his coat bore the strongest presumptive evidence of having been blown from the mouth of a cannon. He had a good-tempered, broad-humoured expression of countenance, rendered still more comical by the jaunty set of his russet *caubeen*,

and a wisp of straw which hung daintily from a considerable cavity in the roof.

"Whroo!" he cried. "To blazes wid me! av id isn't ould Tim O'More. Tundher an' turnip-taps! will, how arra ye my hair?"

"Arrah! B't'houly!" echoed Tim, "I'm right glad thin to mate tegither. I'm will, ivry tay-spoonful av me—an' a dale betther thin that, plase God. Augh! thin, kem, as wiv bane ould frins tegither, let's giv ye a becomin' an' cridithable recipition, mo darlint. Here's a dhrap o' the *potteen galore*," and he handed him his glass.

"An' how d'ye likes Ingee?" inquired his friend, as he wiped his mouth in his coat-cuff after he had drunk.

"Ogh! By t'houly blunderbuss! idth's the feerst gim o' th' arth an' the feerst flower o' the say—barrin' ould Eyrin. Ith's rayther misfortunat though id is, ye can't get many phwaties theer, an' thad's troth—theer's no phwatie gardyins. What are you doin' av, iv ith's a feer questin?"

"Shure thin, an' id's gardyunin I am, in a soort iv a tuthorer's—a shkulemisthriss's famley. Bud, indaad, t'ood be hard now to till ye whad I am, fur nat a knaw I know. Id's most ivry-thin' in coorse, an' nothin' pethickler in the mane-time. Ith's the lasthe mile beyant here thit kud be mishered any way; an' id's a purty dacent soort iv a plaace. I'm bin theer two year now,

nigh hant it. Niver house desarved a betther carrickthur in the shaap av atin' an' drinkin' and the likes. I niver seen a betther ayther afore or sin—and that's thrue. A good plaat af baaf or sim ither mate ivry day univarsally—barrin the fastht is in id. Ith's no lie now, what I'm tillin' an yis. An' they'm none av yer proud stuck-up aigles, wid nothin' in the sthrong-box. They'm richer nor the Mint, but they don'd makes me wear oud me hat-brim be touchin it to em. I'm niver touched id to 'em wanst—it's thruth now what I'm jist said."

"Is id a tuthorer's house, ye said?"

"Shure thin, an yeer right theer, howsandiver. I'm rayther skeered at this instant-momint, bekase you parsaive theer's a blaggard a-comin' the night to run awaay wid wa nav the young laadies—wan iv the most beauthifulst good-lukinst craythurs in all the houl shkule o' thim too. An' he manes to desaive her—ids nat jokin' thit I am, now."

"Whoo-hoo-hoop!" roared Tim, flourishing his arm valiantly. "Tundher an' gingerbrid! Id's mesilf thit ud be the boy to rattle me shillala about the hid av him, even af he's no worsen nor the bestht man livin'"

"Bad luck to him. I wish he'd bin in hivven, an' his pipe lit by the houly innicents, afore the shade av his shader had crashed on my path. Its med me all ill intirely intirely. Af you

could say my arms now, I'm complaitly wake—troth an' I am now, widout any bammin' an ye. Sin' I've knawn the outs an' ins av't, I've thried to dipind an confisshn: but some way id saams sich mortal sin, an' I can't dipind an't. The laady's sich a beauthiful an' innocthent craythur, an' the flower af the plaace. But thin it seems just an' aquil any way, bekase ye see she was wan av thim blaggards as crushified the blissid Saviour—glory be to God! Troth too, an' id's hirsilf, ivry inch an her, thit's the pattrn av a nate purty Jewisth. Sheen got the littlest arms, an' feet, an' han's as iver ye seen, an' a waisthe nat bigger nor my little finger—ye may blave what I'm tillin' an ye."

"Hiven alive! is id a Jewisth thit she is?"

"Indaad, an' you may say that. Id's anuf to put wan all over in a thrimble av fright. Ye see id isn't the wrang an't I'd like fur to do. Plaase the piper, I'm all right now intirely intirely. Whin I wint to pinance, I wint wid a load thit ud blacken the say—sure, no wan iver tuk more good out af the houly fadthre nor mesilf. Theer's nat a babe in all the houl barony iv Tyrawly thit's fitted to hould a candle to me now: an' if he did, sarra a spick wud he fin' an' me sowl—id's bin clane as a new pin sin' yestherday."

"Lave aff now, you gom: yeer ixcaidingly houly, an't ye. Sure now, ye needn't make yer-silf a pack o' thrubble an' nat a thrifle av ni-

cissithy fur't. Shin can't be so bad iv id's so aisy clained aff agin. Iv yeer sich an omadthaun as to be frekened in the likes o' this matther thin, till Fadthre Cormac to shpit in yer eyes, and allow yees to make yer sowl, an' resaive the binifit iv the blissid ointmint. Now, oud wid the pethicklers; fur, by my mither, id's mesilf ill spile the black thraithor the night—Whroo!”

“Ugh! ye shcaimer! S'pose I don'd till ye thin, sin' yeer so civil to an ould frin'?”

“Jist as ye like ahinny-machree. Bud av yer don'd till purtily, yill rue id, honey me dear. Yiv tilled me too much to lit ye go. My masther is a Jew: an' him an' his frins is up owverhid, an' they'm graat big people—tirrible itsilf. They'll soon taich the likes o' you, sur. Af ye don't till the houl an't an' nat a bit iv sacriey or nonsince, they'll jist clap a pair av braselits an yer wrists, an' sind ye acrash the herr'n pool as an akshiserury. Theer's no minutes to be lost, min' me. The shagamarann ill be stanthin' it the dure diriothly. Id's nat the laisthe differ sur af ye tills or nat: but ye don'd go out av here widout weem wid ye!”

“Och, bad luck to me! Mither in glory! D'ye think I'm sich a bosthoon as to be frekened by the like o' yees thin? Augh! ye ould thraythor!”

“Ith's no matter at all at all,” replied Tim with the calm self-contained air of a philosopher. “A-whoop! waithor theer! waithor! Till the

gentlemin as belongst to the harse an' carr'ge, thit I wants to say thim here perthickler fur jist wan minit an' to wonst. No, no," he continued to the other, seeing he was after backing out through the door, "Af ye don'd untherstand me, my jewel, I'll be afdthre makin' an't plane an' ixpadiant to yer capacithy intirely intirely. Ye don't lave this place widout id's owver me. I'll have the sathisfaction iv clatterin' me stick about yeer ugly hid feerst. Deed I will, asthore." And Tim so evidently looked what he said, that the other drew back abashed.

"They'll be down to you directly," said the man on his return.

"Arrah!" cried Tim, "be attintive now. Till the masthre's hanor ith's a litthle conversayshin I'm wushin' wid himsilf, fur jist *wan* minit, my own cushla."

Tim was ordered to proceed up stairs.

"Now Black Jack," he said, "this way wid ye. His hanor ill bring things to yer rimembrance complaitly intirely. Throth, an' he will too. Come an; an', by the powers! we'll put the shpake an ye to rights now." And as Tim spoke, he brandished a pair of fists that threatened annihilation to all with which they came in contact. So Black Jack wisely concluded it were best to go with as good grace as possible.

"Bag yer hanor's pardon, sur," said Tim doffing his hat and bowing profoundly. "Sarra bit o'

the likes o' me would iv thransgrissed an the masthre's silf indaad, in the midthst af yir inther-thaynmint wid the laadies, av it hadn't bin necessaiated to ax yer hanor's attintion to business av importyince."

"Well, Tim, what have you got for me to do?" said St. Maur, still reading his paper.

"Sure an ith's a purty young Jewisth thit's goin' to be made awaay wid the blissid night."

"How? A Jewess to be made awaay with? I don't understand you Tim."

"Throth thin I'll be afdthre ixshplainin' the ins an' outs av't t'yer hanor. Ith's the most horriblst cruelst thing as iver I'm heerd an — worser nor bein' kilt out of the way complaitly intirely."

"But what is it, Tim? You talk in riddles. What do you drive at?"

"Now that's jist what I'm tillin' yer hanor. The laady's to be desaiwed into the sthratagim. May the thraythor niver fin' a woman to put anither stitch in his cordhery's, nor a frin' to shpake to his corp when he's did."

"Look here Tim," said St. Maur, "I see you've found out something — I can't make out what. Be particular, and begin again at the beginning."

"Sartinly I will, sur. As yer hanor siz ris-picktin' it, ith's a black shin thit's to be parpe-thrayted the night — more betoken that the

darkness is in id, an' it's nat aisily found out theerfor. Jack O'Callaghan here you persave is a soort iv gardyuner an' porther, an' ids all the hivvy work the what he do, at ayther a shkule-masthre's or a tuthorer af chilther's. An' some wan is comin' to shtale wan iv the young laadies. He dishkivered it: but he'd till me nat a blissid mag an't. And I think he's an akshise-rury: so I brought him here to deliver him up t'ye sur."

"Plaize yer hanor," interjected Black Jack, "iv yir hanor's rivrinced ud allow me to shpake. Id was wid yersilf I was wushin to conwairse, id was now. An' Tim here was scrimmagy 'caze I wouldn't till it t'him ye see sur."

"Augh! By the houly Reek! ye graat ragged deludther—*Boul eidhin a's croidhe cuilinn* [a tongue smooth as ivy, a heart like prickly holly]. Who tould ye, ye villin, thit his hanor was here thin at all at all? Deed was'nt it mesilf asthore bekase ye wor hilpin' the murtherin' the night? Barrin' the masthre and the laadies now, ye should be threwn out av the windy this blissid minit—throth I would, me dear."

"Indaad, an' id's yersilf ill be the purthictor av the univarse, sin yiv mountid thad red weshkit theer. Bud in ould Eyrin, me honey, I allis kip a good shirt in me pocket, an' a watch on the back iv me; an' thad's more, sur, nor the likes af you iver did. Aisy talkin' any way."

"Come, come!" said St. Maur trying to be severe. "This will lead to nothing. Remember who are present."

"Wirra, wirras throe!" cried Tim, "bud yir saife here me fine phanix! an' ids will fur ye thit y'are; ilse I'd kick yees over the wall iv the world, an' two kicks ivermore beyant it. But kim oud o' that now: led's have no more nor yer soodherin' up. Till the masthre's hanor all ye knaws. Shpake up natly now, or I'll thry how much an't I can knock out af ye."

"In your zeal, Tim," said St. Maur, "to get at the facts of this affair, you have perhaps vexed Mr. O'Callaghan. But I hope he'll excuse it and tell us everything at once; and if he does he shall be properly rewarded for his trouble."

"I'm for iver an' alyis bound t'yer hanor," said O'Callaghan brightening up. "Id's whad I wantst to be afdthre doin' to ye, sur. Bud yir hanor has jist hard Tim; an' ye coun't ixpick me, sur, out of rispick fur mesilf, to till him anythin' at all. Howsandiver, yir hanor's kindly welkim to ivrythin' I knaws — thad y'arra ivry inch av ye, sur."

"Yir wan amangst the parpethwraytors!" screamed Tim.

"Now Mr. O'Callaghan?" said St. Maur.

"Will, as I was jist a-tillin' af yir hanor, a young laady, wan iv the most bestst an' houliest innicthints as iver walked in the likes av this

creayshin, an' a rispicketid mimber iv the houly mither church, was laately inthrothruaced amangst our saminary to thry to make theer sowls, be taichin' thim the thrue docthrin' ya parsave. They sid, sur, she was a Jewisth; and 'deed we all thought she was too, for iver an' ahint it, till wanst an a Sunday mornin' as might be, when I'd quite intirely thressed meself, I wint oud in the beauthiful gardyin to shmoke me pipe an' brathe the vardyint flowers, fur the houlsmyniss, sur — jist ye see to git a tasthe of the hilyth mornin' air. Will, as I was sayin', whin I gat to the conservathry, Bekky (thad's the housemaid yer hanor) Bekky was claanin' awaay ad tha flure like mad — an' bedad id was nat mure thin was complaitly nadeful intirely, fur id didn' knaw the smill iv a scribbin-brish afore sin' the Fludd. 'Jack,' siz she to me, 'doan ya see whad's nat theer?' 'An' whad is id?' siz I. 'Why doan ya parsave thit Missth Mahli's flowers are all tuk awaay? An' by thad saame she's goin' wid thim this blissid instant-momint.' Missth Mahli, sur — (hurroo! bud she was the chat intirely intirely, paaace an' binidiction be an her the craythur — maybe yiv hard till iv Missth Mahli, sur; her fadthre was viry graat 'mangst the Jewisths) — will, Missth Mahli, as I was tillin' an ye, sur, hadn got her aiquil in all the houl shkule, an' so she was alyis a favorith o' me. 'Glory an' timptayshin!' siz I. 'Tha world's

kim to an ind complaitly. I'll gid no mure backy thin now.' Thad blissid minit, I hard meself called, an' be gorrow I foun' id was me that was wantid, to car' her buntles an' thrunk to the vayhicle. Will, I wint — har'ly able, yir hanor, to uphould meself as might be, me faalin's was so sthrong, fur I was 'tatched to her ye see a nation dale; an id saamed I was goin' to the bad thin intirely ivry inch af me; an' be that manes I luk'd in ad the wrang dure, an' sin the new Jewisth a kissin' the houly mithier, an' beginnin' to say the mathins. An' thin betoken, id turned oud thit her brither was nothin' at all bud the houly fadthre comin' to confiss her. Augh! bud id's bin the graat thing for me complaitly. Ith's manys an' manys the shillin' I'm gat fur to kaap the saycrit; an' ids the bitther day an me han's thit the praisht is goin' to run aff the night."

"Then you know this priest?" said St. Maur.

"Sartinly I do, sur. I tuk a becomin' recip-tion fur him wanst. 'Twas wan bitther cowl'd night in the winther, win the wind an' rain was awful. The momint I'd kim out af the gaate, I fild a kick like a clap av tundher, thit knacked me sure right awaay into a graat heap of mud like a pharatie burrow thit stud in front iv the dure. An' win I ax'd whad he'd be doin that fur at all, he tould me the kick was intindid fur the preestht's rivrince an' nat towarst meself.

'Twas a graat hanor fur me though, to be mish-taaken fur the houly fadthre."

"But my good man," said St. Maur, with some impatience, "what has all this to do with what we want you to tell us?"

"Sure an' isn't that what I'm a sayin' t' yer hanor? This houly young woman was misfortunat in convartin' the deludthit Jewisth, as is goin' to laave the plaace the night — glory be to the Virgin! An' id saams at confisahn her an' the houly fadthre 's bin pullin' af a shtring te-gither, an' she's consintid to marry him. Bud the nager, win he giths her praperty, is intindid to laave her, an' spind id in a forrin counthry in sim ither part av the world."

"Now we want you to tell us how you got to know all this," said Isaac.

"Faix, an' you shall too, sur, complaitly," replied the O'Callaghan, "Win I found theer was a houly Vargin in that room, you persave, I used time an' agin to shtale in theer to praay to her. Wanst win I was theer, an' nat ikspictin' to be intherrupthid, fur the time was convanient, I hard a small stip comin' towarst the dure. Conshternashin an' harrishmint saized upan me, an' I siz, 'Id's all owver wid me now. The devil put me an comin' here *this* time howsandiver. I'll be sacked as saafe as I had cabbage sprouts fur the dinner.' Bud I seen a big cupboard as maybe an' I powders awaay into't, laavin' tha dure open

a litthle ya see, fur the inthrance av air. Prishtly, in kem the houly fadthre, an' sits down in the aisey cheer. An' soon afidthre him, the missionary young woman kem too, to confiss."

"Did you hear what she said?" asked St. Maur; his sense of the ludicrous for a moment checking the painful interest he felt in the affair.

"Sure an id's to my graat grief intirely thit I did. May the blissid Virgin put in a shpake for me sowl, purshuin' to the word iv a lie, as I did'n preshume an the the houly saycrimint wid any onrivirintial intintion."

"What did she say?" he asked.

"Id's mure nor I dare till ye, sur. I wouldn't niver be admitted into purgathory wanst I com-mittid sich mortal sin."

"Oh, well, of course I wouldn't have you lose your soul about it. Go on."

"I mustht ax yir hanor, thin, whad it was I sid whin I laft aff."

"You'd got as far as the confession."

"Ogh! wirras thrue, an' isn't it cracked thit I am complaitly. To be sure id is. Augh! Will thin, whin she wint out, she was follid be the Jewisth young laady; an' I niver knawn onthil thad minit, thit iver she kem to confishn. An' sure anuv she wint up you see to the houly fadthre, an' begun to knaal down in frint av him as mate be. Bud afidthre he had sarcumspictid her narrily fur a jiffy or two, he axed her

to gith up agin. 'Gid up, my dear crayther,' he siz, siz he, 'yeer too houly : an' faix if yeer nat, it's nat mesilf as ill be afdthre confissin' an ye agin. Besides,' siz he, 'as our intintion ris-pictin' id is to be married tegither soon, I'm done bein' a praisht now, nigh hant it.' An' thin he saamed as if he wantid to kiss her, the purty dear thit she is, an' he tuk hould round her waisthe natly. Af yir hanor 'ill s'pose yir the young laady fur an overly minit—as I don't mane fur to say thit y'are—I'll be afdthre showndin' an ya how 'twas."

"No, no," said St. Maur restlessly. "Pray go on. We understand."

"Sure an' I thought so, yer hanor, an' thad's the viry rason I'm makin' the houl comparish-mint an 't so plaan to ye. Will, as I was sayin' to yer hanor, he tuk hould an her as though he fild graat pride out iv her, the kind-hearted ginthleman thit he is. Bud, by t' houly! she moved iligantly an wan side the laiste bit in life you see, sur, as though it wasn't the plisint thit was in it; an' thin, you persaive, he was obleechd to lit her go purtily, be raison thit he kudn't rache her. 'Will,' he siz, siz he t'her, 'id's yersilf a-colleen thit's lukin quite beauthiful this mornin' intirely intirely; I'm niver loved ye so will afore, ye iligant, fasthinatin' crathur. An' if I don'd have ye soon, I blave I'll go mad!' An' thin, sur—med the sints purthict me from dith all me life—

time!—af he didn' be afdthre axin' her to run aff wid him to wanst an' dirictly."

"And she consented?"

"Ad feerst, ye see, sur, she looked quite frekened, an' all iv a thrimble, fur the dilixy an' doubts wor in it. 'Mr. Barrett,' she siz t'him, 'lit me inthrate ye nat to be afdthre timptin' an me,' siz she, 'af id's the raal heart-love intirely that yeev got fur me. I'll nat be noways necessiated to do the likes o' that, I'd be afdthrewards despisin' mesilf fur. I'm got a brither, and I'd like him to consint to me.' The houly fadthre—paace an' rest to his sowl!—was hurt in his faalin's as med be, and he tuk oud his henkicher to clane away the wathers. 'Yeem cruelst!' siz he; 'ye know they'd go to the viry dickens afore they'd iver consint, an' yill be tuk awaay from me, afdther all I'm gone through fur ye!'"

"Well, cut it short," said St. Maur impatiently.

"She promised at last?"

"Augh, thin yir rivrince has guessed about the rights an't. An' a graat hanor, too, 'twas fur her, when she got the beloved fadthre te consint to be married to her—id's very onushil, ye see, sur. An' iv twasn't fur id, that he manes to take awaay the poor innicint young laady's praperty, and spind it on some wan ilse, sorra the likes o' me ud a tould a word iv the houl chronalagy av't."

"At what time to-night is she going?"

"At elivin—or, mebbe, a litthle afdthre—as soon as the house is aslaap."

"But one thing I don't understand yet," said Isaac. "How is it you know of his intention to abandon her? There's something very horrible about this—it makes me sick," he said aside to St. Maur.

"No matter. We are just in time to thwart it."

"Why, you persaive, yer hanor," said the O'Callaghan, "whin he pulled oud his henkicher, there was a letter kem out wid it."

"Have you got it?" said St. Maur hurriedly.

"Augh, thin, I know'd yer hanor ud be for wantin' an't, so I brought it wid me," said the worthy, at the same time diving into a deep pocket of his ragged coat, and fishing out a mysterious jumble of bob-pipes, tobacco-screws, pieces of filthy paper, and other articles of *virtu*; from which, after some difficulty and diligence of search, he picked out the letter.

"Here 'tis, yer hanor."

St. Maur took it. It had been sealed up and directed—evidently intended for the post. He read it aloud.

[A dirty letter, on dirty business, too dirty for transcription here. It was addressed to a brother Jesuit, who had been of some assistance in the concern.

While a divinity student in the university at

Pisa, the priest had somehow or other managed to inspire a youthful Tuscan countess with the tender passion—perhaps he did it at confession. But no matter when—the result is everything.

Well, after the proper quantity of snivelling, and protesting, and dying on his part, and of maidenly punctilios, and blushings, and doubtings on that of the countess, she laid her trembling hand in his, and softly, sweetly murmured, — He was accepted! Angelic moment—how far surpassing those seen by poets in their most exalted dreams of loveliness and beauty—all heaven seemed crowded into it—to see his fair *amante* smile—to return the mild pressure of her hand—to feel the gentle blush that mantled even to the snowy brow, as he pressed his lips to her flower-soft cheek; until, faint with that excess of rich delight, she faded calmly, tranquilly, beautifully away—like a drooping lily—into his arms, amidst her softly-uttered acquiescence—just a whisper—fairy music—and Cupid threw over them his brightest sunbeam, the Loves showered the most fragrant of immortal roses on their heads; all these were but stillings in the hush, drops in the cup, or portions in the whole; but then that hush, how deep! that cup, how full of joy! that whole, how vast in its extent!

To “descend from these imaginative heights” —though our readers will agree with us when we say that it is very affecting—such a scene—the

lady had no finances ; and, unfortunately, Father Barrett was in the same delicate situation. Her relatives interfered. In spite of them, he gallantly persevered in the necessary attentions to his fair *inamorato*. Whereupon they procured his banishment from the Grand Duchy, and accompanied it with a promise that, if he attempted to renew the correspondence, they would extinguish him in his ghostly office. And very touching—almost amounting to the sublimity of tragedy—must have been their last converse in the shady walks of the Villa Reale, and on the damasked banks of the Arno, until at last, amidst fast-flowing tears and choking sighs, they tore themselves apart with promises of eternal truth and correspondence.

Not a doubt of it. And now, by the contract he was expecting to get up, Father Barrett would realise more property, than the whole family of her ladyship could muster, if they clubbed together. To her, then, he would return triumphantly ; and as his marriage would still be recognised, even there, he would be installed as her *cicisbeo*—of course. The necessity of that being his relation, was of no importance in a country where *cicisbeism* is looked upon, not only as a thing quite as respectable as marriage, but a proper addendum to it.]

“Can such wickedness be !” exclaimed Adeline as he finished.

"It seems so," said St. Maur.

"But it has surprised me, and I can scarcely realise that it is not all a romance."

"Never mind. Having happened as it has, we need not look on the gloomy side. In rescuing the lady, we shall have a glorious opportunity of displaying our chivalry. Now, Isaac, we must resolve how to act."

"It seems to me you could hardly act more wisely than by acquainting the authorities, and going direct to the house, beg an interview with the lady so cruelly deceived," said Mary.

"Mary!" exclaimed Isaac. "Is it possible you can be so unpoetical? We must do the thing by ourselves, of course."

"Now, Mr. Callaghan, where's the house?" asked St. Maur.

"About a short mile, sur, right away theer forenent us."

"Ten minutes past ten," said Isaac, looking at his watch. "Well, there is no time to waste. Tim, take Mr. Callaghan down stairs with you; see him supplied with anything he desires; and then we will rely upon him to direct us to the house."

"Yer hanor 'ill be fur stappin' in the road, I'm thinkin'," said O'Callaghan.

"No. We must be near enough to hear all that occurs—see it, if it's light enough."

"Mebbe, thin, yid be afdthre wushin' to hide in the gardyin?"

"Yes. All we want of you is to point out the house, and get us admission to the garden."

"Bad luck to me now! bud thad's put me in a soort iv a—I raaly, now—the gaat's fasthened, yir hanor."

"But can't you unfasten it? How are you to get in? How is this man to get in?"

"I've alyus got a kay, an' I'm lint id to the praist, sur; he ax'd fur 't."

"Sints in righteousness!" cried Tim in a sublime alto. "I tould ye sur—didn I?—thit he was wan amangst the parpethraytors. Augh! ye vagabone!" And he looked unutterable things at the O'Callaghan.

But that worthy proceeded, without noticing Tim's comment. "An' I'm tould the missiths thit I'd slaap oud iv dures the night, ye see, sur; I do aftin an' agin, so they thinks nothin' sthrangely by. I won't be theer for fearst the houly fadthre ud be parsaived or dishkivered, ye see, an' I be axed to saize hould an't him; an' that, sur, is mortal sin, to touch the praistht that a way. But yir hanor kud gith owver the wall the sem as I kem out towarst. Yill find a latther it the wall's fut, iv wan amangst ye lits down be manes iv a coord."

"Very well. Now go and get what you want; and you shall ride up with us," said Isaac.

"Thank yir hanor kindly, sur; but I'm afearst I'd be sin wid ye, an' prapths lost me sittyyva-

chun. Af 'twill be all as wan t' yer hanor's rivrince, I'd rayther wait in onther the threes, at tither ind av the graan, onthil ye kems up."

"Ogh, ye sheaimer!" pushed in Tim;—"an' whad a sit af ignor'nt spalpeens yid be afdthre thakin' us fur. Tare an' ounkers! bud thad's divartin' now. A-whoop! Lit ye go! To be sure, me dear; theer's no sayin' agin that, any way. Throth an' we'd want the lint af Sint Pathrick's spickticles af iver wid fin' ye after-wards. Pace an' contintmint t'ye, Jack; deed thin, betune uz, yir nat goin' to threwn up a clane pair iv heels so aisy, now. So sate yersilf down, honey me darlint, and make yersilf iligant, like a gintleman as you is."

"Oh, but I am sure he has no intention to deceive, Tim," said St. Maur, decidedly. For he couldn't help thinking that, in the flush of his spirits, Tim had taken too much rein.

"Desaive, yis—I wisht—"

"No need, no need," said Isaac, stopping the imprecation. "Here is a sovereign. And if you meet us as you say, and tell us truly, when we have caught the priest, I shall give you another."

"Now, mind ye, Black Jack," said Tim, as he was leaving the room, "af ye manes to taich me any iv yer thricks, I'll thransport ye as akahiserury in regard av the thrichery. This blissid hour I'll have yer porthrit wrout aff it the watch-us, an' yis be lagged afore the morra-night."

"I am much concerned about Adeline and Mary," said Isaac. "This place will close directly. I think that the wisest plan is for Tim to drive them home: and we'll walk."

"No, no," said Adeline. "We are too much interested to think of going home without you."

"But," replied Isaac, "even if your clothing is warm enough to withstand the night air for a little while, I still think it highly improper for you to be left alone. Though Tim would be faithful if you would trust him."

"Sure, sur," said Tim, "yis med want hilp now. The vagabone may bring along that blaggard thit he sint the letther onto—the wan yiv jist ix-plained to us, I mane. An' there's nerra risidin-thur in the country—nat barrin' the king himsilf—bud what I wouldn' mind bringin' me kippeen acquainted wid the hid iv him, if 'twas at all convanient to ye, sur; an' that's will knawn far an' near."

"I believe, Tim," said St. Maur, "you wouldn't see us ill-used if you could help us. Now go and get yourself something to eat."

CHAPTER XXII.

UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

ON leaving the hotel, the O'Callaghan adjourned to his favourite place for meditation—i. e. the chimney corner of the taproom in the “Cat and Bagpipes”—to treat himself with a pipe and a noggin, by way of bringing his flagging spirits up to par. For he had serious feelings of defection: and had it not been for some thoughts of a prison, and a faint vaticination of another guinea that haunted his bewildered mind, he would certainly have backed out of the concern. “Sarra wan bud mesilf,” he thought aloud over his whiskey-pot, “’ill be hild good fur all thit’s purshuin’ to the praisht—’caize I tould an’t. But thin they wor bint an knawin’ the ins an’ outs av’t they wor. Ogh! an willelu! an med the houly sints taik the likes av id intho theer kind consitherayshin.” At last, however, the thoughts of increased finances inspired him with proportionately increased courage; and pocketing, with the retaining fee, his “compunctious visitings of remorse,” he turned his steps towards the place of meeting, devoutly

wishing that "the houly fadthre 'ud run aff wid wan iv the young Jewisthes ivry wake."

It was rather more than half-past ten when he arrived at the top of the lane where he had promised to join the coming party. As the mansion was situated at some distance from the western road, the saving effected by going along the lane was somewhat considerable: while it offered, what our heroes especially desired, a very private way of approach. The night was dark—dismally so. Heavy masses of clouds, "black as Erebus," had piled themselves along the west, until they touched the zenith and presaged a storm. The air breathed hot and heavily, and was pervaded by that ominous solemn stillness when the very silence becomes audible, from the painful acuteness with which the senses are gifted. It was a season exceedingly calculated to strengthen Jack's superstitious feelings. And he felt very uncomfortable indeed, as absorbed in "thick-coming fancies," he squatted beneath the lonely hedge.

A sudden noise close to his ears startled him from his reverie. He strained his eyes in an effort to pierce the dense gloom in the direction whence it came; it was useless; he could see not half-a-dozen inches beyond him. He was the perfection of ecstatic horror. He felt like a petrified nightmare. Move!—not if the whole world's wealth had been cast at his feet. The footsteps—slow and cautious as it seemed—with

a strange rustle intermingled—came nearer, until they were now within half-a-yard of the gasping O'Callaghan. When they opened upon him with a tremendous snuff and a tornado-like hi-haw! hi-haw! hi-haw! in the sublimest key of the asinine gamut. It was enough. The climax of terror reached, Jack felt power to move. He tumbled on his knees with the rapidity of a comet, and began crossing himself with indefatigable energy.

"Ogh! ogh! ogh!" he began. "Houly mi-ther, purtict me! Is it the what'll I do, now, not a know I know. Augh! kape away—kape away—they med me so they did too. Av, I could rimimber now a pather an' ave, t'ud save me. 'Hail, Mary!' Och! it's lost thin I'll be intirely intirely; an' no wan to hilp me. 'Hail, Mary, full av graace!'—Augh, ye bould divil, shpake up now, don'd ye disarve no marcy, ye ould thricherer agin the houly—[Hi-haw! hi-haw!] Oh, marcy—'Hail Mary, praay fur uz poor sinners now, an' ad the hour iv dith'—Och! thad's wrang, ith's the indin' an't. 'Hail, Mary! blissed art thou amangst women.' Ogh, won't I burn fur the likes o' this in the blissid etarnity? I'll git many's an' many's a hunther year in purgathry fur't—throth, I will."

The carriage with our party in it had driven up; but O'Callaghan, poor fellow! was too terrified to observe it.

"Why — what's the matter, friend?" said Isaac, as he laid his hand upon his arm.

"Faix, an' didn' yer hanor hear thin?" he asked in a tone of intense agitation.

"What has there been to hear?"

"Sarra bit o'me thin, 'ill be sich an omadthawn as to tell ye, an' give offince. Throth I wont."

The donkey began another running hi-haw.

"Houly sints!" cried O'Callaghan, as he made for the chaise, "led's be aff an' awaay to wanst y'er hanor: wi'll git our dith alive fur the unhouly —"

"Why, is it that poor harmless animal which has frightened you?" said St. Maur.

"*Harmless?*" said Jack querulously.

"Och, ye ould fool," dropped in Tim energetically. "Up an the stip now, an' we'll soon fin' ye summut to be an to."

"I'll nat do any hilp fur ye. Thru for you I won't now; an' thad's said."

"You must guide us to the house, and then we'll liberate you," said Isaac.

"O yis yer hanor I'll do that same fur yees any way. O yis, to be sure an' I will, too."

The length of the road was scarcely a quarter of a mile: so in less than a minute, they drew up under a part of the wall at the back of the house, where the chaise was completely concealed from observation by a thick grove of trees.

"Now Mr. O'Callaghan," said Isaac, "I'll pay

you now, if you wish it ; but if you'd mind the horses instead of Tim, it would be all the greater service. I suppose you won't mind doing that for us."

"Sartinly nat, sur ; sartinly nat. Oh, to be sure I will—to be sure I will."

"Now Adeline," said Isaac gaily, "we are only going a few yards from you ; and if anything happens, therefore, you have only to shriek, and we shall be at your side."

"Don't trouble yourself at all on that score," said St. Maur. "Trust a lady to squeak in good time, without any positive orders to do it."

"Black Jack !" cried Tim, who had rapidly climbed a tree, and was now seated astride the wall. "Jump up this three, an' take a turn round it with the coord here."

The rope was slung accordingly ; and Tim coiling his legs around it, threw himself off the wall.

"Tim, *avie !*" shouted Black Jack. "I'm nat gat a sthrang thurn wid yees. Hould an a minit, while I shpit in me hands."

And letting go the rope with the suspended body of Tim, he performed the interesting operation. In the meantime, Tim came to the ground with a quick run ; and there he lay measuring his length, uttering a choice litany of imprecations on the head of Black Jack, and expressing various opinions relative to the condition of his intellect.

"Augh, an' id's will that yin gat me to lay id an. Didn' I tell ye to hould an?" inquired O'Callaghan.

Tim didn't deign a reply, but with a grunt proceeded to erect the ladder. Having done so, he mounted it, got upon the wall and tossed it over. Isaac and St. Maur ascended. Tim lifted the ladder on the garden side with his usual agility; and all having descended, it was again laid lengthwise by the path.

"I think it is very likely she will come by the side door" said Isaac, as he surveyed the house. "It is quite convenient for the gate, and probably is less heavily secured than the front. However, hidden in this recess, we can see, let him go to which he may." And he led the way to a dark spot formed by the hedge and a group of trees.

They waited, counting the minutes and scarcely daring to breathe. After a short while, a light stealthy footstep was heard advancing, but in a direction quite different to any they expected. Their hearts beat almost audibly.

"There's a good deal of ugliness about it," whispered Isaac. "I wish it was over, and I snug in bed." "Hush," said St. Maur, for the sound was close at hand. "Sheelah, *hist!*" it was Tim. "Here," muttered Isaac. "All right," he replied. "Tundher and paraties! wid yer hanor to the fore now. We'll crack the head iv him in the twinklin' af a bed-post. Whroo!"

and Tim flourished a sapling that Hercules himself might have envied. He had stayed behind to cut it from among the trees in the garden.

"You are not"—St. Maur began. But he was stopped suddenly, for they distinctly heard the latch of the gate removed. The few pale rays of the just rising moon began to reveal objects in a dim obscurity: and, by her light, they saw a man walking on the grassy edge of the gravel path. Although the turf, yielding to his passage like a velvet carpet, prevented the slightest sound of footfalls, yet he came on with the mincing tip-toe tread of conscious guilt. He stood still before the door opposite them. There could be no doubt—it was the high priest.

"Hem! hem!" in a very sotto voce falsetto. If, reader, you can fancy a pig whispering while hoarse from catarrh, you will have no unapt idea of the sounds which he emitted.

He waited a few moments—there was no answer. "Ahem, hem!" more frightfully husky than before. The very words had taken cold in coming out of his frosty lungs. He was much pleased, however, with their effect, and treated himself to a very well got up congratulatory snort.

The blinds of the window over the door were drawn; it was the signal that he was heard. All was right; and he walked up and down, rubbing his hands one in the other complacently. After

a few minutes, the door was quietly opened, and a lady closely muffled and veiled stepped out on to the soft grass.

"You good creature!" he said, with tender rapture, "always punctual."

"Hush!" said the lady.

"Oh!" he exclaimed gloriously, and he accompanied the assurance by a triple-major snigger. "I don't care if the whole house comes now. We've got the laugh of them, and shall be off and away in half a second."

In "half a second" a hand was gently laid on his arm. He did not laugh then—there was something so real about it. He felt there was no joke in St. Maur's cold and determined look; and his face blanched to the colour of a winding-sheet. The lady fainted. That, of course, was to be expected.

"Place her to sit, Isaac," said St. Maur hurriedly; "there are the door steps. Tim—water!"

"I wait your explanation of this little episode," pursued St. Maur, turning to Barrett.

He had recovered himself. His effrontery was amusing. "Are you a highwayman, Sir? If you are not off these premises instantly, you shall find that the law can reach you even here."

"Very good," replied St. Maur coldly. "Thus relieved, you may feel better able to answer my first question."

"I answer nothing, you impertinent rascal. Unhand me, sir. Let me give attention to my sister—for ought I know you have murdered her. Off! or I'll call help. Eva, dear Eva, speak to me—do!"

"Eva!" ejaculated St. Maur, and he bent over her face. Her veil had been removed, and she was slowly recovering. "Isaac, it is my own sister! O!"

"Surely not."

In his agony, St. Maur had let go his hold on the priest, and the fellow was hastily decamping.

"Tim! Tim!" cried Isaac, "look there!"

Tim was up with him in a moment, and, catching him in his arms, as though he were an infant, carried him back triumphantly, accompanied with sundry comments and inquiries, as, "Hurroo! me dear, bud yim got a nate way o' steppin'; prapths t'ud be all as wan t'ye af we ax'd ye to taich uz the likes an't. Lift your *leg* purtily, any way. Didn' ye think, now, ye wor clane aff like a jintleman—as I don't mane fur to say thit you isn't—an' we lukin' afthre like canted bos-thoons?" &c.

"Mr. Barrett," said St. Maur. Barrett *was* startled now. "I know the man with whom I have to deal. It is but right that we should be on equal terms. Your scheme for beggaring my sister and enriching yourself, I rejoice to know is

killed in the bud. You will now accompany me to the authorities. I think you have done enough to outrage the law."

"My-a-dear sir," stammered Barrett, "I'm indeed innocent of any guilty intention. I love your sister—I'm proud to own it; and love for her has placed me in this disagreeable position. You know——"

"Enough, sir! no argument. You know this letter?"

"Let me look at it, if you please. I can't say that I do."

"O, never mind; it's of no importance. Eva," he continued, turning to his sister, whom Isaac had, with all the delicacy he could command, informed of her brother's presence, "this man has acted in every respect most basely; and, added to all, he intended to rob and then forsake you. Now, to avenge your dishonour. Sir, I will be more merciful to you than you would have been to my sister. Choose. I horsewhip you on the spot, or denounce you to the laws."

Barrett shuffled out apologies and entreaties for forgiveness. His mean capitulation was disgusting.

"Sir," said St. Maur, haughtily, "cease, I say! you will else put yourself beneath my contempt. If so, I shall not trouble myself about what I shall

do to you, for I shall not think it of any importance. Now decide."

"Exposure would ruin me," whined out Barrett, in a despicable tone.

St. Maur's lip curled scornfully.

"I would prefer to throw myself on your single consideration. If you can, let what I have suffered suffice."

"Tim," said St. Maur, "lay him across your knee; I know the fellow hasn't soul enough in him to stand to it."

"Och, my dear masther," said Tim, deprecatingly, "ye're intirely 'wake, that y'are, ivry inch af ye. Go an' be plisint now to the young misthriss; she's gone to the ill an our hands altogether. Lave me, sur, to have a bit iv a scrimmage wid this same houly sint. By t'houly! I'll knock the sowl av him out iv his ilbow in liss thin no time, an' give him a tasthe av the liberthy thit was in ould Eyrin afore the tithe was invinted. Willelu! whoop!" and Tim gave an encouraging twirl to his shillelagh.

"No, no, Tim," said St. Maur, with a smile, "I don't want to have him killed. I think I must do it myself, then I shall know exactly when he's had enough."

"Will thin, sur, af you'll do half, an' kindly lit mesilf do the tither—jist ye see fur the

hanor an't. Ogh, wirra wirras throe ! I'll twist him like an ounce af pig-tail."

"Adolphus," said Eva, in a tremulous voice, "let him go. I want him out of sight."

"Let me engrain at least a few marks on him, dear Eva ; to take away, just as a memento," replied St. Maur.

"No, send him away. His presence hurts me."

"Go, then, you miserable fellow !" said St. Maur, sternly ; and he gave him a stinging lash. With a yelp and a bound he fled from the garden.

"Bad luck ! bud that's quare now," muttered Tim, in a voice of severe disappointment. "I'd med me mind fur a bit av divarshin at all evints ; lay alone givin' to the nager a cridithable reception, and makin' a few marks an his rind."

"I think we have disturbed the people in the house," said Isaac. "It seems to me that it would be wise to get to the carriage as soon as possible. It won't do, you know, to stand explaining here at this time of night. We can support Miss St. Maur between us."

"I hear them on the stairs," said St. Maur, "what you say is best. Come, then, dear Eva, if you can," he pursued, taking her hand. "Let them find that you are absent, and digest it at their leisure. I shall call for what belongs to you to-morrow."

Everything was quickly explained to Adeline and Mary; and Eva was lifted up to a seat between them. Adeline was immediately absorbed in calming Eva's spirit, and inducing her to forget the excitement, by all those delicate and feminine attentions which none knew how to display better than herself.

It was very natural that in the overflowing of his joy, St. Maur felt inclined to reward O'Callaghan very liberally indeed; and to the infinite delight of the latter, he did so. He being discharged, Tim mounted the box in the highest possible feather. Tim was happy from two causes. With the honesty of a truly Hibernian heart, he rejoiced in his master's joy through the saving of Eva; and, justly enough, he took to himself a considerable share of the applause due to the means by which it had been brought about. So, continually testifying his intense pleasure by all sorts of approving exclamations, he drove the horses off at a rapid rate. Even the animals themselves came in for a share of his felicitations. He lavished on them all imaginable encouragement and praise; until at last their good sense was entirely overcome, and they threw up their heads with a consequential toss, and twinkled their ears as if they quite believed what he so eloquently assured them—that they “wor two av the móst beauthifulest craythurs in all the houl

world univarsally." Finally, he drove up to Mr. Cohen's door with a tempest-like majesty, pulling the horses to with a sudden grand stop, as almost to eject every one from the carriage, notwithstanding the precautions they had taken for countervailing the vis inertię.

END OF VOL. I.

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ADELINE ;
OR,
Mysteries, Romance, and Realities
OF
JEWISH LIFE.

BY
OSBORN W. TRENERY HEIGHWAY,

AUTHOR OF "LEILA ADA, THE JEWISH CONVERT,"
ETC.

"Sketches indeed from that most passionate page,
A woman's heart, of feelings, thoughts, that make
The atmosphere in which her spirit moves ;
But like all other earthly elements,
Overcast with clouds, now dark, now touched with light,
With rainbows, sunshine, showers, moonlight, stars,
Chasing each other's change. I fain would trace
Its brightness and its blackness ; and these lines
Are consecrate to annals such as those
'That count the pulses of the beating heart.'"

L. E. L.

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ADELINE;
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CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS ST. MAUR'S STORY.

ONE word on the father of Miss St. Maur will best explain her own present position in the world. He came from high lineage among the descendants of Abraham; but though very proud of this distinction, he was to all intents and purposes a thorough man of the world, and a perfect liberal in religion. His Judaism, like a good deal of Christianity, consisted simply in the name. He was born to an ample estate; and this he had increased by the profits derived from a very lucrative business. As he made no religious distinctions in his own mind, and felt confident that the efforts his people were making, would result in their being in all things placed on an equality

with English Gentiles—exalted to the senate, nay, even to the peerage—he had all his children educated in one of our large schools, in order that they might be fitted to hold any office, and move in the highest circles among the Gentiles. He early lost his wife. After her decease, he lived, for the most part, a roaming life upon the Continent; leaving his family—two sons and a daughter—to pursue their studies in England, and placing them under the care of Rabbi Eliel Sibbecai, a very learned doctor amongst the Jews.

Rather more than two years before the time of which we are now writing, he died suddenly, of fever, at the age of forty. Henry St. Maur was then twenty-two years of age, Adolphus twenty-one, and Eva scarcely seventeen. He divided his fortune equally amongst them; but in his will he expressed a desire that Eva would continue to be subject to the parental control of R. Sibbecai, until she had attained nineteen years of age. Nearly nineteen she was now; and therefore Adolphus had come to England with an intention to take her back with him to India, if he could get her consent. He went to the rabbi's, but he himself had gone abroad. Eva was sent to school in the meantime, no one at her proper residence knew where; so all his efforts to discover her had proved ineffectual, until providentially they met as we have before related. Nor had Eva had time to acquaint him with the change

while he was in India. The mail occupied four months going out — there was no overland route then — his voyage took another four; and when he left, the date of receiving his last from Eva was nearly two months old.

All the rest Eva will, in the course of events explain for herself.

It was the morning of the day following the circumstances described in our last chapter. Breakfast was over, and Adeline had placed her easel — for she never allowed a moment to pass idly — arranged the blinds, so that she might have a proper light, and spread her canvas. The subject was a mighty one; what scarcely any one but Adeline would have attempted — portraits of the most eminent persons in English history, from the landing of Julius Cæsar downwards — but her calm, quiet perseverance had nearly conquered it, and it was now drawing to a close. Eva stood by her side looking on — no sinecure, for Adeline kept her constantly employed in both analytically and synthetically criticising her performance, head by head.

"Why, what on earth are you doing now, Miss Steinberg?" said St. Maur, as with Isaac he entered the room. "Painting every body that has lived since the creation?"

"No! something more possible. Look again, and you will see." And she pointed to the names

which were written on the ellipse surrounding each face.

"And are these portraits authentic ones?"

"They are all copies of portraits said to be authentic. Most of them — all of them that lived before the Conquest — I have taken from ancient coins which father has, at various times, had in his possession."

So St. Maur thought it now his turn to pass judgment; and he plied the heads as destructively as a Sikh battery, or a Perkins' steam-gun. In less than a minute, he had passed a summary sentence upon the character expressed in every face of the lot.

"And whom do you intend to put here?" he said, pointing to an open space as he finished his running commentary.

"That is set apart to the women of the sixteenth century. I have only two more to add. Lady Jane Grey ——"

"Martyred."

"And that very, very woman — the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots."

"Murdered."

"Yes. I am glad you think so. Horribly cruel and unjust, indeed, was all Elizabeth's conduct towards her."

"Are you one of those, Miss Steinberg, that bring her in innocent?" asked St. Maur.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied Adeline. "And the more her correspondence and the other documents which relate to her troubled life are brought to light, the more irresistible does that conviction become. One feels a burning indignation, when one is convinced that her whole existence was tortured by a series of dark conspiracies against her character, her liberty, and life; and they were terribly successful."

"Eva," said St. Maur, turning to his sister, "I am going to take you to the Italian Opera to-night; and you will see Madame Rosine Stoltz and Madame Bignon. I suppose you are allowed to go there? I hope you don't misunderstand me. I hate the Romish religion without reservation; but I am not reflecting upon you, and I never will." And, as he concluded, he threw his arm upon her neck and kissed her on both cheeks, as it is good and worthy to do.

"I have no confidence in Judaism—I hate it," replied Eva. "And I must have some religion, if it be only to keep my mind in some measure of peace."

"Nonsense, dear. You needn't gull yourself for such a purpose. Be like me—have no religion."

"Oh, I am sure I never could. It seems I could not support my existence."

"Well, as you please. But, however could you make yourself believe that the Messiah has come?"

“I think I told you that I never had much faith or knowledge about it—that could with any propriety be called so ; and since last night, when I find that a priest of the Christian religion can do as Mr. Barrett has, I have ceased all opinion about it. Rabbi Sibbecai had made me glad to do anything to escape from Judaism. This was my feeling, when the Romish religion was set before me, and books upon it lent to me. They spoke to me most encouragingly and beautifully about it, and I rushed into it wildly ; and in the same wild desire to escape completely — for I knew I *must* return to Rabbi Sibbecai’s house, when he came back — I had no friends to whom I could look for protection ; and father’s will allows nothing but marriage to dissolve his control over me, until I am nineteen ; it was from the same desire to escape, that I listened to Mr. Barrett’s proposals. Yet I still scarcely know how it was done—even now I can hardly realise it. It seems all like a waking dream. In truth what I had suffered, and what I should again suffer at the rabbi’s house, was so constantly present in my imagination, that I could not receive the proper and just impression of any other thing. My mind was always pre-occupied. I intend to do now, as Miss Steinberg has kindly occupied much of her time this morning to advise—read simply my Bible, endeavour to live by it all I can ; and, confiding in the love of God for me, and His wisdom in the

direction of all the circumstances which surround me, leave all the rest to Him."

"But that is far from a satisfactory belief, Eva, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. Both I and Miss Steinberg see it all. But I decide with her, that it is the only one I can adopt with any comfort at all."

"Well, anything rather than the Romish religion," said St. Maur. "Now we shall be glad if you can tell us about Rabbi Sibbecai; and what he made you go through, and his pretence that he is the Messiah, and so forth."

"You know that Dr. Sibbecai has ever been distinguished for his extraordinary acquaintance with the Talmud and the Cabbala—a thing which always made me sorry father gave him so much power over us, for I never liked Cabbalists. He was at all times very severe in the religious ceremonies he required me to perform; but, about ten months ago, he began to be much more so. He then, for the first time, disclosed to me that he was the Messiah,* the son of David; and that, therefore, I

* Under the name of Eliel Sibbecai, we shadow forth the imposture of Shabbathai Zevi, who lately founded a considerable sect amongst the Jews. We cling closely to our text within—rather than otherwise.

Shabbathai Zevi was twenty-four years of age when he began to disclose to a very select few of his friends that he was the Messiah. In his twentieth year he married a most beautiful young Jewess from Smyrna; lived with her a little while; saw another beauty; divorced the

must do everything he commanded without murmuring or failure. He himself fasted every day until sunset. He told me to do it. And I did so as long as my strength would allow; but when he found I could bear it no longer—for I became so weak and spiritless that I could scarcely move about—he allowed me one of our unleavened biscuits in the morning, and another—sometimes two—at noon. I have reason to believe, however, that he often took some himself. Else I don't think he could live and be so strong as he was; for the principal food we had, was boiled pease or beans, or things of the kind. Nor could I purchase any other; because I hardly ever went out except he was with me. And in these walks I always wore a close veil, to keep me, he said, from indulging my eyes. He wore an iron chain round his body. He told me to do so, for it was

first, and married the second. These proceedings he often repeated. The Session of Rabbis excommunicated him, and offered a reward for his apprehension; but he continued to gain disciples, and his discourses were listened to with rapture. He and his followers prophesied, extemporised poetry, and women had convulsions. At length, Rabbi Nehemiah, a Polish Jew, and fully as learned in the Cabbala as Rabbi Zevi, was appointed to test the validity of his pretensions. He disputed with him for three days, and then publicly declared him an impostor. The reaction was fearful; and Rabbi Zevi narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the people. But many still believed him, and do so yet.

good; and until I went to school I did it. In the severest weeks of last winter he usually bathed once a day, sometimes twice, in cold water; saying a prayer while in it. He told me to practise it too. I felt that I could not endure it, and I said so—that it would kill me. Generally three days every week he clothed me in coarse cloth—the coarsest kind of sackcloth I should think it was—indeed, I verily believe it *was* old sacks cut up, for it had such an appearance, I suppose he thought this a sign of greater humiliation—and kept me nearly all day praying with him. At other times he would keep me by his side listening to him reading and expounding the Talmud or the Cabbalistic philosophy, until he was weary, and that was not very soon. Else he read the Cabbala, which I could not understand; yet still he made me hearken to him, for he said it would add to my merits and do me good. I did not dare to positively refuse anything he commanded, or even desired; because father had given him power to control me, and I feared guilt in that matter—and besides all that, I could not decide whether these things were meritorious as he said, although our dear father never taught us to do them, neither did them himself. Then I always feared him, for he was a Cabbalist, and said he had intercourse with spiritual beings; and I have heard him talking to them—at least seeming to do so. He was very easily irritated, and I knew if pro-

voked he might curse me. Ever after he told me he was the Messiah I had morning and evening to kiss his feet. He would sit thinking and praying for many hours together, and then rising to his feet, prophesy, dance, have convulsions, and extemporise Hebrew poetry in the dialect of the Cabbala. He told me that Elijah the forerunner of the Messiah would soon appear, that I should be one of Messiah's prophetesses, and that when the spirit of prophecy descended upon me — which it would upon his return — he would marry me. He had married a beautiful young person just before, and afterwards divorced her — he said it was because he intended to marry me, as both my body and soul were more beautiful than hers. I begged him not to think of marrying me, for I should never be able to please him, because I could not feel happy as his wife: and therefore I feared I should not be dutiful. He said that his happiness was not dependent upon woman; that she was only given to man as a part of his moral discipline — as a temptation — a thing to draw his soul from contemplations of eternal excellence; that it was my sinfulness and pride which made me speak to him as I did, that he had often observed what a great deal of this spirit I possessed; and also how proud I was of my personal appearance — especially of my hair, because it was golden — and that had it not been for his intention to marry me as soon as he came

back, when I should of course have it cut off, he would have done it at once to humble me. As soon as he married me, he intended, he said, to go away for a little while, to meet Moses who had risen from the dead; then he should bring the ten tribes across the river Sambation; afterwards enter Jerusalem upon a lion, which for that purpose would descend to him from the skies; that having entered the city, God would also let down a temple made of gold and glorious gems—in this temple he, the Messiah, would offer sacrifices to expiate the sins of the people—the glory of the Lord would descend and fill the place—the resurrection of the dead would take place, &c. &c. Oh! Adolphus, so much of it made me ill—I was troubled till I knew not what to do—I felt I would die rather than marry him.—I was dreadfully hardened.—If God were such a being as to take delight in services like those that Rabbi Sibbecai made me do, and if *he* was the Messiah, I felt I did not want to go to heaven, for it seemed I should hate God, and hate to serve Him, and hate to be there, and I said so, and was tempted to curse my existence, and then I did it; for I was reckless of all, uncertain of all, and I longed to die that I might know the worst—and at last it made me act as I am ashamed to think.” She spoke impassioned and with tearful utterance—here it failed—and throwing herself upon her brother’s neck she dissolved in

copious tears, murmuring, "Oh! Adolphus dear, can you ever again feel to me like you used?—I'm very sorry."

Now of all man's troubles — and their name is Legion — there is scarcely one that is greater than to see woman in tears for her own griefs. Against other sorrows his soul fortifies itself, and though he feels them down to its very foundations — but does not always get credit for it — he can meet them calm and composed as the eternal hills. But this — it is all over — he is done for — and just in proportion as he feels the necessity to sooth, is his mind bewildered, and he cannot find thoughts to say. Oh, woman! *you* who having contemplated man only in his worst aspect, have anathematized us all as an unfeeling, hardened set — just do this for us, and we will do as much for you another time, just believe that if you will throw aside all that chilliness and false feeling which conventional usage has taught you — but especially you must this moment cease applying to that lady cousin of yours, for advice upon every crisis of his disorder — trust *him* to vindicate your dignity — moral and social — jealously enough, if you will only follow our receipt, and treat him always as your free, unprejudiced, natural instincts dictate, you will find that though exceptions there have been and will be, the general rule has been and will be, that man is a most loveable and manageable animal indeed — not one in

creation more so — and your natures will mingle and fold up in each other calm and quiet, like a pair of kid gloves upon a lady's toilet table; and just like the gloves aforesaid, if one of you be lost, the other will be valueless.

Eva's display of sensibility had quite unmanned St. Maur. And he felt immeasurably worse because for the life of him he could not see what she had done to grieve about : so he was taken by surprise. At last he found utterance.

"Eva! don't give way like this. It hurts me more than I can bear. Come now! come! you'll be ill. You feel too deeply, and are ever far too ready to charge yourself. You have done just what I should have done, had I been situated like you; and indeed I am very glad that you felt such determination to do anything to escape from the bonds of that disgusting superstition. Now, dear, do be calm—do compose yourself—for your own and all our sakes," he continued, as with his handkerchief he wiped her face; and then, kissing her, he drew her towards a seat.

Adeline, who had listened to Eva's recital with mingled emotions—tearful, pitiful, sorrowful—was immediately at her side—and she was eminently skilled in all diseases of the heart, and knew exactly the proper remedies. St. Maur knew this; so, full of confidence that Eva could not have been placed in better hands, he and Isaac

left the room, that for a short time they might be alone together.

"I dislike religion more than ever," said St. Maur, when they returned. "Pshaw! the insanity of the whole thing. I wonder—Why that fellow, Isaac—that Rabbi Sibbecai is for all the world like that self-righteous old fool that I studied Hebrew under. *He* used to fast tremendously; and there he moved about, wan and weak as a ghost. I do believe that, like that young Jew we heard of lately, he will die some day of exhaustion. And he too was a perfect flamer at the bath—cold and hot—his hot bath was as hot as nature could possibly endure it; and I had always to stand by him, so that if he fainted he might be saved from drowning. This Rabbinism—isn't it all just this?—an ejection of God from His throne—that is, if there be a God—and making man sole arbiter of life and death. That's the common sense of the thing. All this praying about mercy, and so on, is merely an opiate to keep conscience quiet. If they haven't merit enough to balance demerit, God can't save them, and to perdition they go—there's the end of it. Of course my poor dear father, the good soul, has gone there, for he always had four good meals a day—if he could get them; so, you see, there wasn't much merit then in his fast—and I don't think he ever did more than read prayers night

and morning. And then these false Messiahs—so much of it. Eugh! the whole thing sickens me.”

And as St. Maur uttered the last words he started from his seat, and, passing his hand over his forehead, commenced rapidly walking the room. St. Maur might have thrown off Judaism, but there was yet one thing he could not get rid of—the warm, enthusiastic Jewish heart. His face was fervent with feeling, and his large dark eyes flashed with a spiritual fire that seemed to burn all against which he directed them. It was a beautiful contrast—Isaac seated opposite, with his noble countenance of Grecian outline, every line in it expressive of tremendous intellectual energy, and showing that he could speak in a voice to shake the world, if he liked; but, at the present, calm as the waveless summer sea.

“Isaac,” said St. Maur, stopping shortly, “if I speak in language which you, and perhaps Miss Steinberg especially, don’t like, I ask forgiveness. I’m in——”

“But it seems to me that it would be wiser to change this course of feeling. All is well now. I should think you might find cause for much joy to day in the acquisition of your sister. What is it you make so *great* as to give you disturbance just now?”

“Oh, a thing or two. You know very well I’ve got a sort of habit of saying what I mean,

and meaning what I say ; and, just now, I'm in trim to do it pretty plainly. Here's my vexation—my private opinion upon the cause will follow, if I think it worth while to kick such a—no matter. Supposing that Eva, driven to desperation through Rabbinism, had been ruined through that Barrett—I don't allude to the £. s. d., but the marriage ; for I have plenty for us both—supposing that, with a constitution naturally of the most fragile and delicate kind, and after her excessively tender and careful rearing, all this starvation, and washing, and messing had brought on decline, or something like it—a thing in every way to be expected in her case—haven't I enough to vex me, I say ? God ! if he had !—Messiah or no Messiah—I'd have—well—it is well as it is.”

“ For which you should be thankful,” said Isaac, in a kind and soothing voice.

“ Isaac, here's a bit of your own creed ; and I quote it because it has the sanctity of truth. You tell me that the only absolute thing in the universe is life—life moral and intellectual—because it is an emanation from the Deity, and eternal—the only thing that understands, appreciates, and reflects His attributes—all other things were created in subservience to this life, and to minister either to its necessities or delights—for man the earth was created ; and, when he is done with it, it is to be made a bonfire of. Very good—I have no objection. That on earth, as in heaven, this

life is all, since the body is a thing only moved and animated by it. That the truth of this life is a pure, refined, exalted moral being; leading, guiding, swaying the workings of a pure, refined, exalted intellectual being. That this is true in the experience of earth, true in reason, true in revelation, true in heaven, because true in God. That the curse of this being—in fact, the eternal perdition of it—is the moral being entirely polluted; so the intellect having nothing to purify and direct it, every thought and act is blasphemy, as every feeling must be too. Thus, then, in our life the moral being takes precedence. Well—I believe it. And, holding such a doctrine, Isaac, tell me what you would feel if Sibbecai had dared to say to your sister, what he has to my pure, noble-souled, delicate-feeling sister Eva? Did you hear what she said? He—who, by your own precept, isn't of a thousandth part the value in the scale of being that she is—*he* could dare to disgust, insult her, by references most offensive to a woman's sensibilities—by saying she was part of his moral discipline—his temptation—making his contemplations earthly—whew! the drivelling humbug! Pity, poor fellow! he was so weak just in that point—so prone to fall into the temptation—and liked, pretty often too it seems, to change the tempter—like a few others amongst his people—but women are present, so I must be circumspect. But, Isaac, hear me while I say, that

from the very bottom of my heart and soul, and, if possible, lower, deeper than that—I hate, I DAMN Judaism, because it offends, insults, crucifies that most sacred of all sacred things—that most beautiful of all beauties—that holiest of all holies—a woman’s heart!”

“You know, Adolphus, I feel as strongly as you do about that—that I condemn Rabbinism as earnestly as you can. But it grieves me when I hear you speak doubtingly of religion. The religion of the rabbis is as opposed to God, the Bible, and to reason, as anything that can be imagined.”

“If Judaism—I can make none of those distinctions between Bible Judaism and rabbinical Judaism—there is no doubt a great difference; in truth, they must of necessity be antagonistic—but I know very little about the Bible; if it supports Judaism as we are situated *now*, why I must still be a sceptic—I say, if Judaism, as we see it exemplified now, could sink into oblivion this moment, I would rejoicingly sink with it. I am ashamed of it. I never own to it. If I must have a religion, I will have one to elevate me above human frailty, not one that sinks me below it.”

“What have you to say about the promise of a Messiah to rectify all these anomalies and give us a perfect covenant?”

“What—to come?”

“Ay.”

"Not a word. Such a weak belief as that, you had better wrap in flannel, for fear it should catch cold."

"Yet the Bible, as you know, declares it positively."

"Yes. But, you see, for the honour of the Bible, you had better say nothing about it; because, if He hasn't come already, He *can't* come now, as the Bible said he would. One ten minutes is quite enough to prove that. There's a way you gentle-hearted people have of smoothing over consummate ugliness, and whirling round and round a plain, albeit perhaps a rough truth, that isn't a part of my nature; and you don't believe what you say, after all. If a thing is wrong, and won't bear the light, why let us be honest and say so, even if we choose still to stick to it, and not exhibit ourselves to the world in such a position as the Jews do—believers in a plan of redemption, the whole support of which is reasoning that an infant, who had got far enough to see how one and one make two, might drive a coach and six through. You believe in God as a perfect Being, and yet ask Him to accept you on such terms as Judaism proposes. You inflate yourselves by contemplating the perfect changeless love of God, till you forget that He is also perfectly just, without being which, He must cease to be God; for if He can allow His justice to be offended, and yet pardon the offender, without any satisfaction

offered to it, then you don't want me to tell you that he is no God, but an imperfect Being. Nor does the Judaism of the Bible teach anything of the kind. The sacrifices for sin which we offered in the land of Canaan, were only symbols—things to keep us in remembrance—of the Messiah who was promised to us, and who, by one complete sacrifice, was to atone for the offences of all mankind. And then, as to merits balancing sin—the egregious stuff is too coarse to swallow, we might suppose—it is too true that by many it is taken most implicitly. It puts me in remembrance of the Irishman at the lecture last night, asking the judge to forgive him because he had always kept the law, and never murdered anybody before. If we owe to God a perfect allegiance—and reason and revelation teach that we do; and, besides that, infinite purity can only delight itself in a perfect purity—we only just fulfil the end of our being when we never, in the smallest degree, offend Him. Then, where is the extra merit that is to expiate failure? The truth is, the thought, if you come to its very basis, is a wickedness of the very first degree, so that one shrinks from it with trembling horror. It is just this: to please a perfect Being, it is quite clear that we ourselves must be sinless; but by this belief he is told that more than this can be done—that man can be holier than He requires, than the state in which he was created, the image of eternal holiness;

and, being so, he has a store of excellence laid up somewhere—I don't know where, unless a debtor and creditor account is kept down here, and it is sent up to Him in lumps as it's wanted; for if it is more holiness than He requires, He has no right to take it up, because it is a thing that doesn't belong to Him, but to the individual; and as a just Being, He *wouldn't* take it up either—and with this superabundant excellence it is proposed to buy up guilt. I tell you, Isaac, as you have often told me, the whole process of reasoning by which the conclusions of Judaism are arrived at, is insanity—a libel on common sense."

"The last article of faith you needn't fling at us. For you know, St. Maur, that I and Adeline and Eva hold no such belief."

"Yes, I did know it; but as it came in the way of my vexation I couldn't stop. You have had your talk at me for professing Infidelity, I have had my talk at you for professing Judaism, because we are both on a par. I don't believe in Atheism, you don't believe in Judaism. Everything around me keeps telling me there is a God and an eternity; and I feel that within me which echoes to it. Everything, Bible and all, tells you that Judaism isn't true; and your spirit echoes to it. You haven't one scruple of confidence in it, if you would only own to it. So now, you see—you try to quiet yourself one way; I try another;

and it's hard to say which is the sublimest stupid of the two."

"Can you propose anything more solid — more hopeful?"

"There lies the difficulty. A good, kind, loving God, as ours is—don't be surprised that I speak so piously; for I believe in Him, and love Him too—would never leave His creatures as we are. Some dreadful mistake is committed somewhere. Our Messiah — our expiation for sin — must have come. The period predicted in the Bible is past. I think of turning Christian, to see the grounds of their faith. And before I go to India I shall certainly call on the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Well, search for truth in all directions, Adolphus; and with all my heart I pray that you may be successful. Let me know if you find it. You were always matter-of-fact, I always dreamy—and the Bible suits me. I know that all our faith is surrounded by uncertainty; then I must let it rest, for I intend to be as happy as I can."

"Well, study your Bible, live by it all you can, that must be good; I wish I could do it. But do begin—for the sake of your character and self-respect begin—to everywhere express your disapprobation of the absurd, debasing, indecent Talmud. An opinion is very prevalent amongst Christians that we have intellectual powers of

only a middling order; and if one of them publishes what from intercourse amongst us he believes is the truth, that there is no nation on earth more highly endowed in this way, he is sure to find a great deal of dissent. But no one can wonder at it. Whatever powers the nation may naturally possess, their articles of faith and their religious studies ruin them. Could you devise a thing more eminently calculated than the Talmud to degrade the intellect, and bias the judgment, until it cannot correctly decide the simplest results? Isn't it a truth that, of people who have attained the same degree of learning and civilisation as the Jews, there are none who possess so few minds of a noble, expanded, first-rate kind? The cause of all this is clear enough. You cannot be a Talmudist and get a balanced mind. Compel yourself to a thorough and logical examination of every principle, and Judaism is blown sky-high; for its existence depends on illogisms. And the thing that enables us to attain so high a condition of morality, and so profound a sense of the sanctity of the affections— which the rational and cultivated amongst us undoubtedly have— would their numbers were increased— is our noble-souled, unequalled women. Thank God for the Jewish women; they have attained their purity and largeness of heart in face of a tremendous opposing force. They are a glorious set; and what would they be under more

favouring influences than those which are shed from Jewish skies?"

"And yet," said Adeline, turning her soft, serious eyes upon him, "you most earnestly labour to drive us to despair, by crushing any hope we have in a Deliverer here, and a heaven hereafter."

"You have a right to reprove me; it *was* very wrong to elaborate such a desperate theory in your hearing," he said; the old wicked twinkle returning to his eye. "Oh, yes! far be it from me to damp your hopes of deliverance, and of a new Temple."

He laid himself along on the carpet; his head resting on a cushion, and his eyes directed to the ceiling.

"See, Miss Steinberg; listen to me, I beseech you! My hopes shall revive to please you,

'In sudden brightness, like a man inspired.'

Yes! all difficulties have vanished from my imagination, if not from my reason, and I see the majestic temple—where standing I cannot precisely tell in my dream, but I feel as if it were somewhere in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem—joyfully smiling through 'the long procession, calm and elegant,' of trees and thorny vines, where youth and eld—all gigantic—mingle in life, growth, decay and death, until they expand into one green, wide, interminable savannah—un-

invaded regions of mighty nature — fragrant with perfumed roses and flowers of Paradise ensouled in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life, in which they breathe and smile before the eyes that 'love all they look upon,' cheerful with the hum of bees, the song of birds, and brightened with ground blossoms that soften 'the severe solemn,' with the presence of the beautiful. There is some sadness, but far more of joy, in the prospect of the various and boundless provisions, by which the perfect comfort and happiness of the species is secured, in a life where the free spirit of mankind at length throws all its clogs and fetters off, and, with comet-strides, marches the long untravelled path of light into the shades and depths of ages. Sitting undisturbed in the bowers Nature has delighted to build for them, with little help from their own hands, at the dim end of that alley green which extends from the pillared portico and stately olive trees in front, until it loses itself amongst lake music, fountain-murmur, and mountain-shadow, are a number of the inhabitants in groups larger and smaller; some of them musing on the few white thoughtful clouds, or admiring the beauteous tints that flush the blue curtaining skies spread over them in boundless glory; some soundly asleep,

'With brightness and with splendour compassed round,'
others only nodding; some with pencils

'Dipped in the orient hues of heaven,'

are sketching the caverns and sequestered nooks, where silence for ever keeps awake, love haunts, and flowers kiss, and the thousand quivering lights which arch and hover round the Graces, as they dance by the fountain in the wood, wreathing the waists of water-sylphs—sylphs such as lifted their pearly arms and took in the lovely Hylas—the painters these; others with silvery spades and water-cans coloured with unchanging blue, work easy and delicious amongst the beds waving with rainbow-tinted blossoms, refreshing them with dews, supporting them by strengthening sticks, and crushing any refractory lumps of earth—and lo! one amongst the amorous group, suddenly espying what appears to be a weed or a worm lying inoffensively in the path, tramples it recklessly beneath his feet: but '*igneus est olli virtus et coelestis origo*;' what he thought a noisome weed, springs upwards unharmed from his heel 'a sweet consummate flower'—what he thought a writhing worm—and supposing it were, why, oh, why! could he be so wicked as to tread on it?—is in truth a wing-folded bird, that up into the sunlight soars singing to heaven's gate, and disappearing therein, mingles with the highest skies—the gardeners these; others with lofty brow draw and demonstrate problems in many thousand ways, and all unimaginable forms, in the fine white sand of the softly meandering walks, rolled at the rosy dawn into monotoned smoothness by wood

and garden-nymphs—the old ‘Court Beauties’ in the reign of Jupiter, or the beauties of Jupiter’s courting when earth was good enough for his footstep—the men of science these; others with heart intent, and eyes in ‘dim suffusion veiled’ bend over the pages eloquent, as they wander or repose in grateful bliss amidst the forests of cedar and branching palm, overshadowing the sunshine on each magnificent level, with a sense of something yet more sublime nearer the summit of the beauteous mount—the Talmudists these; some with the alembic full of dark deepening mystery, philosophise away the tranquil hours in wondrous experiments, and solving marvellous theories, that ever and anon break upon the stillness, else too profound, in explosions soft and musical, and dissolving as of yore in smoke that mingles with the few idle clouds reposing on the far-off deeps of the summer sky—the Cabbalists these. It is a glorious place. There intellect awakens to its various works. Science and art arise, and the more complicated condition of life itself becomes the subject of thought. The moral nature of the species is unfolded—his manifold affections arise and spread—all the loves of life assume a more exalted image—altars and temples raise their heads like freshened flowers—peace covers all the land—and the soul now undisturbed, expands all its loftiest affections. Yet even here, in this Utopian scene, there is a sense of some-

thing wanting. Alas! how is this? But, cheer up! oh! soul within me! for, I see rising from the dust, as if by magic spell, the Elysium of the greatest-happiness-people, surrounded by a beauty and magnificence of which all I had seen before seems only a faint reflection, to be enthroned in spiritual silence far above the smoke and stir of this waking earth—and into which are entering all dissatisfied with the other place, following each other like budding and falling leaves, through all generations.

‘Visions of glory spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul!’

You must excuse me — I can proceed no further; the glory of my dream overpowers me,”* he said, and laid back faintly.

“I verily believe that is not so good as before,” said Adeline smilingly. “For if you had desired to please us as you said, you would have supposed something nearer to what we hope for; whereas you merely took the opportunity to turn the whole thing into a sort of serio-burlesque.”

“There,” said St. Maur, “that’s my thanks for the trouble, is it? Why, wasn’t I as serious as could be; and didn’t I recite the whole in a

* The reader will please to observe, that these are not our sentiments, but those of Mr. Adolphus St. Maur.

beautiful voice—‘most musical, most melancholy’
—like a nightingale singing to the stars?’”

“Well, there’s the bell,” said Isaac. “Its
loafing time. So this meeting will adjourn.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

THE next day rose calm and beautiful; and, directly breakfast was concluded, Isaac and Adeline got into an open carriage to drive to the synagogue in Berkshire. St. Maur was engaged with the affairs of Eva: so they were alone.

"If you are willing, Adeline," said Isaac, "we will cross the river. And then I think that with little interval we shall be able to keep by its banks a long way."

"I shall be glad. Rivers have always a special attraction — they are always poetical."

"So I feel. And I often grieve when I see some of our youthful aspirants to poetical and painter's fame ruining whatever abilities they may possess, by low, contracted, vulgar studies, because they don't go forth and follow the course of some of our sweet streamlets, lakes, and waterfalls. Then, if such an one indeed have poetry in his soul, he will call up ideas suited to the character of picture which is vivid in his mind; he will be able to present everything in a new

and more fascinating dress, and thus will 'study with a purpose.'

"But there is one thing respecting that class which affects me more than all," replied Adeline. "It is the injured, outraged intellect, the disgraceful inaction, we so often see amongst them, through a persuasion that Present Time is shamefully indifferent to the pretensions of its men of genius. And this, as well as being very cruel to themselves, is cruel to mankind. The world is not, at least it does not wish to be, an unkind, unjust, ungenerous world. It is especially in England, that genius may be sure of its reward both in gold and honour; and I fear those who complain that theirs is neglected, do not possess any of that character which an educated and thoughtful people, can recognise as worthy of their admiration. I know that many men of genius have pined away in obscurity and suffering: but this was either their own fault, or because they had not reached their fame. Some have lacked the determining power necessary to conquer admiration. Our powers are always greater or less by our own act, and by that mystery of mysteries our own free will. Others, conscious of the presence of the divine flame, and visited with mysterious stirrings that would not let them rest, have, like young vernal flowers, faded and withered in the first bud of leaf and blossom. Their life was one of sorrow; unpitied, because, borne in silence it was unsuspected;

and such things can scarcely cease to be, unless there should come a change in human life. But, Isaac, what have we to do with literary criticism just now? Let us banish it."

"I quite acquiesce. The charming author of that charming work, *Le Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, says that the less a man has to talk about the better he talks. But this imaginative author was a Frenchman. He belonged to the land where three dinners can be made of the tail of one turbot, and where moonshine is a substantial part of everything. We English people are of quite a different style of thinking, and require something very solid to set our thoughts a-going. If that charming author were here, he might suggest us some topic from amongst these agglomerations of stone, brick, and mortar. Not even a row of flower-pots to give an inspiration."

"Be patient. It will make the suggestive solitude of the suburb gardens the more acceptable. Never commend me to the society of a garrulous Frenchman. Anything will afford a subject for the general hubbub of conversation. *You* are a sensible companion. You know when to be silent—yes, and *how* to be silent, too; or you can talk in those scanty, half-uttered sentences which endear silence, and increase its delight, without frightening the gentle goddess from our company."

"There, there, Adeline, is the Thames," said

Isaac, as they obtained a first view through a vista between the houses. "There annually for ages long before the Olympiads, the youths and maidens came to fling bouquets and garlands into the stream, and to inquire of the presiding genius, who, and when, they were to marry. Every wave is historical; and every era of its existence is marked by the mightiest changes of men, monarchs, and times. On its banks Ostorius Scapula landed; near them, Boadicea, the widow of Prasatagus, and queen of the Iceni, was barbarously whipped; and by them often stood that profound genius, who taught the wild rabble of Rome that there was a man who could subdue their warring spirits, and bend them to his will. He who filled the Channel with a fleet which would have astonished Tyre and Sidon, and manned it with a crew that might have sacked Persepolis."

"They are glorious dreams," said Adeline, "which vision to us the past. Time that has swept from the scene the works of the generations passed away, has still guarded the splendid shadows of their remembrances for instruction and delight to the successive ages. We can summon the memory of the world of old; we can look upon the cities as they mingle with the blank oblivion of the things that were; we can pass in review those wondrous ages when the world was like a magnificent theatre, when every act exhibited the fall of nations, when every catastrophe was the destruction of an empire! The glory of

kingdoms, the majesty of their might, rise up in brilliant, dream-like pomp from the misty past, and we live and act among men whom thousands of years have buried in the dust. Scenes and faces arise, and noble aspirations——; but enough; for, like all else, it is illusion. The colours soon pass away from our eyes.”

“Why, Adeline, did you close with such a melancholy note?”

“Who but must be melancholy, my dear friend, contemplating the lot of human glory! But it was not merely that, in a general sense, which made me melancholy then. I thought of our own nation—oh, how fallen!—and I wished I could fly back to those glorious ages, when our Temple lifted up its majestic front upon the hill of Zion. The exquisite Latin word *desiderium*, pre-eminently expresses this desire which the soul always has to the past—to the lost.”

“Is not that the feeling which, by withdrawing the soul from earth, raises it on soaring wings, and impels its upward flight until it breathes empyrean air?”

“Not exactly. That is Desire mingled with the highest Hope. The mind cannot rest in realities, for it was not made to do so. It lives upon Desire, Hope, and Faith, even more than it does upon enjoyment. Wordsworth has some fine allusions to this, if I understand him rightly.”

“You have thrown much ‘green light,’ as Ossian says, upon the uses which we make of the

remembrances of the past. What have you to say about Wordsworth? Do you like him?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Spite of his creed, sometimes so prominent."

"Certainly. I do indeed devoutly hope that I shall never be prejudiced because of any sentiments of that kind. If I ever am, I shall hate myself."

"And I will do what I can to help you in strengthening the hatred."

"Thank you. Some of his immortal lines are ever present to me. When I read him, I seem to have alighted in a far-off clime, and to be reposing on the banks of some pellucid stream, winding away from its source amongst landscapes, bright with unclouded sunshine and perfumed by flower-groves and forest woods; and losing not the pensive music of tranquil deeps and murmuring shallows, even amongst the softened thunder of its waterfalls."

"Whish! there's an influence. Look, Adeline, look I beseech you at that little fountain," he pursued, pointing to one in front of a large mansion. "It is a work quite after your own heart."

"It is indeed beautiful! All is so graceful! so soft! so calm!—and stillness is there! And that statue near, with its countenance in which deep mystery and perfect loveliness mingle so thrillingly. Oh, I like that! The drops which separate from the column in the centre, gleam like sapphires that the spirit of Love has breathed

upon. It falls like a mist of light. So should fountains always be. The water should be the principal loveliness. If statuary is added, it should be the smallest portion of them — like the golden chain adorning the neck of beauty — the last ornament, and the finest and least. But above all, I dislike those contrivances for spurting water from the mouths and nostrils of animals. It is a taste worthy only of semi-civilisation; and I wonder that, gross and revolting as it is to all our feelings of propriety, it finds so many supporters. There is a fountain somewhere — in a square I think in Lambeth — the device is a man holding a horn to his mouth, and he is blowing water through it with all his might. When I was at Rome, I could never feel anything but greatly offended with those lions — as I suppose they are intended for — in the Piazza del Popolo, which so lavishly supply the inhabitants with water by means of their mouths — as I passed them I often felt an instinctive longing to close their mouths, and gag them by main force.”*

“In spite of one’s vexation, one is obliged to smile,” said Isaac, “at the sight of these country donkey-carts, laden with greengrocery going to the market. By the aid of sacks, boards, and baskets piled mountain high, they are made to carry a quite indefinite quantity of provisions;

* Adeline should have seen the fountains in Trafalgar Square—so sweetly suggestive of a bed-room candlestick—with the water dribbling from dolphins’ throats.

but they are always drawn by one ragged little animal, who, by way of compensation for the work and abuse he gets, is dressed out as fine as brass nails and red and yellow ribbons can make him. But oh! Adeline, see there! is not that an exquisitely lovely spectacle?" he pursued, as he directed her attention to a woman advancing towards them with an infant in her arms. "I do protest," and his voice trembled, and a tear glistened on his long eyelash, "I do protest that of all the scenes on earth, I know not one which affects me more than that. It is so lovely—so calm—so unspeakably beautiful—so much like heaven. God has impressed upon the mother's face a wondrous loveliness; a loveliness which reminds me of angelic natures. The sweet infant with its robe of flowing dreamy white—typical of its innocence—to behold it feasting on its mother's beauty, or with cherub eyes claiming her kiss in silence and charming her even to tears. And then the mother—the ecstatic smile, the panting bosom, the grateful look, the eye melting with tenderness, the cheek changing with the impetuosity of the current which thrills through her generous veins, as she bends over her infant, half retaining her breath through intense delight and anxious solicitude—it is a subject, Adeline, which poetry cannot properly exalt, the pencil cannot touch, and to describe which the most burning thought is ineffectual."

Adeline—the beautiful and accomplished Adeline—turned upon him her deep mystic eyes. What was it she felt? We shall not attempt to divine. They were some of the holiest emotions which can agitate the heart of woman, and man has scarcely a right to analyse them, even if he could. One thing we might say—she thought how worthy he was of the most lavish love which her rich heart could give—how completely he had it—how deeply, dearly, mightily, she loved him—and then she thought on the peaceful harmonious bliss which would be their's after those two weeks—already commenced—had closed, and he was her husband!

And in such gentle and engaging converse they continued to beguile the way.

Now they stand in the little hall just within the synagogue door, while Isaac covers himself with his Talith. Then he led Adeline to the foot of the gallery stairs.

“So here, Adeline, we must part as usual. I do believe that after our marriage I will turn Christian, if you will only consent to be one too; just because in their places of worship they don't cruelly separate husband and wife.”

Adeline smiled as she shook his hand, saying, “Not to be separated in such an exercise would be far more grateful to the heart. But we will quietly let it pass, as a rule that it is useless to feel vexed with. Adieu.”

No one can look upon the ceremonies of Jewish worship with merely idle curiosity; they exquisitely touch the heart. To the keeping of the Jews were committed the oracles of God. Their's is the most ancient form of worship in existence. It is the manner in which Moses, and David, and Solomon, and the ancient Jewish worthies worshipped Jehovah. Can it be uninteresting? Yet the inside of a synagogue, with its sweet and sad reminiscences, is less known to Christians than the interior of the Mosque of St. Sophia. This ignorance has appeared to us very strange. Perhaps this neglect of the most touching relic of antiquity of worship, is chiefly caused by a supposition that everything is conducted upon a plan, entirely different from that pursued when our Lord and His apostles were wont to join, as consistent Jews, in the synagogue service. This is an opinion which requires much qualification. To be sure the reading of the Talmud has almost entirely superseded that of the Scriptures, and many of the ceremonies are ordered by it. But there is no doubt that, the general services agree in their main features, with those of the days of our Redeemer.

Nor can such a belief be admitted as excuse. In Burton Crescent is a synagogue, where the service is, in all things, conformed as nearly as possible to what it was in ancient times. The Jews worshipping there reject the Talmud. They use

only Moses and the Prophets. "For us," they say, "there is but *one* immutable law, that which was given by God for the unerring guidance of His people to the end of time." If any of our readers will go there on a Saturday, we may assure them they will be received with an attention and politeness, too seldom witnessed in Christian churches; and if they are conversant with the language in which the service is presented, they will generally be supplied with books. And they will indeed feel it to be no ordinary privilege, and be under the influence of no ordinary emotion, while they chant the psalms or recite the prayers, which even still are offered in the very same language and the very same words, in which once the Lord of Glory joined.

There are many who confound the Temple with the Synagogue of old; and to those who commit this error it, of course, seems a wretched substitute for that splendid edifice. But it is not so. Synagogues were built both within and without Jerusalem; and in them the people met to hear the law and to worship God. The following was the arrangement in these places: An ark—doubtless made according to the pattern of the ark of the covenant—was placed at the end of the building which pointed towards the holy of holies, if within Jerusalem; if the building were without the city, it was placed at the end nearest Jerusalem. In this ark the sacred rolls or oracles of

God were kept. They were composed always of the Pentateuch, to which were added such other scriptures as the congregation possessed ; and the whole was written upon parchment. Near the centre of the synagogue, and opposite the ark, was the enclosed space called Moses' chair. This was occupied by the *ḥazzan*, or Reader, with the rolls of the Law, or some other Scripture, open before him. From these he read and expounded to the congregation.

Now all this may be seen in any British synagogue at the present day. The men occupy the base of the building ; a gallery is set apart for the occupation of the women. The oriental costume is of course seldom seen, except it be on visitors from the East. The men, and boys too, wear their hats or caps, as the case may be ; for it is considered reverential to keep the head covered in the Divine presence. They are all covered, too, with that sweet memento of the past—the Talith or Vail. The Scripture which commands this, we adverted to while describing the feast of the Passover. All the officers are clad according to the prescribed forms.

The ark is enclosed within folding doors, and over these a rich curtain is drawn. At the proper period in the services the curtain is removed, the doors are thrown open, and the roll is taken out wrapped in elegant white satin, with a crown of silver pomegranates and several other

chaste and beautiful ornaments at the top of the roller. With a veneration and a tenderness, which one cannot behold without tears, it is slowly borne to the chair of Moses. The portion for the day is read; and it is then, slowly and tenderly as before, carried back and deposited in the ark—the congregation in the meantime chanting a Psalm. This is the usual mode; but, on extraordinary occasions, there are many additions, and great ceremony is used.

We believe it is not often that strangers are allowed to read and expound the Law, in English synagogues; but they are in many places abroad—especially the East. And they were allowed to do this while our Lord sojourned on earth, for “He taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.” (St. Luke iv. 15.)

The ark, in the present synagogue, is a poor representative of that holy thing in the Tabernacle and Temple, the Ark of the Covenant. There is no gold overlaying it; no cherubim overshadowing it with their wings; no tables of stone written by the finger of Jehovah Himself; no budding rod; no pot of manna. But it still contains one precious treasure—the Word of God. And though, while joining in the service, one may have a soul fraught with tearful melancholy, as a thought of the glory that is departed passes through the mind; yet those tears are tinged by the halo of that glory which is again to rest upon the beloved

Israel. Magnificent indeed is the language of the prophet, figuring forth in imagery inspired by God Himself, the future joys of the children of Abraham:—

“Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land be called Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.”

Sweet it is to dwell upon such thoughts. With a ray of blessed sunshine, they pierce the dense cold gloom which surrounds and invests Israel's present. To think upon the gathering together of both Jew and Gentile into one kingdom, over which the Beloved, the Redeemer, and King of Israel, the God of all the earth, shall reign for evermore.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS.

"Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all
And nought beyond—O Earth!"

MRS. HEMANS.

"Alas! for earthly joy, and hope, and love,
Thus stricken down, even in their holiest hour!
What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove
Who live to weep the blasted tree and flower!
O, woe, deep woe, to earthly love's fond trust!"

MRS. EMBURY.

On the afternoon of the next day, Adeline returned home to conclude all preparations previous to her marriage with Isaac. It had long been decided that, like his brother David's, it should be held at Mr. Cohen's; and on the fourth day from the one of which we have spoken, the usual feasting was to commence.

Adeline had little to do; her dress was all made up; so she went on with the common routine of home employments. When even was come, and her father had done business, she, as usual, warmed his slippers for him, washed his bald head in warm water and brushed his hair, whilst he

quietly meditated in his chair, placed before him some jelly and the leg and wing of a chicken, poured out his champagne, and then played to him while he drunk it—for, like higher people than he, Steinberg loved music at his meals.

There was a lull in the music. Adeline was busily tossing the leaves of her book in search of another piece that she knew he liked. Steinberg sipped away at his wine with tremendous rapidity.

“You mont shing muzig wit me many times now, Ada.”

“No, dear papa; not at present. But I shall often see you still; and then you must fancy I am your little girl again. For I shall claim to do all my old offices for you, by way of an extra pleasure, you know.”

Steinberg grunted a little.

“Don’t you mish your *marito* wazh eine greater man mit you?”

“Indeed, papa, it is with much fear and trembling that I shall enter on my engagements with Mr. Cohen. To think that a man so noble, so excellent in all things, has selected such an one as myself to be the keeper of his life-long happiness, overwhelms me; for I feel almost incapable of rightly discharging so great a trust. My help is laid on God; that is my confidence. Though I incline to suppose, dear father, that perhaps I do not quite understand what you meant by great-Isaac may have numberless equals; but in my

opinion he cannot have superiors in loveliness of character. To *me*," and she smiled gaily upon her father, "he seems nearer to perfection than anybody I ever saw."

"No; no; dat eesh vot I meansh not," said Steinberg, screwing up his nose till it took a *sidereal* aspect. "Mouldn't you likesh to be a lady — a *contessa*?"

Adeline thought his question, and the tone and manner in which it was put, a very strange one; especially at such a time as that. And she had to wait a little, while she thought on his probable intention, and what she must reply.

"No, papa; plain Mrs. Cohen is best. I am not quite sure that it would be well to see our people invested with titles; it might, I fear, render them less thoughtful of their duty as Hebrews."

"Well, my dear child," said Steinberg, in a very slow, tender voice, and while saying it he pulled off one of his slippers and then put it on again, "I'm gotch a better huzhbant to live mit you. He'sh an earl, too, he ish; one of them two gentlemensh you shee ven you come for the ten shillings — him wit a short boty and red hair."

"O, papa!" exclaimed Adeline, in breathless terror. Her large blue eyes dilated, her features were fixed with a metallic sharpness, her knees shook, and she clenched her disengaged left hand until the nails almost penetrated her palm.

"Now don't shet yourself againsht him before you knowsh," he said, hastily. "He'sh eine ber nice man — ber nice; be sur of dat. A heart-goot man, too, he ish; and eine of the greeatesht in the plache."

Adeline's breath came quick and short. Her heart beat against her bosom audibly; she could hear it. Steinberg heard it. She drew out her handkerchief and passed it vacantly across her face. She was stupified. The last sentence had fallen lifeless on her ear.

Steinberg waited long. She did not speak to him. She sat with her eyes fixed straight upon the floor before her; her fingers wildly trifling with the gold Venetian chain which drooped from her neck.

"He wash here on Montag," he said. "I gave him the shimplest direct I could — to come on Fritag to shee you. He wantsh to marry you mit him als fast als he can."

Adeline felt cold. For a few moments she thought she was sinking into death. She threw her arm along the lower keys of the piano to support herself; they rung with deep bass thunder, that for an instant startled old Steinberg from his propriety. What she would have given for power to weep, but her soul's tearful springs seemed all dried up.

"O, papa," she said, very slowly and faintly, after this solemn stillness had continued some

time. "O, papa, please do be kind enough to ask mother to come here directly. I want attention. Do, do be quick," she pursued, placing her left hand upon her heart.

"Vot eesh it you vantsh mit your mother?" asked old Steinberg, petulantly.

"O, don't, don't, dear papa, hesitate. Do, dear, go. I'm suf—fo—I—I want to be helped to my bed-room," she said, in a weak and dying voice.

Steinberg shook his sides in the manner of a great sulky school-boy, and twisted in his chair.

Adeline raised herself to her feet. She tried to walk steadily towards the door; and for a few steps she succeeded. Then the spirit which had sustained her was exhausted, her head whirled, and she reeled against the table. Steinberg got up and met her.

"Vot ish it you vantsh to go mit?" he asked passionately.

Weaving her arms around his neck, Adeline buried her face in his bosom, and "lifted up her voice and wept."

"Bonesh of Abraham!" he cried, "is thish the short of dolors you'm intendin' to do wit? A pretty ting, *cospetto*! Here, when a lord of the land and a gute man, plentish of monese and shervants, offersh to take you mit him for eine wife—you oughtersh to be heart-glad."

"My dear father, I have always loved you

—oh! immeasurably—and I do now; more than ever.”

“And for dis reason I vantah to shee you shettled well off.”

“Mr. Cohen, my dear father, will place me in a station far higher than I desire. O, don’t be so cruel—I won’t believe you can—don’t take me from my dearest friend—my *husband*, papa!” she sobbed passionately. “For he loves me; and you promised me to him; and God heard you as well as man. O, you fear Him, papa; He will not look on the crushing of two hearts with cold indifference.”

“Perdizione! and I breaksh for your gute. You will be great—wife mit an earl—have a title and be powerfulsh, mit plenty of monete—*Ciò vi farà rispettare da ognuno*—that will make you respected by all the world.”

“O, father,” she said, imprinting on his lips a convulsive kiss, “am I dear to you?”

“Dearsh!—*La pupilla dell’occhio!*—the apple of my eye!”

“I am not able to stand; good night, dear papa,” kissing him again, and she looked into his eyes through her tears; but there was no softness, no relenting there. She dropped his hand and staggered from the room.

She succeeded in dragging her trembling frame up the stairs. Then her strength failed utterly, and she fell against a door, as she was in the act

of grasping the handle to sustain herself. It was that of her mother's room. Mrs. Steinberg always retired to rest at half-past nine, punctual as the clock. Adeline's light fell from her hand, and she hardly saved it from extinguishing.

The sound roused Mrs. Steinberg from sleep. But all was peaceful; and she persuaded herself that it was nothing more than a portion of an unsatisfactory dream. She was already again midway between the lands of life and death, when the same noise, but not so loud as before—it was made by Adeline as she got upon her feet—roused her almost like a cannon-shot from her couch, and caused her seriously to inquire whether she was sleeping or waking, dreaming or acting. She immediately left her bed and opened the door. Adeline was just disappearing into her own room.

All a mother's ready fears were awakened on the instant. She leaped to her side. "Adeline, my love! what is this?"

For a moment Adeline's thoughts seemed to collect; and as she placed her hand upon her mother's neck, she smiled a melancholy smile of pleasure. But it was gone. She said nothing; she had neither tears nor words now. Her features relapsed into the same fixed and stony sharpness, and her eyes were lit with the same fearful fiery brilliancy as before.

Common griefs allow the heart to sigh, and the tears to flow, and the tongue to communicate its

sorrow to a sympathising friend ; but great ones, terrible and fatal, stupify the soul, paralyse the heart, make the lips mute, and suspend all the bodily senses. And so a great philosopher has said, "*Cura levis loquuntur, graves stupent.*"

Her mother placed the desolated girl in a chair, and took up her long white hand ; it felt like the grave. Repeated quarrels with her husband, had given Mrs. Steinberg's nerves an irremediable shake ; so, under any circumstances calculated to excite, she had little control over herself. She rushed to the door, screaming hysterically, "Sherah ! Maacah !" — (two female servants) — "Help, here ! Solomon ! Go for somebody instantly ! Adeline is dying !"

The sight of her mother's terror caused a partial revulsion of feeling ; and Adeline rose, saying, "No, no ! dear mamma, I only want you. Shut the door ; let no one else come — fasten it."

"O, mamma !" she said, throwing herself upon her mother's bosom, when she returned, "I'm very glad to speak to you. Father is going to separate me from — from —, will make me marry another — man — and a hateful one — and a Gentile."

"The old wretch !" cried Mrs. Steinberg, in a spasm of rage. "That's it, is it ! O well, we'll see about that. I say, Adeline, you *shall* marry Mr. Cohen, and nobody else. There now, make yourself quiet, my dear," she said, hastily. "I'll

get you some wine; it will help to bring you round again."

Mrs. Steinberg quickly came back, rattling the bottle and glass with desperate energy. She trembled with passion. The cork was ejected from the bottle with lightning-like rapidity, and she filled a large glass; too full—it ran over in streams. "Never mind; there, Adeline, my sweet child, drink that—undress directly—drink it up, now—it will revive you. Go to bed. Here, turn round a bit; let me unfasten your dress. Mind and try to get to sleep as quick as you can; don't think, but make yourself quite happy. I'm going; pour out another glass."

"Mamma," said Adeline, looking in her face earnestly, "now do let me intreat you to have no words with father. You will make yourself very ill, and add greatly to my pain; and you know no one but God can move him from any purpose. O mamma, if you will pray for me, you may do me good; you may save me. Do—do stay here with me. I don't like you to go away, dear. Put on this shawl. There, sit down, now, by me."

"Save you, Adeline! Why—why—you are not,—are you—going to leave Mr. Cohen, just because of him, then?"

"O, mother, I dare do nothing else. O, it is worse than death! The Lord give me much strength, or I shall sin greatly. I am tempted to murmur bitterly; it is so cruel, wicked, it is dis-

honouring me. O how terrible! And, my dear Mr. Cohen, and his sufferings. O mother! mother! help me to bear it! O!" and the heart-stricken Adeline fell lifeless upon her mother's neck; her eyelids closed, she knew and felt no more.

The midnight had passed. During the whole of this time, the only sign of life which Adeline exhibited, was a slight movement of the chest, and a faint soft breathing, if the ear were applied close over her lips. She moved a little now; and Maacah, who sat watching over her with trembling solicitude — for she loved her, who could help it? — observed it directly. She poured some wine into a glass, and with a teaspoon administered it very gently.

"Thank you, always kind and thoughtful," Adeline murmured, "Anxious! but, my dear friend, you should not be anxious at so small a thing. . . . Now, Isaac, I must rest. I am a sore hindrance to you, I fear; but I am wearied, for the ascent has been steep and toilsome. Sit by me here. How thrillingly beautiful are those views opposite us, on both sides of the lake. I cannot tell you when I have seen anything that affected me so deeply. And all is so tranquil: my mind accords with it. My peaceful happy spirit reflects these lovely scenes, as calmly as the blue waters those beautiful islands

within them. I shall carry the feeling of this soft time in my heart, long after I return to the busy, fermenting world. I think we must often visit this spot. . . . Yes, I quite think as you do about that. Do you observe those fine hills on yonder coast? They have an appearance of vanishing in the very light. O, I think that excessively beautiful! The extreme loveliness of the views as we ascended, the desolate look of that forest of black pines immediately beneath us, and the grand spectacle which we have before us here, so varies and sustains the interest, that every emotion which nature is capable of producing seems to have been crowded into one spot and one hour. And you feel so too? I am glad of that. But I can always assure myself what your feeling is, because a perfect union certainly subsists between us on every subject. . . .

"Isaac; Isaac! Don't run down that steep — it frightens me. O dear! he can't stop!——"

Whilst Adeline's wanderings were expressive of calmness and peace, Maacah stood over her determined not to interrupt. But now that her ideas had taken a condition of alarm, she thought it well to try to disperse them and to inspire more quiet ones: so she said, "Don't terrify yourself; he has got down quite safe."

"Are you sure of that? I cannot see him. Where is he, then? Why doesn't he come to me? he knows where he left me."

"But I believe he is very tired, and waits to recover himself. You know he ran a long way."

"Why are you here, Maacah? It is not so. O, you should not fear to tell me the worst; it would be kinder, and I can bear it. I remember; yes, I know it all now. O, how he prayed, and fell on his knees to me: and O, Maacah, I tried, but I couldn't help him. His loving, imploring eyes! I see them yet; and father was by him—he wouldn't save him for me — and he kept me back. But the time is short. Soon, mingling with the loveliness of a happier land, I shall be united to his sweet spirit for ever."

Maacah leaned over the bedside, weeping; the sound reached Adeline's ear. She opened her beautifully blue eyes. Oh! how full of deep anguish they looked! and turned them upon her, at the same time holding out her hand. "O Miss Steinberg!" said Maacah, "I wish I knew how to comfort you." The words and the sight of the bed and the fire, with all the accompaniments upon her table, seemed gradually to restore her to a proper sensibility; and she drew a long, deep sigh.

"Thank you, thank you, good Maacah; very much I thank you. But don't trouble yourself; I cannot bear to see you unhappy too. Where is dear mamma?"

"She is in bed now."

"Something has happened?"

"She is not well."

"O, how dreadful! When all should have been peace. I must go to her," she continued; and she attempted to rise.

"Miss Steinberg, you ought to keep in bed—at least till morning. You must feel how much you want rest."

"But I cannot take it till I have seen my mother," said Adeline. "Why do you wish to stay me, Maacah?" she pursued, as the maid held up her hands intreatingly.

Waiting for no reply, Adeline glided from the room. On trying her mother's door, she found it fastened; but a servant immediately opened to her, and Adeline walked up to the bed.

"What is the matter?" she asked in a low voice, for Mrs. Steinberg was in a light sleep. "A blow! Oh, my precious parent! what you have suffered, what you *will* suffer, for me. How long has she slept?"

"Not long; three quarters of an hour, perhaps."

"When she awakes, call me, Sherah, even if I should be sleeping."

"Now, Maacah," said Adeline, when she returned to her own room, "you will oblige me much by going to your rest directly. I am very grateful indeed for your attention; and as a further favour, Maacah, I beg a remembrance in your prayers."

"The Lord bless you and keep you, Miss.

You need His support now, and you will surely have it," sobbed Maacah; who, be it told, was a very consistent, affectionate, pious-hearted young Jewess.

"I do, indeed, require more than human strength," replied Adeline tearfully; and she pressed Maacah's hand warmly while she said it.

"Well, I shall have your sympathies and your prayers. Now go, there's a good girl. And mind, I shall be well enough; don't you think of rising till you have had sufficient repose. Good night."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ADELINE'S LETTER.

"Love's words are writ on rose-leaves, but with tears!"

L. E. L.

As soon as Maacah was gone, Adeline spread her desk open before her, to write a letter for Isaac. She took up her pen tremulously, and rapidly traced a few sentences. Then she as hastily seized the sheet, and, crumpling it in her hand, tossed it into the fire. She placed another sheet; but before she began afresh, she leaned her head over her desk, and though she uttered scarcely a sound, the convulsive throes which quivered through the whole length of her frame, and the large tear-drops which forced themselves between her long taper fingers and rested upon her hand, sufficiently attested the mighty agony of her spirit. In a little while she suddenly drew herself up, and, dashing away the tears with her handkerchief, took her pen and quickly wrote off the letter. We shall give it in just her own words.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"I desire to see you—here—at the very earliest you can permit.

"I wish you to come to me with a mind fortified against sorrow, for I have painful tidings to communicate—tidings which I incline to believe you will feel very severely. I shall not tell you what they are now, because I want to have you by me when I do it. You know how greatly I suffer when anything occurs to grieve you; then, for my sake, too, I beseech you to preserve your feelings in strict command. Keep your mind in perfect tranquillity. Do not weaken it by alarm, neither by attempting to guess the import of my knowledge; rely upon it, there is scarcely one probability that you can imagine it. I tell you so much, my beloved friend, from a double cause—in some measure to prevent those fears which, through your intention to come for me so soon as to-morrow, you else would have had; but, most of all, because the information should not be given you with unkind abruptness. Yet, mark, if you do not come to me exhibiting the same calm grace of mental serenity, which you usually display in seasons of sorrow—and I shall take much notice—I shall perhaps think it my duty to allow you to depart without even a hint of what I have to make known.

"You have kindly said to me, that ever since

our happy engagement commenced, I have always succeeded in so relieving you of trouble that, you ever recur to me as a sort of refuge. Well, my dearest friend—though perhaps this influence which I have been able to exercise for you, is principally owing to your deep feeling of affection—come to me again; and while pillowing your head upon Adeline's bosom, there pour out your griefs. And if it affect you so much, I will bathe your throbbing temples with the tears of fervent soul-deep sympathy. In everything which concerns you I have an equal concern; so I feel this sorrow as powerfully—more powerfully, oh, much more powerfully! than if it were all my own.

“Now speed you hither. If you cannot come directly, come at any other hour you can; I shall certainly be at home the whole day.

“Till I see you, farewell, my dearest friend. To the God of love I commend you.

“Assure yourself that you possess the undiminished esteem and affection of

“ADELINE.”

At about nine o'clock on the same morning, a messenger was despatched with the letter. Whilst it was on its progress towards Mr. Cohen's, Adeline sought her father. Not because she had a hope of softening him; but she felt it a duty which she owed to Isaac, to leave no means unused that might, by any possibility, induce him to relent.

So she went down into the breakfast-parlour, where old Steinberg was guzzling away at his fifth solitary cup, and mumpling his sixth muffin.

"Good morning, dear papa. Are you quite well?" said Adeline. And she threw her arms upon his neck and kissed him, still continuing to hang over him, with her deep, loving eyes looking into his, as she waited for his reply.

"*Ja! ja!*" jerked out Steinberg, "I'se ber nice, sur."

"Allow me, my dear father," said Adeline, as he put down the cup, the contents of which he had continued to absorb with tremendous suspirations, and vortex-like fury, ever since she came into the room, and began to prepare it for the sixth fill.

Steinberg grumbled out a concession that she might do it for him.

"I am pained inexpressibly, when I think you were last evening angry with mamma on my account," said Adeline, when Steinberg had again composed himself for meditation over his coffee. "Don't be so any longer, papa, will you?"

"Cosperro! Let her attendsh wit her own beesnesse den. She has gotch too much strepitusness of voice. *Ella parla incessabilmente* — her tongue runs perpetually."

"But, my dear father, you remember how excessively sensitive she always was; the smallest thing jars upon her nerves dreadfully. And I

have remarked that lately this extreme sensibility has much increased. Papa, I know how much she loves you; and these things are grieving her to death. Love is the grand element of her existence; she can live in no other. Oh, my dear father, if you would go up to her, and kiss her, and speak kindly to her. She is very, very ill indeed, and it would help to recover her."

"Na, na," growled Steinberg. "Ven she vantsh me nexht time, she'll have to came aftersh me. If I'm troubleshd mit much more of her dolors wit me, I'll divorce her—vat do you tink mit dat now?"

"Father! you must not speak of my beloved mother in that way!" said Adeline passionately. "She is too excellent to have that disgrace thrown upon her, or even to have the thought held against her. But I'm sure you can't intend anything of the kind. I will not allow myself to believe you could separate from her. Oh, papa, she has doubtless many failings, but she is a lovely woman, a lovely wife. Do, dear, try to understand her better; bear with her weaknesses; love her for and applaud her excellences, and she would spend her life in trying to make you very happy; she couldn't help it."

"Ya, ya! for dis reason I hates not your mother; let her keep to her own beesnesse."

"Papa, you must expect her to be concerned on my account, because she loves me very dearly

indeed ; and think how suddenly I told her your desires about me."

"Ver well ; she loves you not als I dosh. If sho, she mouldn't mis-advise you for your gute."

Adeline made no reply.

"I tink, my lovesh," old Steinberg began again, and he plunged both his hands quite out of sight into the pockets of his under garment, laid himself back comfortably in his chair, and, with gingerly carefulness, stretched his legs out before the fire—"I tink de Lord als bin ber gute to you to bless you so nice in such a manner. Now, you shee, you mill be ein great person, and ablesh to do much for your pipplesh in monete and influence, and so following. You are not ein halb tenkful sufficient als you should. De Earl Vernon is a ber true and fair man in all tings—wen you acquaints wit him you mill tell me so—and you oughtsh to much love him and be ver kind, tantamount as to say 'dis is de leastest preis I can pay you for als your gootness for me.' Den you will make him better, because de woman he lives mit at dis present is not wife mit him, and you will preventsh him from sin ; for vich ting de Lord mill bless you."

"Father, is it your final command that I see this gentleman to-morrow?"

"Ya, ya. Shertinly it is."

"And that, if he request it from me, I give him my consent for marriage?"

"Ya. Ber nice — ber gute. And als well mind, I musht have you to be ver proper and fair to him — als you say to him be ver kind and affection, and gute," said Steinberg, bustling up. Adeline had asked the questions in a tone of profound calmness—her anguish was too mighty, too engrossing, to be expressed by passion, or even to allow strength for it; and Steinberg persuaded himself it was because she had become more reconciled to his will.

"I expect Mr. Cohen here this morning, my dear father — then I am to say to him, that, although the day for my marriage with him had been fixed, and is now so near, you permit me to receive his affection no longer."

"Ja, ja—that's easy donesh—*senza molta fatica*—with little trouble."

Adeline leaned her hot forehead upon her hand, and big tears rolled down her cheek fast—oh! those fearful tears!—so calm!—so quiet!—and her soul was in them! Life sheds such tears but once.

"You mushn't drow yourself in irritations ein behalb of Mr. Cohen, Adeline. In eine wick or two he'll gitsh another *amante*—sweetheart;" and Steinberg laughed. "He'sh only had ein *imbriactura*—fuddling-bout;" and Steinberg laughed again.

"I shall obey you, my dear father," said Adeline, rising. She kissed him as she passed out of the

room, leaving Steinberg to chuckle and snigger with himself, over the delightful ease of mind with which she now consented to the change. "*Questo pare ragionevole*—that seems reasonable," he ventriloquised; and he took an enormous fist-full of snuff and let fall a deal of it about his waistcoat flaps, quit embrowning his rusty old coat-collar and shirt-frill. And then he went to his strong box and took out several bundles of bills, a drawerful of loose cash, and his dirty, shabby account-book, and began, for the dozenth time that week, "to *become* how his shavins and lossesh shtood mit him."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ISAAC AND ADELINE.

"You would say something that is sad—Speak!"

SHAKSPERE.

"And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?"

MRS. HEMANS.

"Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

IDEM.

"It is a fearful thing
To love as I love thee; to feel the world,
The beautiful, the bright, joy-giving world,
A blank without thee."

L. E. L.

It was about two hours after this conversation when Isaac drove up to the door. He was, as usual, shown in without ceremony. Adeline was lying at full length upon a lounge, absorbed in thought, as he stepped into the room.

"This is kind, to come so quickly," she said, as she rose and presented him her hand.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I was glad of the opportunity of seeing you to-day. You know it is quite an axiom, that the nearer such relations as ours approach completion, the more jealous one becomes of separation, and the more impatient to shorten it."

"You observed, Isaac, what I told you?" she inquired, with her usual perfect serenity.

"O yes; and I am come quite prepared and desirous to know what it is. But, first, I must tell you, that I have come with a hope that you would kindly consent to accompany me home to-day. It is only a difference of a few hours; and you said you had no particular engagements to fulfil, you remember. Then, if you will come, you can tell me as we are riding home. Moreover, let me say to you, I don't in this express my own wishes merely. Father, Mary, Miss St. Maur — indeed everybody at home, urged me to make the same request. Now do, dearest Adeline, grant it; will you?"

"I fear, my dear friend, you have not properly thought on what I said," replied Adeline. "If you had—if you had come as I would have had you, with a mind expecting sorrow, I think you would have asked me to make it known to you without delay."

"Is it so very dreadful, then, really?" inquired Isaac. "You are so exceedingly kind to me always, Adeline, and feel so deeply about anything

that affects me, that I, perhaps, have not attached such weight as I ought to what you said. You look very serious; what *has* happened?"

"I told you it was a severe sorrow," she said steadily. "It is one, Isaac, which you will feel profoundly. Now, nerve yourself—keep calm—come and sit down by me while I tell you," she pursued, in a delicately modulated voice, and there was a slight tremor in it. "And, after so much as I have hinted, it would be a cruel kindness to keep the knowledge of the worst from you any longer." She rose and hung over his bosom, and her long glossy tresses fell shadowingly around his face and neck—there was a soft silence. "Your—poor—Adeline will be cruelly—torn from you," she said in a gentle, lute-like voice.

Isaac answered nothing.

"But," continued Adeline, in the same angelic tone, and she laid a kiss upon his forehead, "thy gracious Father will not forsake thee, my sweet friend, will not forsake thee, if thou dost not forsake Him. Look up to God, and find there the compensation for that happiness which man has denied thee. Though thy cup of sorrow overflows—though anguish presses heavily upon thee, poor sufferer—though thy hopes are blighted—thy heart lacerated—thy affections thrown back a bitter load upon thy soul—though life has called thee to its trials, the evil days are on the wing when 'thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in

them;' yea, have already descended. Yet fix thy thoughts upon objects of higher value—objects of immortal hope—objects that will ennoble thy mind, raise it above the vain dreams of earthly happiness, and cause it to constantly tend towards that precious being, where thy felicity will be perfect and everlasting. Give thyself entirely to thy King; repose on His care and wisdom in directing thee. In these days of trial and of awe 'His Spirit shall be with thee;' thou shalt fear no ill, for amidst all the suffering that surrounds thee 'He shall restore thy soul—His goodness and mercy shall follow thee.' Strengthen thine heart, then, my beloved friend; 'the Lord Himself is thy Shepherd, thou shalt not want; amid the green pastures and by the still waters' He will make thy spirit to repose. His hand afflicts that thou mayest know the true value of the attractions of this transitory life, and not suffer thy wishes mainly to centre in them—using only the best and purest of them as aids in thy progress towards the skies; as things given to cheer thee, fainting pilgrim, on thy road to the abodes where all is love, for all is God."

Honour to thy noble woman's heart! Forgetting its own anguish in the care for its cherished one. Every fibre in Adeline's soul was crushed, and it was with a mighty effort that she raised even her weeping eyes to heaven; but she spoke brave and strong.

" 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' was the exclamation with which Job animated his trust in God, when groaning beneath an overwhelming weight of woe. And in this must we be confident, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' He only can give us a satisfying portion in this life and open to us at last the portals of the skies, and introduce us to the eternal joys in His presence—joys, Isaac, which no man can take from us. No suffering enters there—no uncertainty—no disappointment can be felt there. Raise, sad mourner, then, thy streaming eyes from the ground. Has the object of thy most tender affection been rudely snatched from thee?—hast thou, like Job, lost all thy possessions?—still thy loss is but dust—merely dust. God remains with thee, and shall remain with thee for ever; and He is all and in all. He would sooner break His covenant of day and night, so that there should not be light in its season, than allow anything to harm thee, for thou art one of His children. Your Adeline loves you, my precious friend, and she will continue to love you and honour your memory while her being continues; but what is my love, compared with God's for you? He loves you in a manner of which you and I can form no conception, and which archangels can never tell us. The storms of life may rage with fearful violence—we may look in vain for some prospect of their abating—no starry gleam may be present to guide the pen-

sive traveller on his way—no ray of heavenly light be seen to brighten the dreary wilderness we are crossing—but we shall not be lost—God will sustain us, even when the world is vanishing from our dim and fading eyes, and the outspread wings of Death overshadow us. And when life and its conflicts shall have at last ended, all will be rewarded with love, eternal, immortal, immeasurable, unsearchable. In that blissful being, my dear friend, 'the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended;' and thine Adeline, joined to thee for ever, shall love thee with a love brighter, purer, deeper, than any she now has to bestow; and our feet, sandalled with immortality, shall, in company with the holy angels and happy spirits, wander upon the soft margin of the waters of eternal life. All, all is peaceful there—all is loving there—all is happy there! Oh! it is beautiful! Isaac," she said, again bending to kiss him, "let us forget time! Let us think of eternity! assured of this, that our most vivid conceptions of the happiness, the joy, the peace we shall there have in reversion for our sorrows here, fall as infinitely short of the reality, as our dim and dark conceptions of the Deity fall infinitely short of the Being that He is—and God is Heaven."

"O, my lovely friend!" said Isaac, with a gush of passionate feeling, "how can I give thee up? It's impossible! O God! is this the end of all

our happy hours, and sweet communings of soul, Adeline? Love is the same feeling in Deity and humanity; an earthly parent thinks life itself is of far less consequence than the happiness of his children; but I have no wish that your father should have the punishment of this anguish inflicted upon him. No. I pray fervently — and I will believe we are God's children, since He has declared he will not despise the offering of a broken and a contrite heart — I pray fervently that He will forgive our wrong-doer. Well, life to me has ended now. I have done with all. What are you taken from me for?"

"To be married, Isaac, to another man; and, oh! such an one! I strive to view no human being with contempt, but though I have only seen him once — and that but for a moment — I believe he is one of the lowest, most grovelling natures to be easily found; and he is a Gentile; and I am to be sold to him for money and a position. Isaac, don't say what you think; let me honour my parent with all my heart if I can."

"O, Adeline, do have mercy upon me!" exclaimed Isaac, clasping her hand and falling upon his knees before her, while noble manly tears flowed down his cheeks. "Don't kill me, Adeline. Do not send me forth unblessed and blighted, to wander on the cold bleak wilderness of life!"

"My dearest friend!" said Adeline, stooping to embrace him, "for my sake rise. Tempt me

not to the commission of such a sin, lest I prove too weak to withstand the deep yearnings of my own heart and your anguish. Rise, I beg you. Come and repose yourself on my bosom, and I will kiss your crushed spirit into peace, if I have power left me. Come."

"Is it not commanded that you shall not marry strangers?" said Isaac, passionately.

"Yes. But Isaac, my father commands! You know as well as I do, that this overrules that prohibition. Marriage with strangers is, by the law, only to be punished by putting the offender out of the synagogue; disobedience to parents, by stoning to death. My father has taken the responsibility of compelling me; I dare not refuse him. I feel I am sinless in the matter. Now do let me prevail upon you to come and recline upon the sofa; I will sit by you. First I will get you some wine; it will refresh your prostrate body, at any rate."

"Oh, Adeline, God help me now!" he said, when she returned. "All is taken from me, at one fell stroke. You were my sun, Adeline. Already had its beams gleamed upon me with messages from heaven; and in its genial influences I received freshness and fragrance. It has gone down now then, for ever—before it had fully risen upon me; and left me in all, all blackness, all darkness visible. O, my heart! It will feel nothing again."

"You feel as if you would not, in these bitter first moments," replied Adeline. "But you will find—for I know you well, my dear friend—that, on the contrary, your spirit will be more merciful, more kind, more tender than ever, when the first woe is past. It will make you feel that there is a value in affection—make you attach a mighty fearfulness to its being outraged, which you had never half supposed before."

"See here, my beloved Adeline," he said, in the serene, mournful tone which is the language of the soul's utter anguish, as he took out a small, delicate, purple enamel watch, attached to a very slight, exquisitely-fashioned chain. "See here, I bought this for you as I was going home yesterday,—bought it to give you to-morrow as I thought—when—when—" Ah! relieve thy heart-break! let thy tears flow, poor crushed one! We pause in honouring silence—thy sorrows wring a sympathising tear from all young and gentle hearts.

"And here," and he touched the spring mechanically, and took out a white leaf, "here is the dried leaf of one of those water-lilies, which you planted by the little fountain in our garden—Mary dried it for me so beautifully—and on it, you see, in small rose-coloured letters, I have painted your name, and the date I intended to give it you. Will you still accept it as my—last—gift to you, sweet Adeline?"

"O, yes, that I will! and cherish it more fondly than all the rest," said Adeline, her face bedewed with tears. "Place it, Isaac, around my neck with your own hands; and it shall never, never, be taken off again, until it is removed by those who perform the last offices for my lifeless dust—and if I have timely intimation of my death, I shall request that it be left to accompany me to the tomb."

"Thank you, thank you, for that precious expression of your affection," said Isaac. "I will wind it up for you, and set it to right time, by my own watch first. There," he said again, as he kissed it and hung it on her bosom, "more blest than I—that bosom I expected would—but let me cease! it is all over now."

"Poor Mary will feel this most cuttingly—I dread to make it known to her," he said, a little time afterwards. "It was but this morning, as I was coming away, that she congratulated me upon how soon she would be able to lay aside the distant style of friend, in addressing you, for the more loving one of sister. I am concerned about her more than any one else at home—they will all feel it, especially father—but it will make Mary ill."

"The Lord bless her and be with her!" said Adeline earnestly. "Assure her of my most fervent love—tell her I shall never cease to love her, and pray for her; and desire her to do the

same for me. But don't you think, Isaac, she could come here to see me?—to-morrow afternoon, perhaps, she could come, and then she could stay through the sabbath with me."

"I'll ask her," said Isaac, in a dry, sad voice. "But do you mean to say, Adeline," he added almost directly, "that after to-day you are not going to allow me to see you any more?"

"O no, Isaac. It is what I wanted. I should not have liked, perhaps, to ask it of you. I am glad you have offered it. You shall see me whenever you choose to come—if—"

"I know!" exclaimed Isaac, pressing her hand with a bitter spasm of agony. "But there is no great hope of that, if he discovers who I am."

"Let us leave it to God, with all the rest," said Adeline.

Hours flew rapidly by, and Isaac had to depart at last. They rose together from the lounge, and her soft loving eyes, blue as the clear summer heavens they gazed at, were turned full upon him, pouring their pure spirit into his inmost soul, as looking right into them he took both her hands in his. "O, Adeline," he said at last, "how I love you!—how I have loved you from that happy moment when I first saw you! Remote from the common haunts of life, you rose before me with the strange beauty of a visionary phantom; yet with a human loveliness that touched with a

mingled charm my fancy and my heart, and blessed my whole being with delight. I saw 'how divine a thing a woman may be made.' The beauty of your soul seemed idealised—floating before me as between the heaven and earth: and I felt in its purest form and brightest reality, that chaste love which sanctifies and supports the heart amidst all the duties and sorrows of life, and beautifies and blesses our travel to the skies.

"I loved you, Adeline—you knew it not—my friends knew it not—it was my first love—one feeling that will never die! The green leaf was almost hidden in blossoms, and the tree put forth beautiful promise. Cold winds blew, and clouds intercepted the sunshine; but it felt the dews of heaven, and kept flourishing fair even in the moonlight, drawing sweet sustenance from the stars. You seemed so much beyond me; one of those brilliant beings—framed of light and love and happiness—that 'all eyes that looked on loved' you; and my love's mild bright spring-dream, 'sweet but mournful' to the soul, though still soft and flowery, was becoming one of the beautiful evanishings of my mortal life, to live only among my half-fancied memories. Then, Adeline, it was, I found that the divine flame which I had supposed to magnanimously keep hidden, revealed itself to the fine perceptions of the woman. You blessed me by your own gentle

inspirations—by speaking to my heart in a silent language, which was not meant even to express the feeling it betrayed.

“And then I was happy—it seemed, perfectly happy. I lived in an ideal world, my mind was recalled to its state of original blessedness. I had the flowing, calm repose—the happy retirement—there was no painful retrospection—no gloomy expectation—no sense of decay—that all things are passing away; all was of the freshness and spring time of life. In my vanity, I hugged my happiness with the flattering belief that your beauty was created solely for me—spell-bound to others, and only surrendered up for my own possession, the enchantment being taken off as my peculiar blessing. When absent, I seemed in every sound to hear the rustling of your footsteps, coming to rejoice me by your presence. And then, our walks together—in which I felt jealous of the fragrant airs that breathed around you, and wooed kisses from your lips—the murmured converse in bowers beneath the many-coloured shade—or, amongst the soft low sunlight, on the banks of that little lake, where scarce ever the summer wind has strength to break the image of the sky—when we spoke of all fair and youthful things—of childhood’s purity and grace, and the joyous hopes of early days mingling with the tender thoughtfulness of graver years—and when our

souls took wing above the cold gray sky of earth, to the seats of innocence and rest—and, oh! when in these scenes of grateful bliss, my sight was met by your soft blue eye and noble brow, and I felt a joy I could not speak!—dew, thus thrice blessed, can never descend twice on such an earth as this; my head sinks like a chance-flower in some dank shade, left to wither among weeds.

“Adeline, you are far better, purer, holier than I—you have blessed me, by praying with me often—I feel sick of this hollow life—bless me, by praying with me once again—I need help to sustain my spirit now—my thoughts are terrible—I fear them!”

Isaac bowed his head, and Adeline, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, prayed—

“Mighty Jehovah, from Thy high throne deign, O Thou! who art love, to strengthen and elevate our minds, that we may stedfastly adhere to Thee, and evermore stand firm in our faith. Let Thy word encourage and console; and Thy light guide us through the darkness of our path. That Thou art mindful of our welfare, that Thou carest for Thy children, we will never doubt. Forgive us, if in the surprise of our sorrow, we have failed to have confidence in Thy loving-kindness, O God. Thy humble worshippers, devoutly fixing all their hopes in Thee, feel that only those trials

which it is Thy good will they shall know, can fall upon them; and also feel that by Thy wisdom, all will eventually be ordered for their good. By Thee our tears are numbered, our sighs are heard; Thou seest the designs which man has formed against us; but Thou wilt not suffer Thy children to be too sorely oppressed. Thou wilt not suffer them to fall into any fatal snare; but Thou wilt preserve their souls. Our spirits soothed by this delightful persuasion, while happy at ordinary seasons, shall be patient under tribulation, and still retain their confidence in Thee.

“We are filled with grateful amazement, O God! when we reflect what, through Thy bounty, we have become. The homage of our lasting thankfulness is due to Thee, O Father! for Thy unbounded goodness. Ever may we recal it, and may our hearts be eager to adore Thy holy name. Yet, what are we, that Thou shouldst put upon us such honour as to accept the poor tribute of our praise, while holy and immortal angels are eternally hymning Thy glory above the sky! Infinite Jehovah! Eternal I Am! for the glorious gift, for the mighty privilege of prayer, accept our thanks. Thus engaged we feel ourselves lifted above sublunary cares, and momentarily taste, by anticipation, of celestial happiness. King of all kings! how vastly does Thy might

and Thy benevolence surpass that of the great of this earth! They frequently refuse the supplications of their subjects. Impotent to relieve, the petition is rejected. Not such Thy course. Of all those who solicit Thy care and Thine assistance, not one remains unheard and unanswered. Exalted as Thou art above all—even above the highest seraphim who sing Thy praise—still Thy loving protection is extended to the meanest of Thy creatures—to the insect in the dust, as to the angel that stands next Thy throne. Oh, Thou! whose finger points to revolving suns the points at which they are to shine, be eternal honour Thine, for also guiding mankind in the path which they should follow.

“But, oh! difficulties lie in the way of our duty, and our spirits faint and ask, ‘How is it possible we ever can conquer?’ Deign then, O God, to calm our souls. Tell them to be still; and cause them to remember that, all the sufferings which we are capable of knowing in this state of existence, are not worth a moment’s thought, when compared with the undying glory which will one day be the rich reward of virtue. A day will come, and it may be very soon, when our yearnings for peace and happiness shall be gratified; when all that has been mysterious in the dispensations of Thy providence shall be unveiled, and that which is now obscure fully revealed to our eye. The

arduous toil, the thorny path that leads to heaven, will soon be looked upon only as among the things that were! The days of our grief will close; and we may reach our sweet joys and rest, sooner than we have permitted ourselves to imagine.

“O yes! ye blessed ones, who are seen on the earth no more, ye heavenly spirits who now from the scene of bliss look down upon us with delight—perchance are now at our side, whispering words of peace and holy consolation—we shall soon join you. From us the earth must pass away, but heaven is opening to receive us. To gain such a consummation, is worthy of a steady, persevering struggle. We will bravely and unflinchingly go through it. No sorrow, no suffering, shall induce us to forsake Thee, Eternal Father! Living, we will live to Thee—dying, we shall die to Thee. Then death will be only like sinking into a peaceful slumber, for we shall go to our repose on the bosom of our Lord.

“Animating hopes! may they ever be ours. Let our hearts henceforth be filled with a perfect love of God and man. In Thee, O Lord, we will place unlimited trust; for we remember what Thou art, and we think of Thy goodness. All our life has been cheered by blessings dispensed by Thy hand. May they be answered this day, and in every other which we may be permitted to see, by dutiful obedience to Thy laws. Then shall

we prove celestial happiness whilst here below. But, O! when that precious—that joyous day arrives, in which we find ourselves lifted into the higher sanctuary, among blessed spirits and the patriarchs of the world, how great will be our bliss—how extatic our joy; for mingling with the unimagined music of the skies, we shall perfectly love Thee and enjoy Thee for ever and ever!”

“Thank you, my sweet Adeline,” said Isaac, when she had finished. “It has done me good—it has made me feel better—less bitter I mean—but, oh! not one iota more willing to part myself from you—that never can be—it is rending soul from soul.

“You will come down stairs with me, my lovely friend; but, before we leave here—don’t refuse me—give me upon your lips the first and—last kiss!

“Now,” he said, with thick, choking utterance, when he had taken it, “rely upon it, Adeline, that henceforth you shall find nothing in my conduct and language but what is quite—”

“Spare yourself, I pray,” replied Adeline, interrupting him. “Do you believe I could love you as I do, if I had not as much confidence as that in your character?”

And then, there was the last moment, and the last pressure of the hand, and the last blessing, and the last adieu from faltering lips, and the last loving look from streaming eyes; and then,

two of the noblest and most loving hearts that ever beat in human bosoms were parted.*

* A gentleman, in whose opinion I have much confidence, said to me on reading this chapter, "How quietly he gives her up!"

Perhaps he does. Had it been myself, I should certainly have said, "Let's run for it."

Seriously, however, Isaac knew that Adeline's reason for refusing, could never be overthrown in such a mind as she possessed. To show the length of obedience which Jewish parents can exact, is my great reason for introducing this scene. It is not an extreme illustration. I could have given one much more painful; but a respectful tenderness, which every Christian should feel for his Jewish brethren, precludes even a hint in the direction supposed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABBALA CONTINUED.

It wants a very little to midnight—an hour which cabbalists deem most favourable to the mysteries of their art.

Aben Baruch and Ben Megas are standing together over the mystic vase: the rabbi is earnestly engaged in mingling various preparations.

“As yet, Ben Megas, we have spoken only of the physical in matter. Away now! 'Tis low, gross, sensual. Would we forgot it more!

“Every part of the universe, my son, seems with psychological beings. Every portion of matter has its own separate spirit; every element has its own presiding genii. The air is filled with sylphs, the water with undines, the fire with salamanders, the earth with gnomes. To become conversant with any of these divisions of matter, we must resolve them into their highest elements; we must enter into strict and equal relations with the spirit that reigns within it. All these beings, like the spirit of man, are immortal. They are made of the same essence. As there is no life nor

intellect in matter, it is these who keep it from resolving into darkness. And, therefore, if matter were dissolved into its Primeval Æther, these, being liberated, must rise to their proper sphere, i.e. the Eternal Concentrated Elements."

He fixed the smaller vase, in which he prepared the mystic fire. Having established a connection between it and the vase with which he was going to perform the rites, he put various ingredients into it, and then poured upon them a quantity of spirit from a jar at his side. The effect was instantaneous. A stream of fire encircled the alembic—fire, white, dazzling, shadowless—shedding around a pale mysterious lustre, and completely eclipsing the small lamp used for illuminating the apartment.

"Look you! Ben Megas," said the rabbi, flinging open the doors of a small cabinet, and displaying a number of vials. Each one had a label setting forth the contents. The writing was hieroglyphical, and no one but the cabbalist could decipher it.

"There," he said, as he laid one before him. "Those are tears of the dying."

"Good God!" exclaimed Ben Megas, shrinking back with alarm.

"Ha! ha! ha! frightened? Ah, well; compose yourself. A mere name; a concentration made by ourselves. We call it so, because in the proper condition of our researches, and accompa-

nied with certain rites, if the eyes be washed in it, it for a time dissolves the veil of sensible things, and enables them to see into futurity. It is especially useful to those who are about to die—enabling them to look beyond the present and ascertain their condition for eternity.

“Here, now, that bottle contains misery. Drink a small quantity of it, and you would be unbearably wretched; a large quantity, and your misery would be complete, even to despair. It is a distillation of air; air resolved to within a degree of original darkness. That bottle contains madness; that drunkenness; that sensual passions.” And so he kept on describing.

“But, really I cannot understand this,” said Ben Megas. “These are results of various feelings, and therefore entirely spiritual, I should have thought.”

“No. Misery, trouble, sorrow, and sensuous feelings are all things. They belong to various dispositions of the secret nature in matter. The spirit feels none of them, until it comes in contact with the sensible and material. They are not spiritual.

“That bottle contains light,” he said, placing another before him.

“Yet it seems quite dark and empty.”

“It does. But light is a thing of which the constituents may be found. This will prove it.”

He introduced a chemical preparation. The

bottle filled with lustre that, passing the neck, mingled with the surrounding atmosphere.

"Are you convinced?"

"After such an evidence, I must be."

"Nothing is impossible, Ben Megas; nothing is impossible to man, if he will leave the sensible and strive after the ideal. Then the whole secrets, both of this life and the next, lie open before him."

He began to mingle ingredients in the vase.

"To-night, Ben Megas, we seek to enter into relations with the spirits of air."

And then he began the mystic invocation in the dialect of the cabbala.

This invocation is insanity run wild. It is a medley of unintelligible cant about spirits living in elements here and everywhere, praises of their beauty, of "all their motions being light," &c., &c. and no one sentence is ever connected with the next. The spirits are addressed by name—the cabbalist each moment gets more impassioned—at last he invokes them with a perfect frenzy—fancies he hears them speak—he answers, begging them to appear—and in this way proceeds, till often he falls in convulsions.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FEAST OF THE NEW YEAR.

THREE months have passed away, and it is sunset on the thirteenth of September by the Christian calendar, the last day of *אלול*, *Elul*, amongst the Jews : consequently the utmost verge of the Jewish year is reached.

Mr. Cohen's family are all collecting in the drawing-room, preparing to offer the evening prayers. In a remote part of it sits Isaac, the lovely little Eulalia fondling around his neck ; but no longer the brilliant, happy being we have hitherto seen him. His fine oval face is lined by deep melancholy, and ravaged by weary sorrow ; so that one can scarcely imagine in him the handsome looking Isaac Cohen of a few weeks ago. He exhibits a spiritless indifference to all that is going on ; except when the innocent prattle of Eulalia calls forth a kiss, or awakes a mournful smile. And now Mary enters ; and stooping to kiss his pale lips, weaves her arm in his, and sits down by his side. Then came David and his wife ; and lastly the servants. St. Maur, accom-

panied by Eva—married too, to Miss Hallevi—had left for India almost a month before.

And then followed the prayers. It is hardly to be supposed that these would interest many readers, so we pass them over.

Between New Year's Day and the Great Day of Atonement, the religious duties of the Jews become very severe; for "the memorial of every action done the whole year is this day recited. O Thou! who hast formed them, reject not their hope, by the remembrance of their sins. If the decree for the chastisement of our sins is gone forth in wrath, may He who supports all grant a pardon for His own sake, and remember the merits of our ancestors."

During these ten days, God sits in judgment upon the world. He divides them into three classes. The first class consists of those whose merits exceed their sins;—these are sealed for life. If they live on earth, they will be blessed abundantly: if they die, they will be received into the mansions of eternal rest.

The second class is the intermediate one—merits and demerits nearly equal. These are to be tried a little longer. If they die whilst they belong to this number, they will be admitted into the intermediate state beyond the grave—the purgatory—for it can be called nothing else—and it is for none but these, that the Kaddish and almsgiving after death avail. In this division are included,

until the Day of Atonement, a number of those who are verging on reprobation—if they repent in the intervening time, they will be sealed for life: if they do not—for death.

The third class, is the hopelessly wicked. These are given up for death. On the Great Day of Atonement, the separation is finally made, and sentence pronounced.

But in the service for the Day of Atonement, after declaring that on the New Year Feast it is written, and on the Atonement Fast it is sealed who shall die, it is said—

“But PENITENCE, PRAYER, and CHARITY, avert the evil decree.”

Hence it is, that between the New Year's Day and the Day of Atonement, the Jew manifests such diligence in prayer and almsgiving. Now money is dispensed in large sums. The poor—Jews first, but also Gentiles—are searched after indefatigably; and they are clothed and fed. Reconciliation for offences committed within the year is made. Love abounds. Everything that can be imagined is done, so that on the Day of Atonement, the preponderance may be in favour of the sinner.

Mary was usually the chief dispenser of her father's bounty; and this was to her a most trying occasion. The purity of her soul, and the genuine goodness of her heart, were powerful supports: while her enlightened mind enabled her—with

all maidenly modesty—to address words of advice, sometimes of admonition, to persons whom she visited.

One of these excursions was made on the second of Tishri. Eulalia accompanied her. In one house to which her father's list directed her, she found a Jew rapidly reading the Gobar. He had been thus engaged, ever since sunset on the last of Elul; and he had determined to continue it till sunset on that afternoon. He was so weak through want of rest, aided by mental anxiety, that he could scarcely give a sane reply to Mary's observations. In another, she found the head of a family—believing his trials were inflicted as punishment for sins he had committed, and this was the way to end them—who had vowed that for three days he would neither eat food nor drink water. After that, he would eat bread and drink water twice a day; and then fast again; and so on to the Day of Atonement, when he would again have to fast the whole day. To this man in especial, Mary addressed herself earnestly: but it was useless.

As they were slowly returning home, the thoughts of both full of the scenes they had witnessed, they passed a church just lighting up for evening worship. A person was entering the door, and Eulalia caught a glimpse of the beautiful interior; so much prettier, she thought, than their own synagogue, where she could see nothing,

because of the heavy screen placed before the women. It seemed more like the one she loved so—that of her father.

"Mary, dear," she said stopping her sister, "let us go in there. I want to see the inside. Besides, I like to hear about God, and we shall there."

"But, my love, you must not ask me to take you there to hear of Him. You know those who go there believe that Jesus was God."

"Well, Mary, but I have heard you say they believe in God, and speak about *Him* just as we do."

"Yes, dear, they do. But I also told you that they pray to two other persons as God — Jesus and God's Holy Spirit; for that they call God too. Now I think you wouldn't like to hear that."

"But they *love God*, Mary," persisted Eulalia; "love Him as much as we do. So then, they will tell us about Him, and that's what I want; for I love Him and could listen always."

"Well, as you desire it so much, Eulalia," replied Mary, "I can see no sufficient objection. I think though, we ought to have spoken to father first."

"Papa would not have objected, if I had asked him; I know he wouldn't. Do take me, dear." And she turned her bright, joyous eyes on Mary so entreatingly, that resistance was impossible.

They went inside, and were immediately led to a pew. And—what transmitted a feeling of quiet pleasure through Mary's heart — she observed the congregation was mingled; there was no distinction of sex made.

The organ poured forth its dulcet strain. Eulalia felt lovelily; a heavenly calm diffused through her spirit; for she fancied she could hear blent with it the music of angels. Then the minister ascended the desk; she bent on him her large bright eyes, so full of a sleepless thought. The first words that met her ear were those of invitation and trust — “If we confess our sins, *He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*”

There is a fine, a more than human emotion in the very language of the Gospel, which always awakes an answering throb in the spirit filled with purity and innocence; and the words passed over Eulalia's little heart like a low thrill of harp-strings.

Then, the hymn floated in richly swelling waves above her head.

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a cloudy veil, divides
That heavenly land from ours.”

Each one of the sublime truths of revelation has its echoes in childhood's expectant nature. The human heart is formed for the religion of Jesus. In that it finds the object of its longing — a perfect happiness — a life made up of love and peace.

The hymn was finished; but Eulalia's spirit still lingered over the words. They were so very beautiful! Never had she heard such before. For the heaven promised by Judaism is a very dim uncertain thing—a remote object, only known through misty speculations. It was night; and turning her face toward the window she bent the searching gaze of her unfading eyes upon the quiet sky; as if her soul sought some silent path amidst its kindred stars, that lay afar in their lonely brightness, to the gates of that lovely land of which she had just heard.

And then, the text.

“And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour unto it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.”

From the beginning of the sermon, Eulalia's

soft, serious eyes were immovably fixed upon the preacher. She listened to the wondrous love of her Redeemer, and gazed joyously on the pictures of His beautiful home, and she felt a still small whisper within her soul — she knew not whence it came—but it was answered by a sweet impulsive throb, hastening her happy spirit upwards to Him who loves the little child. She imaged Him, as she remembered her mother with her deep saint-like eyes, whom she had so early lost; she laid her bright young head upon His bosom, and her little heart was filled with love and peace. It was a vague and shadowy form her spirit drew, that affection filled up with its own lines and hues, imperfect it may be and most unlike, but still bright and warm with reality — with more than reality, for it was an everlasting creation; not an image transmitted by memory, with the light and shade of all earthly things, but a glorious personification of all that is beautiful, and true, and holy in the relationship, safe from cloud or change, by season or by time. Eulalia knew that He was God, for she felt Him around and within her, an all-pervading presence and reality.

Oh, happy childhood! Fain would we keep thee ever in remembrance—thy angelic innocence!—thy sympathy with all that is beautiful and good and holy!—thy confiding earnest trust!—thy unquestioning love! If ever a seraph

leaves its heaven to live for a season amongst mortals, that it may enchain in love the erring human spirit, and wing it upwards till it mingles with the disappearing skies ; if there is one expression more like God than all other things on earth, one blessing in a house more choice than all the rest—that seraph and that blessing will be found in thee !

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

It is six o'clock; and the יום הכּפּוּרִים—one of the most solemn and important days in the Jewish year—is just commencing.

All of Mr. Cohen's family who felt able, had fasted the whole day: and now they began to assemble in the upper room. Every one entered the room with the hands crossed upon the breast, the head bowed; and the females wore the robe, the males some other part of the dress, in which each respectively was to be buried.

"On this day," said Mr. Cohen, in a voice pathetically solemn, "it is sealed, who shall live and who shall die, and our condition for eternity is announced. May He that has formed us reject not the hope of our remembrance on account of our sins!"

Turning to the servants. "If any of you have lost parents or other relatives, you are to make mention of them on this day; and to offer for the repose of their souls; and to repeat the Kaddish. The Kaddish should be repeated for

them eleven months, but not more, 'lest reproach should be cast upon the character of the departed father or mother, as if they were wicked; for twelve months are the term appointed for the wicked'—as it is said, 'Israelites who sin with their body descend into hell, and are judged there twelve months. After the twelve months, their body is consumed, and their soul is burnt, and the wind scatters them under the soles of the feet of the righteous.' "

Then all prostrated themselves, their hands outspread, their foreheads touching the ground. Mr. Cohen recited the prayers.

"And now, at this time, it is manifest and known in Thy presence, before Thy glorious throne, that we have no guide, as in the days of old; no High Priest to offer an offering; nor any altar upon which to offer a whole burnt-offering; no Aaron and his sons blessing the people, and none of the others who served in Thy temple.

"And because of our abundant iniquities:—

"We have no burnt-offering nor trespass-offering; no staves (of the ark), nor mingled meat-offerings; no lot (of the scape-goat); no sacrifice, nor sprinkling of blood; no sin-offering, nor fat burnt upon the altar; no oblation, nor purification; no Jerusalem, nor forest of Lebanon (Temple); no laver, nor its stand; no frankin-

cense, nor shewbread ; no altar, nor meat-offering ; no perfume, nor offering of sweet-smelling savour ; no libations ; no burnt-offering ; no vail, nor mercy-seat ; no Zion, nor golden plate ; no present, nor peace-offerings ; no thanksgiving-offering, nor continual burnt-offering !

“And from the time that we have been deprived of all these ;—

“Troubles have come hastily upon us ; grief hath overwhelmed us ; we sought for salvation, but there was none ; for peace, but lo ! vexation.

. “From the time that our holy Temple hath been destroyed, we are not able to recount the troubles and sorrow that daily overtake us ; dread hath seized upon us ; our power is brought down to the earth. We have nether prophet nor vision, we grope and feel our way as the blind. We daily enquire what will be our end, and say our death is better than our life. Our life hangeth in doubt before us ; strangers are become the head, and we are become the tail. And what shall we do ? for our sins have caused all this. We are poor, few, and despised, abhorred, reproached, and defamed.

“We are as those who stray, and whom no one seeketh to recover ; as those who are captive, and whom no one quieteth ; as those who are hungry, and whom no one feedeth ; as those who are to be sold, and whom no one will purchase ; as orphans who have no father. As

strangers whom no one will receive; as those who are despised, and whom no one will honour; as mourners, whom no one will comfort; as those who are compelled to fly, and have no place of refuge.

"We looked for good, but it fled from us; a sorrowing heart entered our storehouses; grief in what we put our hands to; joy is changed from the earth. The land is delivered into the hands of the wicked, and those whose right it is are deprived of all substance."

"But, notwithstanding the heaviness of our condition," said Mr. Cohen, "man is a child of love and mercy. In love and mercy he is placed and sustained upon the earth, in love and mercy he is saved eternally. Therefore, it is plain that to recommend ourselves to the Eternal, we must be loving and merciful like Himself."

He took up the Talmud, and read the following very sweet allegory:—

"'Let us make man,' said the Creator; and myriads of angelic beings listened to his voice: 'Do not create him,' spoke the angel of justice, 'he will wrong his brethren; injure and oppress the weak, and cruelly ill-treat the feeble!' 'Do not create him,' spoke the angel of peace, 'he will manure the earth with human blood; the first-born of his race will be an assassin, and murder his own brother!'

“‘He will desecrate Thy sanctuary with his lies,’ said the angel of truth, ‘and though thou stamp-est on his countenance Thine own image, the seal of truth, yet will falsehood and deceit prevail in his voice.’ ‘Create him not; he will rebel against Thee, and abuse the freedom which Thou bestow-est on him,’ exclaimed the chorus of assembled angels.

“Still they spoke, when charity, the youngest and best beloved of the Eternal’s creation, approached His throne, and knelt before Him, ‘Create him, Father,’ she prayed, ‘in Thine own image; let him be the beloved of Thy goodness. When all Thy servants forsake him, I will seek, and lovingly assist him. His very errors will I turn to his good. I will fill the heart of the weak with benevolence, and render him merciful towards those who are weaker than he. If he depart from peace and truth, if he offend justice and equity, I will still be with him; and the consequences of his own errors shall chasten his heart, and purify him in penitence and love!’

“The Universal Father listened to her voice, and created man a weak and erring being; but even in his errors, a pupil of the Divine goodness, a child of mercy, love, and charity which never forsakes him, and still strives to amend him.

“Remember thy origin, O man, when thou art cruel and unjust. Of all the Divine attributes, charity alone stood forth to plead that existence

be granted to thee. Mercy and love have fostered thee. Then, remember, be just, be merciful."

Then, Mr. Cohen began to make the atonements. First for himself—because the High Priest first atoned for himself.

He took the cock in his hand, and repeated;—

"Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron.

"He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

"Fools, because of their transgressions, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

"Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

"If there be a messenger with Him, an interpreter, one among a thousand to show unto man His uprightness.

"Every one of the children of men has merits and sins. If his merits exceed his sins, he is righteous. If his sins exceed his merits, he is wicked. If they be equal, he is a middling or intermediate person."

Then slowly waving the atonement round his head, he said, "This is my substitute. This is my commutation. This cock goeth to death, but may I be gathered and enter into a long and happy life, and into peace."

Still holding the atonement in his hand, he began again the words, "Every one of the chil-

dren of men has merits and sins." This he did three times; following each time, by waving the atonement round his head and repeating, "This is my substitute," &c.

He then laid his hands on the head of the atonement, as the hands used to be laid on the sacrifices; and immediately gave it to be slaughtered; which part of the service Benjamin, the servant, performed.

Then he began to make atonement for his family, singly, and according to their seniority; and going through the exact order which we have related for himself.

The third was Mary. For a woman, a hen is sacrificed; and various alterations are made in the service. But we have seen that Mr. Cohen opposed, without reservation, the views with which Judaism regards woman. So, taking up the hen, he recited, with the necessary change of the personal pronoun, the very same order he had used for his sons.

Then for David's wife. For her he sacrificed a hen; and, as the Jewish ritual appoints, he offered also a cock, on account of her infant yet unborn.

In the fulness of his heart, Mr. Cohen made an atonement for Adeline; because he knew she would have no one else to do it for her now. Isaac buried his pale and haggard face in his hands; all his family looked on him through the

mist of tears; Mr. Cohen was scarcely able to audibly utter the service.

Oh! were it possible for woman to penetrate into the hidden fountain-urns that lie buried far in man's heart; to pierce, with unsealed eye, the mists spread over his life's deep meanings; to see his burning hopes, his yearning spirit, his bitter anxiety, his aching desire, his unselfishness, his profound love, her tender sensibility would surely sometimes make her tear herself away from that reserve which is not of the heart, to mitigate the silent sufferer's anguish, and snatch him from a premature but lingering death!

It may seem merely idealising to speak thus of the continuance of a passion; but, oh! it is so in life. Loving hearts there are—especially if unacquainted with that higher happiness and calm, produced by pouring out their sorrows into the bosom of the God of love—from whom, though the object of affection may be removed out of sight, the melancholy remembrances in which it is consecrated can never be effaced. Looking around and above in vain for help, they feel that there is no succour for them but in their own strength. And those mighty powers, that capacious intelligence, that burning spirit of love, that soul which was framed for the joy and peace of heaven, they bow down to the task of their mortal servitude. The effect has fallen upon them in the bright morning of life, like a scathing

tempest passing over the first delicate blossoms of spring ; and the tree that was just putting forth its buds full of life and love and beauty, in hope and gladness, is blighted : the soul is contracted within the bitter dominion of despair. Then, if no kind and sympathising hand be stretched out to its aid, it becomes fettered with heavy chains that cannot be broken, and weighed down beneath a load that no after kindness can remove. And who shall tell the essential bitterness in the fate of him, who has no bright hope of renovated gladness to light him on his way ; no gleam of "redeeming happiness" to cheer his pensive spirit ; no promise of another spring to fill his heart with love and beauty—to whom is left nothing but the dark, desolating winter of the soul !

Having offered for Adeline, Mr. Cohen sacrificed for each of his servants, and then for all Israel.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EARL VERNON'S.

A few evenings afterwards, a carriage drew up with a muffled roll, at the hall door of a large mansion in Park Lane. The gaunt trees in Hyde Park waving heavily before it in the thick night air, gave the whole a gloomy, secluded appearance. The watchful porter replied to the thundering of the ample knocker, as if by magic.

"Is the Countess of Vernon at home?" asked a gentleman who had descended from the carriage.

"Yes, sir," replied the footman.

"Take in that card," said his interrogator, entering the hall.

The servant looked upon it—a plain and unknown name—hesitatingly.

"Beg pardon, sir,—hope no offence; but this is a late hour, and her ladyship is not well, and receives very few visitors."

"Now, go," said the stranger, motioning with his hand impatiently.

The man bowed and went away. In a few

moments he returned, saying, "Will you please walk this way, sir?"

The stranger followed him up the noble staircase; vases and statues, with elegant lamps, glistening in soft radiance at every landing; and on through the noble saloon. Earl Vernon had that qualification which constitutes greatness in the eyes of the larger half of the world—an inexhaustible supply of the ever needful — and the magnificent and splendid air of all within his house, was in keeping with this immensity of riches. The tread of every foot was hushed in beautiful Persian or Brussels carpet; and gracefully carved chairs, and luxurious couches invited, on every hand, to voluptuous repose.

In an elegantly furnished boudoir, surrounded by all the luxuries that money could furnish, sat Adeline, when the stranger was introduced to her presence. She sat behind an open screen, through which she spoke to him. At the moment of his announcement she was engaged in writing, and she still kept the materials spread out before her. Though somewhat excited by an unknown person desiring an interview at such an hour, her countenance betrayed little sign of her emotion. A great and visible change had taken place in her. She was much thinner than during the time she was affianced to Isaac; her eyes were sunken, and her cheek was very pale. She was evidently suffering severely from the shock

which her separation from him had occasioned her; and in her struggle to subdue the flutter of spirit into which the momentary surprise had thrown her, her thin lips were pressed tightly together, and quivering at the corners.

"Pray, sir, be seated," she said, with her eyes bent to the table, on which her arms rested.

The stranger complied with her request.

Adeline turned upon him her large mournful eyes, with an expressive look that signified she wished him to proceed in laying before her what his business was.

"I present myself before your ladyship," said the stranger, in a calm measured tone, "as the friend of Mr. Isaac Cohen."

Adeline's face flushed; the whole surface of her body became dry and heated; her pulse trembled and thrilled, like a tense harp-string after it has been swept by the finger. She attempted to speak once—twice—thrice; her lips quivered with a convulsive movement; she could not; a flood of tears saved her from choking.

"He is well?" she asked at length.

"Well, madam, but for his griefs, which are severe indeed.

"My poor friend!" said Adeline, again weeping, and burying her face in her handkerchief.

After a while she took up the card which, upon reading it at first, she had thrown down by her side.

"Have you known Mr. Cohen long, Mr. Heman? I do not recollect that I have ever heard him mention your name."

"Till within these last two months, our acquaintance amounted to little more than an occasional exchange of cards. Once he had dined with a gentleman whom I knew; and the two or three who had met him there, were considerably surprised at the easy gracefulness of his manners, and his information upon many subjects, usually far beyond the range of a person of one-and-twenty. Neither at the table nor afterwards did he affect any reserve; although, perhaps from the consciousness of having virtually declined any intimacy with his companions, he seldom originated any conversation. Rather more than three months ago, I noticed an abstraction and settled gloominess, that contrasted strangely with the cheerful disposition I knew he previously possessed, and which proved to me he was suffering some latent and unwonted sorrow. I was deeply interested, and used means to obtain an introduction to him, on terms of social intercourse. They were quite successful; and I found him, as I had expected, a most agreeable and gentlemanlike companion, excellent in ability, and possessing an intellect carefully cultivated; and with a higher and more settled tone of principle than is common to his age: and also, as I had supposed, that he stood greatly in need of that sympathy and support

which, at times, the strongest mind requires, as much as the weakest. He had, at least, chosen to disclose his sufferings to one, who was not a careless listener. I was moved to tears at his story; but stronger than all other feelings was my admiration of his profound delicacy and sensibility, joined to the utmost nobleness of principle and character. I found that after being separated, he could not even receive the most distant communication from your ladyship——”

“Pray, sir, address me in more simple style,” said Adeline, interrupting him.

Mr. Heman bowed, and proceeded. “He is fixed in a determination to leave England; says he cannot stop here; but he would do anything to obtain an interview from you, ere he left. And hearing that to-morrow you are going to have a large evening party, I offered myself to him to wait on you, and ask if you could not number him amongst your guests. Many who are even strangers to you there will certainly be present; the earl does not know Mr. Cohen. Pardon me, madam,” said Mr. Heman, suddenly catching himself, “I feel as if I am urging beyond the bounds of propriety; but my friend——” He said no more. He felt that he had now touched a delicate chord in the heart of Adeline; and that whatever was the result, there was no more he ought to say.

“You have been somewhat tardy, methinks,

Mr. Heman, in coming to me," said Adeline, mournfully. "My husband commanded me to see neither Isaac nor any of his family, and to have no epistolary intercourse with them. I have not disobeyed him. But before this, it has occurred to me, that Isaac might have thought of such means as he has now taken, to let me know something of him. Here have I been, for nearly four months, unable to gain the very least information respecting his welfare. Yet I am wrong, perhaps, in murmuring thus," she said quickly. "Yes, I *know* I am, for Isaac would have done anything he could think of, however hard, to lessen my affliction. Mr. Heman, tell him, if you please, that I am well, that he is dear to me as ever—more so:—I have not married of my own consent, and therefore do not outrage my modesty by the declaration; and assure him of my constant remembrance."

"Will you not see him to-morrow, madam?" said Mr. Heman.

"Do not ask it; it is impossible!" replied Adeline, with impassioned sadness.

"May I take the liberty of asking why?"

"As I have said, my husband's commands."

"Are there no ways by which, in such an instance, they might be innocently evaded?"

"None. If I cannot give my heart to my husband, I am determined that, in my external conduct, I will fail in not one of my duties as a wife.

To tell you what it costs me to make such a decision, would indeed be impossible—and with Isaac I should not need to attempt it, for he will imagine it for me. There is no language capable of conveying an idea of a bitterness, which can be understood only by the heart that has felt it."

"Then," said Mr. Heman, following out his own train of thought, rather than replying to Adeline, "then must he leave England like a withered, blighted thing—blighted hopelessly, helplessly—left without one last frail gleam of sunshine to cheer him on his way."

"Mr. Heman!" exclaimed Adeline, "do you remember what I have said? Do you remember the relation in which I have stood to Mr. Cohen? Oh! show it, and spare my heart! pity us both!"

"I beg forgiveness," replied Mr. Heman. "I have said what I ought not to say. In my anxiety, I have forgotten in whose presence I spoke. Will you, madam, express your refusal in a note? that would be no transgression. I feel hardly equal to doing your request."

"You must allow me to prevail upon you to take it for me," replied Adeline. "If I begin to write, I shall perhaps be unable to stay my pen; and therefore say more than I am permitted. Tell him I cannot, dare not, give him leave to see me; to do it is at the peril of my soul. I must not say to you all I feel," she said, rising from her seat. Then turning upon Mr. Heman her

large loving blue eyes, full of tears and soul-anguish, she proceeded with impassioned earnestness. "Isaac knows my woman's heart! remind him of that. Say, too, that I hope he will stay at home. Although I cannot see him, it gives me a mournful pleasure to know that he is near me." She paused a moment. "If—if," she continued tremulously, "if he could plan to see me—No! no! I must not say it. The will of our Father be done!" and sinking into a chair, she bowed her burning head in her hands.

"Mr. Heman," she said again, at length, "you can never fully estimate the value of the treasure you possess in such a friend as Mr. Cohen. To me he has unlocked the deepest recesses of his loving heart. Oh! be very kind to him—for my sake and for his. Comfort him all you can. His feelings are gifted with an exquisite tenderness; meet him then, if you please, with all the tenderness of which you are capable. Sooth his torn and lacerated spirit. Direct his faith to his loving Father in heaven—to the Hope and Guardian of Israel; and to the time when, attaining everlasting rest, we shall mingle our strains of joy with those of angels and the blessed, and our unclouded eye will look down upon this dark and cruel earth, as a place that will be our residence no more. Such a home is worth contending for; it will unutterably more than repay all the suffering we have endured in labouring to reach it.

“Finally, remind him of the strength and encouragement we should derive from the reflection, that both he and I are suffering for righteousness’ sake. We severed our hearts, rather than offend God ; so we may confidently expect His blessing here and for ever.”

Mr. Heman rose. Adeline gave him her hand, and, with true old English courtesy, accompanied him to the door.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HEART GRIEFS.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
A sound that makes us linger; yet farewell!"

CHILDE HAROLD.

PARK LANE began to fill with equipages. On a yielding lounge of delicate pink silk in one of Earl Vernon's saloons sat Isaac. His head rested listlessly on the tips of his thin fingers; and wan and heavy-hearted, he neither noticed nor cared for the various comments passed upon him by some of the assembling guests.

Amongst them, a middle-aged lord came bowing and scraping on, nose turned up in orthodox fashion, head prepared for a consequential toss, glass stuck elegantly in his sinister orbit. An elderly spinster, with neck straight and erect like a superannuated swan, hung upon his arm as he sauntered towards the place where Isaac was sitting. The two seemed almost as much folded up in each other as the affectionate couple who, after getting married at St. Martin's, turned down Regent Street to look at the picture-shops! at

last the rapt but hungry husband tenderly inquired, "My dear,

Could you eat a penny bun?
Or would you like a Sally Lunn?"

"Positively—a—a—your ladyship's taste—a—is so—a—" and his lordship, quite hung up in his eloquence, expressed the rest of his meaning in a smirk and a bend.

"So ill-bred and ungraceful he sits; no air at all. I wonder much that the countess collects such peopel around hor. Really—er—if the Orl does not interfeor, he'll soon have—er—stall-keepers and oyster-women brought to his house,—er—er. I think, my lord."

"My—a—hopinyon exactly," replied his lordship

But a short time afterwards he was roused from his abstraction, by a gentleman in a group near him calling out to another —

"Jack, my dear fellow! Here comes our presiding genius — Vernon's infidel."

As these arrived Adeline was deeply engaged in receiving a bevy of youthful beauties.

"Good heavens, Ned! that such angelic loveliness should have been thrown away upon a Jewess."

"No trouble on that head," replied the first speaker. "The pity is that it should be thrown away on such a person as Vernon."

"She must have had a sort of taste to marry such an one."

"Well, I believe she wasn't consulted to any great length in the matter. It's whispered that it was a forced marriage, and that she hates him; and all the kindness you see her bestow upon him proceeds from principle, because he is her husband."

"So I should think," said the other. "To such a woman as she is, it must be very nearly as delightful as being tied up to his Satanic Majesty."

Pale and sick at heart, Isaac staggered to his feet. His head whirled a moment, and then a heavy mist gathered before his eyes and he could not see. He drew his hand across his face, as if to sweep it away.

Yes; there was his Adeline! noble, self-possessed, queen-like as she always was. There was something in her whole appearance so incomparably magnificent, that wherever she went, all eyes were directed towards her, and all hearts were hushed in admiration.

They say parties are very delightful. Adeline doubted it; so do I. Not one in a hundred of those who attend them is ever really amused. The young ladies are too busy to laugh. The pattern of one ball is the pattern of all. A note arrives, written in a hand of usually elegant unintelligible expansiveness, on pale sea-green paper, sealed with gold or lilac wax, and expressing the

exact number of fears, honours, and pleasures which usually accompany such invitations. You reply that you will be very happy to accept it. The evening comes. Your *coiffeur* either curls or braids your hair; you put on a starry tiara of pearls or diamonds—the latter preferred. You dress in a very pretty room papered with pink paper, and with a square glass before you, and a long glass behind you. With a proper confidence in the genius of your milliner, you allow her to suggest the mode of your attire, using your own taste in making a selection. You put on a dress of delicate white satin, over this an aerial *crêpe*, either white, blue, pink, or yellow; or, it may be, you crucify taste by a dingy sea-green. You look in the glass—probably a bunch of flowers will be an improvement. You unfold a lace handkerchief, and pour upon it a perfect Niagara of musk or *esprit des violettes*, till the whole atmosphere around you is a perfume. You hang your shawl upon your shoulders, as though you were merely a peg in a passage, then throw your boa around your neck, as if it were the rope with which you were going to commit suicide. Your carriage is waiting at the door; you go down stairs and step into it; you stop at some large house in some large place or square. Your footman raps till he is out of breath. There is a great delay on the stairs, and you are ten minutes in getting in. You hear either your own name or that of the

Great Mogul—you try to distinguish which—preparing the way before you. At last you arrive at the room. There is a brilliant crowd of pinks and blues and greens and yellows, from which the hostess emerges. She tells you she is very glad to see you; you bow, of course. You get to a sofa or lounge as well as you can. Two old ladies sit one on each side of you, their nodding plumes closing over you like a hearse. You see the waltzes going round, like stars with whose motions you have nothing to do. At length, a bilious-looking, elderly gentleman comes up and asks you to dance with him. Nobody else offers, so you declare you will be very happy indeed. He presents you his arm, which you accept, and walk to the quadrille. You join hands, &c., and twist in and out amongst the couples, your arms swinging about like a clock pendulum, and your face as solemn as a coffin. You feel faint, take out your *aqua d'oro*, then dance again. Then you go to supper. No young lady would plead guilty to an appetite; but you find fastidiousness by no means necessary. You get a thin slice of ham, or a leg of a fowl; or you may be fortunate enough to get a moderate piece of Bologna sausage, some jelly, and a few grapes; a glass of wine, a cavalier to lead you down stairs, assist with your shawl, and help you to your carriage, a low “many thanks,” and a delightful ball is concluded.

Adeline gazed around a few moments upon the

groups with her old, quiet tenderness; but her white eyelids were weighed down with a hidden sadness, her cheek was pale, and her small, fragile figure drooped like a willow bough. And then she threw herself upon a lounge, with a mournful lassitude; and, raising her arm, the profuse lace on her muslin sleeve floating around it like a gossamer, she pressed a hand white as snow upon her throbbing temples, as if to stay their burning pulse. Few who had beheld the sparkling beauty of Adeline a few months before, could have looked upon that pale, languid, large-eyed young creature, that lay so shadow-like amongst the soft cushions, without tears. Her beautiful person had become the grave of a dead hope, which chilled the very life within her veins by its dull, leaden weight. A fiery fever, a wild unrest, burned in the depths of her sleepless eyes; the brilliance and happiness was fading from her cheeks; a night frost had fallen on her. The pure beauty of her face was rapidly softening down into the shades of a sadness, fascinating from her very mournfulness. There was no light in her soul now to bring out the rich colour; but one could fancy the golden lustre that was striving to break through the shadows; and sometimes when a fair, young brow was bent over her in love, flashing with happiness like a summer's sunbeam, the soft kindness in the voice flushing the blood warmly into her cheek, and causing her long

lashes to droop dreamily, seemed for a moment to bring back the loveliness of her former self—a beauty so delicate, so bright and spring-like, that her resemblance to one of the heads in Guido's Aurora, was the constant remark of those who had seen those glorious frescoes. And even the gayest heart present, vouchsafed a pitying sigh that one of Earth's purest, brightest creatures, should have had her young affections thrown back upon her, a bitter load like the grave.

The evening proceeded. Isaac looked in vain for a fitting time to make his presence there known to her. Sometimes, at the request of some one or other of her guests, she went to the piano, and played and sung some fashionable piece; and then she sat down again. Never since her marriage had she felt so little able to throw off her own feelings, and adapt herself to those of the circle collected round her. She had seen Mr. Heman the evening before: and she had then had a vision—a vision of him she loved—and a strange weight lay upon her—it seemed as if her heart was breaking.

Poor Adeline! she could hardly have persuaded herself, even if some kind spirit had whispered it to her, how long and heavy is a woman's heart-break. Had she been told it then, it would have crushed her to know how many silent tears she had yet to weep, how many hopes to lift when hope was vain.

"What troubles you so to-night, dearest?" asked the only *friend* that Adeline had got in all that vast assemblage. And as she asked it, she bent over her face, kissed her, and pressed her lifeless hand.

"Memories, my love—shadows haunt me—shadows of the terrible past, and dreary hopeless present. Oh! Lady Alicia, where can the weary-hearted find a home?" And Adeline laid her long soft hand upon her white bosom.

"Never, my beloved creature, until, at the sweet moment of dying, Jesus draws aside the veil which separates this prison-house from His beautiful home, and folds you on His loving bosom, never to separate again for ever. Oh! if I could only persuade you, Adeline, to believe upon your blessed Redeemer, and to allow Him to fill you with peace and joy out of the riches of His love—if I could at this moment chase away the clouds from your mortal sight, and show Him to you, yearning over you, stretching out His arms to take you to Himself—then how blest I should feel."

Adeline smiled a grateful smile, a tear trembled on her heavy eyelashes, and, stretching out her hand, she said softly, "My sweet friend!"

A rich strain of music swelled upon the air in gushing waves. It was an old song—bright and bounding like a summer zephyr—that Adeline had often played to Isaac in their sunny days. Adeline buried her head amongst the cushions,

and hot tears fell down her sweet face. Oh! what was it she had ever done that God should have permitted man to make her so unhappy?—that all her schemes of earthly bliss should have been thwarted at one sad stroke? Gentle Adeline! she could hardly help desponding then; for it seemed blackness everywhere. But if her eyes could have pierced the shadowy veil of mortality, she would have seen an angel carefully collecting all her tears in a golden cup, and counting all her sighs, and laying them before the great white throne in the midst of the hymning spirits, that she might obtain for them her full, everlasting reward from the Eternal; and another hovering over her in tender care, whispering of a better land and brighter skies, and uninterrupted joy and repose, and with his soft wings fanning her wayworn spirit with the blissful airs of heaven.

Isaac felt like fainting; and leaving the heated rooms, he opened the door of a verandah at the back of the house. Attached to the mansion was a spacious pleasure garden, and upon the occasion of this fête it was studded with a number of small softly radiant lamps, which cast a picturesque and oriental gleam in parts, leaving the remaining portion in deeper shade. The night was lovely. The day had been hot and sultry, more like July than September; but now the whole scene was softened down by the cool rays of the gently-rising moon. A delicious haze flooded the statues

and the trees and the still water in the little central lake, like a shower of sifted silver. Here, the shadow of a statue fell like the presence of a thing of life across the monotoned smoothness of the garden walks; now the slender columns of some sweet sylvan temple, lovely mimic of the lovelier climes of Italy or Greece, gleamed out from the drapery of rich vines which floated over and around it. Never was there an hour or place fuller of all that made the glory of Paradise. Never, since Eve saw her own pure beauty reflected in the crystalline fountains of Eden, had the moon lighted up a more heavenly face than that of Adeline; for, feeling oppressed she had excused herself a few minutes from the circle that had collected round her, and had come out on the verandah; but a circular bend in the architecture, prevented each from being aware of the presence of the other. And she felt that, with so much loveliness above and around her, and so many proofs of her Father's tender care over all she saw, even to the smallest things, she — His very likeness — and however humbly she might think of herself, she was a being without which His creation would be incomplete, for He created nothing without a purpose for it—she, then, He would not overlook, but always give her what He saw would be most blessed for time and eternity; and her little heart ceased to palpitate with so much agony.

There were few persons in the walks, and those

few glided quietly amidst the trees, and avoiding the strangers that were in sight. Some were conversing of love. Not a doubt of it; for there was an under-current of tenderness in their voice that could not be mistaken. And sometimes, when stopping to inhale the mingling breath of the waving flowers, the young men gathered moss-rose buds, heliotropes, crimson tea-roses, violets, pansies, mignonette, forget-me-nots, and other choice blossoms that had a love language blended with their fragrance. Isaac sighed.

Three young girls, full of life and light and joy, suddenly emerged from the dim shadow of a statue of the dying gladiator, the noble original of which is in the Capitoline museum. Isaac observed them directly; for he was just looking at the dying agony, looking so cold and icy in the moonlight, that it seemed to freeze the very marble into renewed coldness. They seated themselves upon a marble bench, beneath a thick clump of acacias, and near the pale, snow-white fountain, which was filling the air with the cool, bell-like tinkle of its rain.

"Adela received a note to-day, Edda," said one of these wild, happy, young creatures. "I'm quite sure it's a proposal," she pursued, with a merry laugh, "and not from that handsome artist that she allowed to accompany her home, just to give her his protection! His love-notes would never make her turn so white."

"Really this is hardly just," said Adela, striving with all her might to appear unembarrassed; and a blush mantled her cheeks like the glow of a ripe peach.

"Why, how the blood is rushing crimson into your neck and face!" resumed the other, with the same roguish playfulness. "But you need not be embarrassed, sister dear; we were quite sure you would accept him. Of course you will reply to-morrow; and that reply will be full of all sorts of delightful stuff—else, you know, it won't be a genuine love-letter after all. It must be a long one too—half a quire of note paper at least. You must permit me to help you, Adela, indeed. It would be so delightful to practise a little; and then the ecstasy of accepting a man at once, and putting an end to his misery!"

"I can answer my letters myself," said Adela, with a laugh that sounded much like forced.

"O, how cruel!" replied her sister, with mimic sorrow. "How shall I ever obtain that dear, delightful knowledge, how a lover proposes? Dear me; how pale you are!—promised to come here this evening, I dare say. And now he has disappointed you—well, that's too bad."

"Promised?—who promised? I am at a loss. What do you mean?" asked Adela.

"Now, my dear, whom do you suppose I mean, but Merivale? You dear, enchanting, beautiful

sister!—it will kill us all—a marchioness—a wedding—dresses, company, presents, and decorations—O dear!”

And, starting to her feet, the gay young thing threw her arms about the waist of her sister, and began whirling round the basin of the fountain in a lively waltz.

“I’m afraid it will be a failure without music,” said Adela, as she willingly yielded to the graceful impulse.

Music! What need had those bright, young creatures of music, when their own hearts were full of melody, unsubdued by any of those harsher chords touched by the rude finger of the world. It was beautiful to see them throwing off the tender exuberance of their feelings, in a thousand graceful deviations from the regular step.

They danced till they were out of breath, and then sat down again, and weaved their bright and airy plans, in syllables more unsubstantial than the gossamer.

“Oh! I love blue sky and freedom,” said the one who had not yet spoken—Edda.

“Yes, and happy people,” replied Adela’s sister. “Men and women who are not mere slaves to form and fashion! who breathe free air, and imbibe a sense of freedom; and who dare to act what they think. Oh, Venice! dear Venice! I should like to go again to Venice. It is the land

of enchantment and adventure, dearest Edda. There is nothing like it in the world,—the land of love and romance.”

“Yes, but it seems to me,” said Edda, “that it is a place you can’t half enjoy, unless you are in love. It must lose most of its enchantment, if some Italian noble doesn’t fix himself beneath your window in the moonlight, to give you lessons on the guitar and in piano singing.”

“Well, then, you must be in love, miss.”

“So I am — hopelessly, helplessly in love.”

“You in love? What a capital thing! Come, you must take me into confidence, and tell me one little tiny fact, Edda—who is it?”

“Oh, an ideal, manufactured after the following receipt — equal quantities of William Wallace, General Washington, President Edwards, Lafayette, and Sir Walter Scott, with an ounce and a half of Byron, and an immense quantity of imaginary virtues supplied by myself. And yet this constellation of virtues will not be sufficient: my unknown idol must in addition possess a claim on my sympathy. I feel I cannot live with one who is in possession of all his faculties and powers like the common herd we meet every day; he must be unfortunate — of delicate health — just sufficiently ill, perhaps, to require some one to bathe his forehead with eau-de-cologne, and sit and hold his hand, and kiss his throbbing temples now and then, and read to him. And add to all

this, he must not be wealthy, so that I may have full scope in every way to exhibit self-denying, disinterested, love."

"Happy dreamers!" soliloquised Isaac aloud. "Pity the cruel world should ever wake you. You will never have another sleep."

Adeline's quick ear caught the old tones. "Isaac, dear Isaac!" she exclaimed, and with a bound she fell fainting in his arms. Isaac spoke not—he could not—his breast seemed bursting with excessive emotion. There came no sound on the deep stillness, but her soft breath's rise and fall.

Adeline drew a long breath, soft, and broken by that voluptuous interruption which entire happiness gives to a sigh. The past was gone: there was no room in her little heart for anything but the sweet and holy feelings that flooded it, as light fills a crystal vase. The intensity of her emotions, the delirious rush of unforgotten feelings, enervated her as a full gush of perfume from the orange groves of her own beloved land might have done. Her eyes were lifted to his face; her mouth was warm with smiles; the gentle evening wind breathed among her long curls with shadow-like wantonness.

"Isaac," she said at last, "how did you get in here?"

"I was determined. And locks and dungeon-bolts cannot keep love out then. But we must

not stop here. We shall be seen; and it would be a pity to spoil *his* happiness even in a small degree," and a slight sneer flitted across his lip.

He led Adeline — who had not yet recovered to a proper sense of what had happened — quickly along to a door which opened into a lady's drawing-room.

"I have come to see you once more, Adeline," he said in a bitter tone, placing a chair and taking her hand, "and it is the last time, and for ever! I say I have come to *see* you," he pursued hastily, "for I know that it is nearly all you will allow, because my wronger — for aught I know my murderer — let him answer for it — Mister Vernon, doesn't choose it. But look you, Adeline, I love you — love you with such a love as a being like yourself deserves, and that is a love surpassing that of most men — and am I to go away thinking, knowing, I have left you — a nature almost akin to angels — left you for that man I saw to-night to delight himself with? See here," he said, drawing forth a genuine Italian stiletto, "what should make me hesitate to take my own — the treasure he has robbed from me? — or, if it must be so, I say, why should I not destroy it, Adeline, so that it could be used by neither of us — do you hear me?"

"Yes, Isaac," replied Adeline, with her usual profound calmness.

"And are you not afraid then, to stand here alone with one who is mad enough to bury this dagger in your heart, and who has more than half the will to do it?"

"*Afraid*, Isaac — and of *you*? No."

"Why not?" he resumed, with the same excited utterance. "I bought this as a curiosity. It has sometimes accompanied me in my solitary rambles, and of late in my moods of despair I have contemplated it, thinking the while that it might be useful to some other purpose than that of striking down a foe. They are dangerous moments, you know, Adeline, when goaded by desperation we meditate on the mere possibility of some fatal act. The imagination becomes familiarised with the deed. When the fiery and ungovernable passion falls upon us, it finds the train already laid — the demon of evil sees everything fitting to his hand. Suppose that time has come. You *his* I say, Adeline — why then it has — How now?"

"I lay my head upon your loving bosom in perfect repose," replied Adeline tranquilly. "Do you believe I could ever have loved you so profoundly, so unalterably, as I do, if I had not known you better than you know yourself? *Your* loving, affectionate, tender hand? — there, dear Isaac, put it away — do not deceive yourself — do not attempt to check your high nature in its course. You could not kill me if I were to fall upon my

knees and beg you to do it, and if Vernon were more ignoble than he is."

"You were always my good angel, Adeline," he said in a mournful voice, as the gleaming instrument fell from his hand. "And often, when I have been tempted, a thought of you has saved me. But, oh! how can I bear to think on what a life you lead."

"Yet, Isaac, though I cannot know anything about you — and that fate is terrible indeed — why will you seek to heighten it, by leaving me alone in England altogether? It will be severe then to live, with no one near me that I love."

"I cannot stop. I am no longer what I once was, Adeline. I don't want to be near you — and know what I do — and go where we have often been together — and so happy — and can't see you. I can't live out of excitement. Thought kills me. I want to die; but that is torture, and isn't quick enough."

"Where will you go then from me?" said Adeline tearfully.

"To Hungary — there is another injured woman there — Maria Theresa. I go to adopt her cause — if need be seal it with my blood — Heaven grant I may — I shall rest then."

Adeline shuddered. She had a sort of superstitious apprehension — she knew not why.

"If you think you shall be happier, Isaac, I

will not be so selfish as to try to stop you. But I'm very sorry — and not on my own account alone. Your slender frame and loving heart, is suited for anything rather than a fighting-man."

"Oh, I think I am hardened now, to what I was. Adeline, you will remember me still?"

Her tears replied. She suddenly went to a small cabinet, one drawer of which she unlocked, and took out of it a small paper parcel.

"Here, Isaac," she said, "I purchased these for you, before I knew I should never be allowed to speak to you again—you remember the watch you gave me the last time I saw you — but till now I could not give them to you. Will you please accept the humble offering?" She removed the wool and took up in her delicate hand a ring and a gold chain, to which a miniature of herself, painted on ivory, was attached.

"The miniature I thought would please you better than the one you have, because I painted it later; and undoubtedly it is more like me than that is, as I have certainly changed much since the first was painted — even before this sorrow marked my countenance."

"You know how glad I am — how much I thank you," said Isaac, with a gush of feeling. He said no more. Words were useless now. But spirits have a communion more intimate than words — a language which waits not for them.

They stood absorbed in each other as ever two beings were upon earth. All Adeline's sense of obedience to her husband — and that was a profoundly exact one — was for the time scattered by one feeling, that Isaac was about to go away — most likely for ever on earth — and she could not pronounce the words that she must leave him. Was she wrong?

Time, however, has lightning wings, and the moment of separation came at last.

They stood opposite each other; he gazing with quiet tenderness into her face. The strength which had supported her was gone; her white eyelids were half closed, her cheek pale and cold as marble, and her fragile figure drooped like a young quivering aspen in the first rude blast of the autumn.

"Farewell, my beautiful Adeline — my love — my life — my all of earth!" he exclaimed with whelming emotion, "I may never see thee more then now."

"Farewell, my dearest friend," answered Adeline through her fast flowing tears. "May Heaven bless you! And, oh! if it could, I would beg from it another Adeline for you to love; but though there are so many better than her — worthier of your love than she is — I fear you are prejudiced on her behalf, and would not believe it; therefore would not trust them. And now again farewell — once more farewell, dear

Isaac. To the God of love I commend you, for time and eternity." And waving her hand she motioned him to depart; and then, falling into a chair, she buried her face in the waving folds of her handkerchief.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

ON the fifteenth of Tishri is the חַג הַסֻּכּוֹת—Feast of Tabernacles—which commemorates the sojourning in tabernacles in the wilderness. It was originally kept eight days, but, like the rest of the Jewish feasts, an extra day has been added, and it now lasts nine. Of these nine days, there are only four upon which the children of Israel transact any business.

The fourteenth is a glorious time—a time of rejoicing — and immense preparation. The law commands them to take the “boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook.” This is obeyed to the very letter. The palm trees must be dispensed with in England; but the rest they can manage to get; and so they do.

Early in the morning — and it was a bright clear September one as ever dawned — David turned out of his comfortable bed, awoke Ben the servant, put the horse in a chaise, and, accom-

panied by a friend, drove off to a Jewish family who resided a considerable distance in the country, and from whose estate they were always supplied with the needful for keeping the feast.

"We shall breakfast at the 'Billy-roller,' Reuben," said David, as they swept along the road. "The food you get there is fine, compared with anywhere else in the way. We shall meet plenty of ladies and gentlemen in the breakfast-room, all devoutly intent on the active demolition of hot toast, potted larks, and muffins. The victuals is all cooked up on the broad-gauge principle—by a fat, blazing, red-faced cook. Tea and coffee flows in rivers—but not good, for the first has the flavour of the hedges, and the second reminds one villanously of horse-beans and roasted corn."

"But," replied Reuben, "there used to be a fine water-fall at an easy distance, with rocks, and turf, and wild flowers, and ducks and ducklings, and all that sort of thing: and, though the season is a little advanced, we might still make shift under the hazels and the hollies. Couldn't we invite the ladies to accompany us, and extemporise a pic-nic?"

"My innocent friend! the ducks have been made into pies long ago; the hazels are all down, the hollies pounded into bird-lime, and the water-fall exists no longer. The whole concern was a mere useless waste—has been blown up with gun-

powder ; and the sweet little glen below it turned into a reservoir to supply a monstrous factory—dingy and cheerless as a bastille—with a row of pert chimney-stalks, belching forth in the face of heaven columns of smoke and pollution, and stinking horribly in the morning air. It is called Twaddle's new process for making silk stockings out of pigs' ears ; and a part of the building is Tunk's clothing mills, where you may see the wool, rough and raw from the sheep's back, put in at one end of the machinery, and issue from the other in the shape of ready-made breeches. Next door they've got a patent for making the boilers for the engines of passenger boats, upon a principle that, if the boiler should happen to burst, so rapidly condenses the liberated steam, that all danger of the passengers taking cold by inhaling it is effectually obviated ; and the result is rendered triumphantly complete—the thing in fact doing them good—if, at the moment of the explosion, they will only recollect to keep their mouths shut."

"Well," said Reuben, "we can't grumble while they make such excellent use of the land as that."

"Certainly not," replied David. "What good is poetry or beauty ? what's the difference between a man and a bunch of turnips, except for what money he'll fetch ? Let the villages evaporate in smoke, and the land be divided into zaharas of Swedish turnips and little potatoe allotments.

Nothing idle now in England. I'm not without apprehension that the sparrows must die too, and the crows, and thrushes, and blackbirds, for they are useless things—and then the cost to keep them!—and the larks, and the rooks, and the pigeons. There would most likely be a little difficulty about the insects—but, no doubt, they could be got rid of in time; everything except the gulls, which live principally on fish; but, if there should be a scarcity of herring, it may be advisable to exterminate them also."

And thus they proceeded; until, in the set form among Englishmen, they concluded by anathematising the country, the climate, and the constitution; and yet, with a statute in that case made and provided, that it had not its equal under heaven. Having done which, they pulled up at their destination; quickly filled two great crates with various flowers and green things, and drove homewards, arriving at the house about twelve o'clock.

They directly set about building the booths. This, in such a cold climate as ours, is usually done within the house; but chiefly, perhaps, because it is the only convenient place to fix it, and where it will be free from public observation. Mr. Cohen, however, always had his built in the garden, if the weather were dry and sufficiently mild; and so he did on the present occasion.

No other work but that of building the booth

was to be done. It couldn't be expected. Mr. Cohen did manage to get a lunch spread for him—that was all. For, leaving the dinner to cook and take care of itself, out sallied Ruth to fill her part in the helping, laughing, joking, and wild hilarity of the scene—especially during the competition which should erect the first post. Shovels and hammers went to work with fearful determination. Ruth had artfully dug a hole a few days before, and then filled it again with the soft and loosened mould—taking care to smooth it over the top as though nothing had happened—and now she whirled the dirt out with her dust-pan as dexterously as the most expert “navvy” in a railway cutting. It did not do. Ben got his pole up first. And then—oh! the dancing, jumping, screaming with delight, and clapping of hands among the ladies, and the hooraying among the men.

“Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!” roared Ben, with ineffable gusto; and he swayed his body up and down, threw his head back on his shoulders, and opened his mouth to its fullest dimensions, to give himself fair play. “Whacked the lot on you clean out an’ out! and, ha! ha! the wust—a—the wust shovel among them—ony half a one.” And Ben signalled his triumph by pitching on to the boughs in one of the crates, just opened, and, turning heels over head, alighted on the other side.

The framework completed, the weaving of the branches together proceeded rapidly. In the end farthest from the entrance, the שִׁמְעֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל — the great basis of Israel's faith — was written with flowers of varied hues, beautifully interlacing their leaves and tendrils. Then the necessary articles of furniture were carried into it; and all sat down to a cold collation, in which fruits and wine formed a considerable part.

"Well," said Ben, who, after this was over, perched himself on the edge of one of the empty hampers, where, with hands clasped in each other, and elbows reclining on his knees, he pleased himself by taking an elaborate congratulatory survey of the tabernacle. "This is an extra sort of a time, and there's more than an hour yet to sunset, let's have a bit of a fiddle — eh, Joseph?" to a boy who acted somewhat in the character of a page.

"The very thing," said David's friend — Mr. Eder — as at this moment he issued from the booth. "I'll play the flute."

So Ben ran off to get his catgut and stretcher, upon which he was wont to scrape and groan at all hours: sometimes to the no small annoyance of the inhabitants of the kitchen, which was separated from his own room only by a passage. And Ben, thinking nothing common of his performances, always threw the door open in order that they might be heard.

He soon returned; spread his music-book on the hamper before him, scratched and screeched his fiddle into tune, and then signified that he was ready.

"I'm thinkin'," he said pensively, "I'm thinkin' we shall want a trifle more music—I don't think we're strong enough, don't you see. Aunt Dinah ought to have a hand organ—he! he!—eh, Dinah?—a box o' whistles." And Ben laughed again to his infinite satisfaction.

"Oh, we shall do fine," said Mr. Eder, with a roguish twinkle in his eye. "My flute has got a tremendous compass. I can imitate all sorts of things on it, from a cornet-a-piston down to a farthing-trumpet or a baby's rattle. We'll have a glorious concert. Joseph, you'll sing to us, won't you?"

"Like a thrush," responded Joseph.

"Now," said Ben, "we'll strike up a country dance. Nothin' like fiddlin' an flutin' for a country dance."

"Oh nonsense," replied Mr. Eder, "we haven't got enough for a country dance. Stop a little till Miss Cohen and David come, and we'll give them some of the most beautiful *sonatas and fantasias* that have been published this year. You know, Mr. Machir, we have a splendid time now for showing our powers. We play before a party of *cognoscenti*; therefore we shall be under no

necessity to make a sacrifice to vulgarity or bad taste. So now pick out a few pieces which combine brevity with excellence—contain in a small compass many beauties of melody, harmony, and modulation, and afford room for the display of brilliancy, taste, elegance, and expression on the part of us, the performers."

So they began. Ben put on his best and most impressive fiddling air. He moved his head about in the same time as the tune, and twirled the fingers of the hand in which he held the stick with ineffable grace.

"I think we did that well," said Mr. Eder, pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his face.

"Capital," replied Ben, poking his finger down his neck, to rectify the set of his cravat, so that he might have greater ease and comfort.

"It was a little tough though—it's put me in a bilious fever," resumed Mr. Eder. "Ahem!" And he ran through the whole gamut on his flute with whirlwind-like rapidity. "Now again, Ben, another."

But with this one, Mr. Eder either could not or would not play in time or tune. He was always either behind or before, too high or too low, to the no small discomfiture of Ben. He stamped his foot, and threw his head about, to signify the right time, with awful vehemence. No good.

"Well, you must take it all your own way, if

that's how you're a-goin' on," he said, at last, in a perfect fever.

"We want some one to beat time for us," said Mr. Eder, in a humble tone, and fidgeting about; excessively ashamed of his failure, no doubt.

"Time! I'd never want no one to beat time over a first-rate fiddle," replied Ben, with sublime disgust.

"Yes," said David, stepping up as mediator, "but Mr. Eder may not have your practised ear, Ben. I'm not much of a hand at the stick, but I'll try to keep time for him."

And, taking up the stick, David stood with his arm extended above his head and the stick crossing it at right angles—in exact imitation of a telegraph in action—waiting for the order to commence.

It was given. The time was quick: and David made the most superhuman exertions. His arms whirled in graceful and fantastic gyrations. Now, at a catch in the tune, he threw himself forward in the position of the lunge; anon, in indicating the finish of a sudden grand crash, he made so violent a motion downwards as nearly to upset hamper, music-book, himself and all. But he recovered his balance, and began again with renewed vigour. At last, unable to control his risibility any longer, Mr. Eder laid down his flute, and gave way to an immoderate peal of laughter.

"There now, that's spiled all," said Ben, with

severe disappointment. "If I don't think you aint tryin' to do nothin' but make fun."

"I think we can do without you now, David," said Mr. Eder. "Come on again, Ben: I'm sorry I stopped—at the grandest part too."

But Mr. Eder soon got wrong.

"Na, now," said Ben, pettishly. "Don't you see we didn't hang together. You must a know'd that stop was twice as long as that."

"We'll begin again," said Mr. Eder.

"When we come to it next time, I'll beat time with my fiddlestick."

They arrived at the critical point. "*One, two, three. One, two, three. One, two, three,*" said Ben, with solemn regularity. "Now!"

Mr. Eder tried again.

"Won't do, won't do." Then, knocking his stick on the edge of the hamper, "*One, two, three. One, two,—*" He struck too hard, and his bow broke short in the middle.

"Well, I never," he said contemplatively.

Everybody laughed; they couldn't help it.

"Yes, it jest suits you; got your ends, ain't you?" said Ben, folding his arms contemptuously.

"Confound your impudence! Cross at *this* time," said Mr. Eder. "Come on, David, let's put him under the pump."

"No, no!—murder!—don't do that," said Ben, as he felt his collar seized. "Consider now—it might—"

"Well, I think myself it would be too bad," said David, "just for forgetting himself one moment; and he had provocation."

It was near sunset. Mr. Cohen appeared at the door of the tabernacle, to call them in to join in the thanksgivings; that the seeds and fruits had been blessed and preserved for their sustenance and enjoyment throughout the year, and in remembrance of their sojourning in tabernacles in the wilderness.

"That's the wust on it, ain't it, Dinah?" muttered Ben, as he lazily turned his steps towards the place. "So much grace, and prayer, and holiness. If I was king, Dinah, I'd make a law that every farmer should say grace over all his corn-fields, or orchards, and what not, afore he cut or gathered anything; and so make one sayin' do for the lot, instead of havin' to say it at every meal, feasts and all."

And the lovely little Eulalia was there. She could not understand the feast very well; but she loved it because it was commanded by God, and such beautiful, grateful, prayers were offered to Him. And yet to her little heart a strange mystery hovered about it all; because Jesus was unmentioned, and that troubled her.

She sat opposite an opening which had been left to serve as a window. It was towards the western sky, and her long curls were so lustrous with the beautiful golden gleam that they seemed

to be a part of the sunshine. Her loving eyes, lit up by the pure soul within, changed with her varying thought and emotion, till they could hardly be said to have any permanent colour; and you scarcely knew, when the long lashes drooped over them, what would be their hue and expression when the silken fringe was uplifted again. We have already said that her beauty did not consist in the regularity of her features—finely chiseled though they were—for it was very seldom they were in sufficient repose to allow such a judgment; but a glowing, transparent, complexion; a bright, happy look; a face in which that high celestial expression, produced by perfect purity and innocence, was everywhere diffused, were elements of an idealised beauty, sufficient to ensure an admiration amounting almost to worship.

Mary sat down with her arm interlacing Eulalia's waist; and the service proceeded. It is a very interesting one, full of tenderness and beauty. Even Ben, disposed as he was to grumble and think it a task, was touched. Mr. Eder noticed it.

"Come, Ben," he said, "no weakness now. You look as watery as a bad pumpkin."

"Well," replied Ben, wiping the corner of his eye with the tail of his handkerchief, "it's a fact I *was* carried away by my feelin's jest then."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HEAVENLY WHISPERINGS.

"Hark! they whisper. Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away."

POPE.

WHEN the service was concluded, Mary immediately assented to Eulalia's desire for a walk round the garden. Mary and Eulalia—always nearly inseparable—had lately been more together than ever. Isaac's grief Mary had taken deeply to heart. Thus they were a pair sure to excite considerable attention. The one so fair, so reserved, so thoughtful, with a shade of sadness—sometimes approaching to complete sorrow—on her fine face; the other a precious little being made up of daylight and sunshine, and brilliant and sparkling as a summer breeze.

They left the tabernacle and were soon lost amidst the green vistas of the garden. The soft rosy purple of a clear English twilight was gently stealing over all the trees, and the air was fragrant with the mingling breath of roses and jes-

samines, and violets from a thousand flower beds and blooming thickets in their own and the terraced gardens beyond. Blending with this was a full gush of perfume from the heliotropes, and white japonicas in Kensington Park. And all was so beautiful—pervaded by one deep-hushed calm serene, stilling the spirit into repose like the young blossoms amidst the dim folded leaves.

For the twilight had not yet deepened into those softly sad hours when tears always seem lingering about the heart, and the spirits of those we love, who have passed away, come to whisper to us words of encouragement and lofty consolation—of a brighter, holier dawning, and a lovelier love. And Eulalia, though peculiarly susceptible to the influence of everything sweet or grand in nature, kept up a most brilliant flow of spirits; now glancing at the crimson clouds with sparkling and eager eyes—now bounding from Mary's side into the bowers near the path—now gathering a favourite floweret—now exchanging a gay smile or waving her pretty hand to some other member of the family whom she met in the walks. Oh! how beautiful she looked. Precious childhood!

You should have seen the golden gleam of her curls as they swept wavily over her white sculpture-like neck, and the heavenly sparkle of her eyes as she floated through the rose-thickets with the *abandonnement* of a sylph, full of life and joyousness, and giving freedom to the sweet plen-

teousness of her happy heart in a thousand fanciful and graceful motions, and gliding hither and thither with a spirit-like step; and sometimes in humming a tune dreamily to herself, or a sudden question or remark to Mary, indicative of the intense and overflowing love she felt in her heart.

At last Eulalia said she wanted to rest, and they sat down on a bench beneath a silver-leaved willow, in a secluded part of the garden. Some of the violets that Eulalia had gathered from the flower-borders still lay within the muslin folds that covered her bosom.

"Mary," said Eulalia, as she turned her large thoughtful eyes upon the sky, "look at that bright sky—how deep it looks—and still and quiet—and as if it longed to clasp us all in an embrace of love. That is heaven—don't you wish you had wings to fly away? Mary, read to me about it."

Eulalia's repeated conversations with her sister about Jesus had resulted in Mary's purchasing the New Testament, that she might know more of Him, and tell the child more too. And the consequence of her reading, and Eulalia's fervent happiness, had led her to the same peaceful, generous, repose in His love. She could not help it. She found there the soul-hush and the first breathings of that heaven for which her spirit yearned so deeply. She calmly trusted, and was happy. And it was to this hallowed spot she often retired

with Eulalia, that they might talk together of the glorious hopes and realities unfolded in the Gospel.

Mary drew out her Testament and read some of Eulalia's favourite passages—

“In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

“They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. And He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. The throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.”

The precious words flowed over Eulalia's little heart like a full strain of melody from angelic harps. To her it was real; for she had already

begun to feel that blessed heaven. And to her expectant soul the future was no longer a dim uncertain thing — only a silvery, shadowy veil that hung between her sight and her Saviour; and which He would soon roll away, and admit her to His unclouded glory. Oh! how full of tender love and joy was her purified spirit — beloved child, we would be like thee!

She sprung upon the seat, and, entwining her arms around Mary's neck, said, while she hung upon her lips with an enraptured kiss—

“Oh, that beautiful land!—how I long to go. Mary, will you please to say to me those verses in your new book, ‘O, when shall we enter our rest.’” But Eulalia's thoughts wandered, and without waiting for Mary to comply, she proceeded for herself in a soft unconscious voice —

“Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of His heavenly face.
That city of God, the Great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more;
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.
To pine for His coming is sweet,
To mourn at His longer delay;
But He whom we linger to meet,
Shall chase all our sorrows away.
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
When Him we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And live with the angels of God.”

"Oh! those angels! Mary," said Eulalia, "you don't know how lovely they are. And they do *love* us so—and like to talk to us—" And then a mystic light passed across her soft white face like a shadow from one of their wings, and her deep eyes filled with the light of other worlds, as she continued in a dim and misty voice—

"Mary, dear, I cannot tell you what delightful things I feel. My mind seems all *light*, Mary—and what beautiful thoughts I have, and what beautiful things I see and hear at night, when all is quiet. I suppose they are dreams, but yet they are true, for I *feel* them—and they keep with me, those beautiful beings, Mary, when I am awake, and speak to me of bright glorious lands where sin and sorrow can never come,—where all is calm, all is beauty, all is love—till I feel so glad and happy, that it seems I can hardly keep myself from flying away with them, up through those great arching skies, to their sweet home. A few nights ago, dear, I thought I was sleeping in a sunny garden, bright and unearth-like, with starry butterflies and rainbow-winged birds, singing and glittering around me, and beneath rich waving trees, and amongst brilliant flowers, smiling and whispering peacefully to each other, like happy spirits. Long grassy meadows sloped away down to the edges of a cluster of shining lakes, sparkling like glass as they trembled in the sunbeams. And I could hear dim voices,

dear, as of angels calling me, and shadowy music, and feel their wings fanning me as I slept. And then the blue skies faded away, and I saw a large white cloud with three angels sitting upon it, coming towards me. They came nearer and nearer; and I heard such beautiful music—oh! Mary, I can't tell you what it was like! it was full of all glorious things. They sat with their arms and wings embracing each other. Each one wore a radiant crown made of brilliant stones and soft stars, and their robes were white and bright like the sun. One of the angels had a Bible open in his hand; the other held a great star, soft and bright like the morning star. The middle one was dear mamma: I knew her directly, though I had never seen her till then. I held out my arms to meet her, and she smiled upon me with her face full of love and light, and took me up into her bosom and kissed me—oh! Mary, dear, she looked so delightful, so happy, so enraptured, so loving—and said she was sent by our Father to take me from earth to live with Him for ever. And then she kissed me again, and I felt myself dissolve in light it seemed, and the two angels took my hands, and spreading their wings, flew with me up, up, up, Mary, till we met a great shining host of happy spirits, all with a crown on their head, and a harp in their hand, and directly we met them they all struck their harps and sung — oh! such a glorious song,

I could tell it all then — and came up and kissed me, and looked so joyful, so beautiful, so innocent, Mary — oh ! it *was* beautiful, beautiful, beautiful — it makes me feel so — so — I can't *say* it, Mary — and then we all entered a pair of great flashing gates — and then — oh ! Mary, dear — I can't tell you what I saw, and what I felt — the place was all full of God, and glory, and love, and angels — and I saw Jesus on a great white throne, brighter than ten thousand suns, and He smiled upon me all love, and held out His arms to take me in — oh ! how beautiful I felt — it woke me, dear Mary, and I cried with joy. And I have been so happy ever since. Mary, dear, I'm going there to live — with those angels — I can't stop here."

Mary had listened to Eulalia's dream with a thrill of strange unworldly feeling. She felt what was coming. And now that Eulalia had uttered it, it fell on her heart with all the certainty of a prophecy. She did not answer immediately; and Eulalia resumed in the same shadowy voice—

"Yes, dear Mary, I'm going to God's beautiful home. Angels come to me every night, and whisper to me of those glorious lands and unfading love, and where I shall be loved as I want to be." And a brighter beam of heavenly radiance lit up her pure face, and her eyes grew cloudier still as she pursued. "And mamma, too, often comes and bends over me, and calls me by

my name in such a low sweet voice, and says to me such beautiful things as I could never speak again, and tells me she is coming for me soon to be with her for ever. But I shall still be near you, Mary, and I will watch over you, and kiss you when I see you crying, and try to make you happy. And I am not going to leave you long. Soon I and mamma will come for you and papa, and all our family; and then we shall be united to separate no more for ever. Oh, it is beautiful, dear! Do you not pant to go?"

"But, my precious," said Mary, as she clasped the fragile form of Eulalia to her heart, "we all love you as dearly as it is possible for us to love."

"Yes, dear, I know you do, and I love you so very dearly for it; but God and pure spirits love me better than you possibly can. And that is why I want to go home. To be folded on the loving bosom of Jesus is better than stopping here. This isn't my home, dear Mary, and I can't be happy in it. I want to see God, and know more of Him, and love Him better. Oh, he is a beautiful God! I'm glad He ever created me to enjoy His love. And then, dear, though you love me so well, others don't, and I can't bear it. As I go along the streets, I could kiss everybody, for I do *love* them so; and yet sometimes people are unkind to me. And then so much trouble as they have, and crying, and sorrow, Mary—oh, it is dreadful to know of it—and

I can't stop it; and many of them won't come to God to be made happy; and I'd rather go away where there is no more trouble and sorrow, and where everything is full of love and peace, and where everyone loves me very dearly indeed."

"But, my sweet love," said Mary, "you may have to live here many years, perhaps; for you are quite in health, you know. And then you must not get out of heart with earth, because you don't find people to love you as you would like them to. You know they don't all feel as you do."

"Yes, Mary dear, and that's why I want to go. I want to leave this sinful place for my sweet home, where everybody feels alike. I shall *not* live here many years. I want to go where everyone loves God perfectly, and so loves all the things that He has made. And I *am* going there, Mary. I *feel* it. I cannot stay here, even if I should like to. I want more love than I can have here, and Jesus is going to give it me. He tells me so."

"And what, my beloved, are we to do, who are left behind? Does Eulalie think on what we shall suffer?"

"We should be parted only a little while, a very little while," replied Eulalia. "You would soon come to me."

Mary wept, and her hot tears fell upon Eulalia's cheek—for a heavy foreboding filled up her heart, and weighed down her spirit, though she tried to

think it might, after all, be only the enthusiasm of a happy child that had made Eulalia speak with such certainty of dying.

"Don't grieve, dear," said Eulalia, throwing her arms fondly round her sister's neck, kissing her tenderly, and hanging on her lips like one of the pure angels of whom she had been speaking, "I shall still be with you, though you will not see me. And I shall love you better than ever I did on earth."

"Well, dearest," said Mary, rising, "we must not stop here any longer. It is getting cold, and you have no bonnet. Let us go in. I will carry you, for the dew is on the grass, and your light shoes may get damp." And Mary took the child in her arms, and pressed her to her throbbing heart, as if she would defy death to rob her of the treasure. For how could she live without her?

CHAPTER XXXV.

BENJAMIN'S EXPERIENCES.

It is evening of the next day ; the prayers have been offered ; the candles are lit ; all the family, servants included, are collected in the booth ; the table is laden with cakes, and fruits, and wine ; it is a time of much innocent hilarity.

"I say, Ben," inquired David, "how much of this money you've had left you do you mean to give away ? Be honest, now, and tell the truth."

"Dun know. I shall do the thing that I thinks is about right and square, I reckon," replied Ben, looking guilelessly across the table.

"And the area of the square will be in exact proportion to the sides of your interest, Ben, I'm afraid."

"What money is this, then, that Ben has had given him ?" inquired Mr. Eder.

"Why, two hundred pounds that a relation has left him—so he heard to-day—with a hope that from time to time he will give portions of it in alms for his sake, until he has disposed of half."

"Oh, that is the secret, then," said Mr. Eder.

"I thought something had happened when I saw him to-day walking up and down the garden as stately as the dome of St. Paul's."

"And no wonder," answered David. "Two hundred pounds carry along with them a sensation of ease as well as of dignity. After such a surfeit of Mammon, most men are unwilling to work. They unbutton their waistcoats, care for nothing and nobody, eat, drink, are merry, and become fat. My chief fear is lest Ben should evaporate."

"Oh, I'm clear enough," said Ben, lifting one leg over the other. "I shan't get proud, never fear. Hopes I'm got too much good sense."

"Well, I allow myself to hope so too," replied David, in a voice of benignant consideration. "What do you intend to do, Ben, if I might take the liberty of asking?"

"Well, I've bin thinkin'—I ain't quite made up my mind, you know—I've bin thinkin' as how I shall get another suit of togs, and marry and settle; and so begin life in a proper, straight-forrut manner, don't you see," answered Ben, scratching his chin and smoothing the buds of his whiskers.

"But, you know, Ben," suggested Mr. Eder, "you can't get married without you can find some lady willing to have you. Some of us find that tremendous hard work—in fact, are, after all, obliged to be bachelors, whether we like it or not. Have you been lucky enough to make matters

right with anyone yet? Don't want to hurt your delicacy, mind. I'm very much interested about you, and should like you to have a good wife; but please yourself about telling."

"Well, I believe as how I'm suited as far as that bit of business goes," said Ben, trying to look direct in Mr. Eder's face. He made a mistake, however, and turned a very suspicious glance at the upper end of the table, where Ruth sat. And Ruth finished the publication. She blushed, and fussed, and fidgeted, and dropped her pocket-handkerchief, and picked it up again, and rectified the set of her silk-dress, so as to crumple it the least, and, as a final sedative, took out her smelling-bottle.

Of course, when David and Mr. Eder saw that the lady to whom Ben had affianced himself was present, no more was said upon the subject. And as Ruth did not immediately recover her equilibrium, a somewhat foolish silence ensued. It was broken by Mr. Elihu, turning the light of his fat, glorious face full on Ben and asking,

"May I—a—Mr. M—M—Machir, take the bold step to request—a—the reason of your dear relative's dying, so to speak."

"Well," said Ben, and he patronised his answer by a complacent chuckle, "I 'spose it was cos he couldn't live no longer."

"Ah! yes, yes," replied Mr. Elihu, "that, no doubt, was the first reason; the *primary* reason, as it were. Igzackly. Yes. But what

I—a—mean to say is, what were the causes that led to that being the result in the end, if I might use the expression—the chain of *events*, to speak in a flower?"

"Well, he was very old," said Ben. "Died wore out, as you may say."

"Dear me!" answered Mr. Elihu, "what an affecting thing. I wrote a piece of poetry on the death of a friend of mine once. I have reason to believe that there was a good deal of grand imagination, and—a—sympathising ideas in it, so to speak."

"Have you thought upon the serious character of the duties involved in the compact you are about to enter into, Benjamin?" inquired Mr. Eder.

"O, yes!" replied Ben. "I've studied upon the matter a little; and I think I'm about right. I know well enough as many husbands don't treat their wives up to the mark; but I hope I shan't do anything of that kind."

"I have certainly a very high opinion of you," resumed Mr. Eder. "But I may as well tell you, I don't agree with your sweeping remark upon husbands. My belief is that most men love their wives most languishingly, most dreadfully; only there are a sort of women to whom they dare not give much power, else there is no end to their goings on. Besides, you are, perhaps, misled by appearances. If in company you see a lady and

gentleman constantly crossing each other, even in the smallest trifles, correcting each other's remarks, and opposing each other's theories and opinions, at the same time prefacing every word with my angel, my love, my sweet Emily, my dearest William, you are not to suppose there is any hypocrisy or lack of affection in the case. They love each other excessively; and the lady artfully controverts him, to exhibit to those near the dazzling intellectual powers he possesses, while he contradicts her, to show what a flower-soft spirit he has in his wife."

"Well," said Ben, pensively, "there seems sense in all that there. Dessay you're about right, howsomever."

"A pointed conclusion, Mr. Eder," said David, oracularly.

Mr. Cohen spoke.

"Well, Benjamin," he said, "I am heartily glad that you are enabled to commence life in another character to that which you have hitherto sustained—though your leaving me so suddenly is a little inconvenience. I don't think so well of your determination to marry at once. I don't think it a wise one. It will bring upon you many cares which you would not have, if you would wait a little. But as none of us doubt who it is that you have chosen, we feel a special interest in you."

"Thank ye, sir," said Ben, interrupting him.

"I should be glad to have a little conversation with you about that, if you would be so kind as to oblige me."

"Well, say on."

"I'd rather see you alone, sir."

"The truth is, Benjamin," resumed Mr. Cohen, with a smile, "that you are in a greater hurry than we had supposed, and you want to take Ruth away to-morrow, too."

"Well," began Ben, stammeringly, "I thought I—I—don't you see—if—it would—"

"But," said Mr. Cohen, "I don't know about encouraging this. 'Marry in haste to repent at leisure,' Ben. This is precipitation."

"Oh! we shall be happy, Mr. Cohen," said Ben.

"Well," said Mr. Cohen, drawing a long breath, "I suppose it is no duty of mine to place any obstacle in your way. Ruth, do you really wish to leave me in this way?"

Poor Ruth! It was a sad fluster. She flashed and flushed and blushed, and nearly fainted; but she said nothing. He had no business to ask such a question.

"Very well," began Mr. Cohen, in a measured tone. "Then, Ben, I think it shall be as follows: you go home to-morrow, as you have proposed. Return here on the day after the feast is concluded, and we will see you married; that will only make it about the second week in Marcheshvan—then you may take your wife from the house

directly. And as Ruth has been a most excellent and conscientious servant, and is, I believe, striving with all her heart to serve the God of her fathers, I will give her two hundred pounds as a marriage portion."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Ben. "Thank you, Mr. Cohen," said Ruth. "Excellent," said Rachel. "Capital," said Miss Gersom. "May you enjoy all possible connubial happiness," said David. "Amen," said Mr. Eder. And with renewed merriment, the evening proceeded and terminated.

Thus passed away the feast of tabernacles. The ninth day is very solemnly observed. It is a little day of atonement, and devout Jews humble themselves; they do not generally offer the sacrifices used on the great day of atonement; but they do sometimes, and repeat the prayers.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FEAST OF LOTS.

FIVE months of the Jewish civil year have passed away; and it is the middle of **אָדָר**—Adar. On the fourteenth and fifteenth of Adar, is the feast of **פּוּרִים**—Purim, or Lots. The history which this feast yearly commemorates is beautifully and affectingly narrated in the book of Esther. Haman, the second man in the kingdom of Ahasuerus, king of Persia and Media, was enraged, because, contrary to the command which the king had issued to his servants, Mordecai, uncle to queen Esther, refused either to bow to him or do him reverence. Having enquired concerning him, and found that he was a Jew, he conceived the hellish design of wreaking his vengeance, not only on Mordecai, but also by murdering all the Jews scattered throughout the hundred and twenty-seven provinces composing the kingdom. For twelve months, from Nison to Adar, he had **פּוּר** or the lot, daily cast before him. The result seems to have been highly satisfactory; for at the end of the year he presented

himself before king Ahasuerus, and telling a bitter lie—because he did it by keeping back the essential part of the truth—he procured the king's command that letters should be “sent by posts into all the king's provinces, to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day.” With a horrible refinement of cruelty, the sword was to be held suspended over the necks of the innocent victims a whole year; for the day of slaughter was fixed to be the thirteenth of Adar, twelve months hence. The decree was sent forth. There was great mourning and fasting and weeping and wailing among the Jews; and many clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes. Mordecai “went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and a bitter cry.” Esther's maids and chamberlains told her of it: she was “exceedingly grieved, and sent raiment to clothe Mordecai, and to take away his sackcloth from him; but he received it not.” Then the queen called Hatach, one of the king's chamberlains whom he had appointed to attend upon her, and empowered him to go to Mordecai and lay her commands upon him, to tell her “what it was, and why it was.” Hatach returned and told her all that had been devised against the Jews by Haman; also he showed her a copy of the decree which had gone forth, and charged her to go in before the king and make supplication for her

people. Esther commanded Hatach to answer Mordecai, that for thirty days she had not been called to come in unto the king, and that he knew—for it was known to all the king's servants—that whoever entered his presence who was not called, there was one law of his to put him to death. Mordecai warned her that though queen, she must not expect to escape the slaughter. Whereupon Esther commanded that all the Jews in Shushan should fast for her, "and neither eat nor drink three days, night and day." She and her maidens would fast likewise. Then she would break the law, and go in unto the king, and—with the nobleness of man, but the self-devotion and tenderness and grace of woman—"If I perish, I perish." Ahasuerus—whose conduct throughout leads one to the inevitable conclusion that he was an orthodox Oriental, voluptuous and lazy—received her very graciously. She procured the reversion of the decree. Haman was hanged upon the gallows he had erected for Mordecai. Mordecai was promoted to his place. And upon the twenty-third of מֵסֵיבָן Sivan, the third month, letters were sent to all the rulers of the provinces, commanding the Jews on the thirteenth of Adar—the day appointed for their own destruction—to take vengeance upon their enemies. Great fear fell upon all the people of the land, and many of them became Jews.

The twelfth of Adar is a day of hard work to

the servants in a large Jewish household. They are almost incessantly engaged in cooking and packing and directing and sending out. Provisions are sent off to the poor Jewish families, not in baskets merely, but in great hampers; and each lot is very liberally interspersed with wines, in order that they may make merry and have a joyful time. Nor is money left out. Then among the rich Jews portions are exchanged—wines and fruits of the choicest quality, cakes, books, dresses, jewellery, &c., &c. Dinah and Rachel and the man-servant at Mr. Cohen's were completely worn out when they were called to prayers at sunset. But nothing connected with the feast is thought a task. No one complains. It is a labour of love; and all is performed amidst much merriment and rejoicing.

As soon as the prayers were said, and the fourteenth of Adar had commenced, Mr. Cohen called all his servants around him, and gave each a present, in remembrance of the deliverance of their people.

The next days are days of immense gladness. Open house is kept. The tables in the upper and lower rooms are constantly spread with viands of the most tempting description. Visitors are always going and coming. For nearly every one makes it a rule to go round to all his friends, although he stay in each house but a few minutes.

Mary received a great number of presents from her various friends.

In the afternoon a little parcel came by post; it was addressed to "Miss Eulalia Cohen." Eulalia was sleeping on a couch in Mary's boudoir, when it came; and Mary sat watching beside her, for she felt she was passing away. That unworldly thoughtfulness, that shadowy unearth-like light which beamed from the depths of her beautiful eyes, that angelic love and purity which constantly revealed itself in acts of blessing and benigance, spoke too surely to Mary's heart of the near approach of other worlds. And she was with her constantly.

A servant brought in the little packet, and placed it in Mary's hand. An unaccountable tremor seized her the moment her eye was directed to the writing. She looked again. Could it possibly be from Adeline? She could not doubt it; there were the well remembered letters. And she longed to know its contents. But she put it silently aside till Eulalia should awake.

The lovely little sleeper drew a long, sweet breath; and a smile between heaven and earth floated over her pure face, as though she were just bidding farewell to some beautiful vision of angelic beings, then she opened her soft and dreamlike eyes upon her sister.

"Here's a letter, my love," said Mary, kissing

her, and pushing aside the lace drapery that hung around her. "And I think it is from our dear Adeline."

"How kind she is," said Eulalia, taking it in her thin, white hand. "I do so want to see her; and I *do* see her sometimes," she continued, in a cloudy voice to herself.

She looked at the direction for a moment, and then said, "Open it for me, dear Mary, if you please."

The seal was broken immediately; and Mary took out a very small, delicate, sky-blue enamel watch, suspended to a fine gold chain. Beneath it a note was folded up.

"How very good to send me such a beautiful present, isn't it, dear?" said Eulalia, looking at the watch, the case of which Mary had opened. "But I shall not wear it long. I shall soon be dressed in more beautiful clothes, and brighter jewels than these; in unfading things, dear Mary."

"I don't like to hear you talk so, darling," said Mary, kissing her. "Here, let's put the chain round your neck, and see how it looks on your white dress."

"Thank you, dear," said Eulalia, when she had hung it upon her bosom. "Now, will you read the note to me? You can do it easier than I can."

Mary complied directly.

MY DEARLY-LOVED EULALIA,

How happy it will make you to receive these few lines from me; and how happy I feel while I write them. It brings memories crowding upon me; old thoughts of those seasons, my sweet child, when you and I used to sit and talk together of all beautiful things; of God and heaven, and the world and loving hearts. And how softly and happily the time used to glide at those seasons—

“How lightly falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!”

Do you remember them, and with them Adeline, still, my love? Do you remember when we used to pace up and down that silent secluded sidewalk, beneath the acacias in your garden at evening, and you used to pelt me with roses and jessamines, and all sorts of pretty blossoms, and fasten them in my hair? Do you remember when we used to sit on that old seat by the side of your little flower-bed, watching the deep heavens, and admiring the soft gentle stars that looked down upon us so lovingly, until we used to fancy they were inviting us away to the lands of heavenly happiness and rest? Or, when we sat down by the fountain, under that great weeping willow, and watched the tranquil moonbeams mingling with

the cool tinkling waters, and touching the edges of the little dashing waves with a brilliance that made them seem like frosted silver? Oh! those were happy, very happy seasons, my beloved Eulalie. Were they not? I hope you often think upon them, and upon what we used to say to each other at those times.

And when you think, do you pray for me? My Eulalia, I am sure, remembers to entreat a blessing from her heavenly Father for her Adeline, although she cannot see her now. Oh! I feel that denial most hardly, my precious child. If I could, I would fly to you just now. My big heart seems to swell, almost till it clasps you in my bosom. How delightful it would be to walk with you once more, to talk with you once more, to kiss you once more. But we must not murmur, dearest. God has seen fit to deny it to us. It may be that we shall never meet again on earth—at present, it seems most unlikely that we ever shall—but we SHALL SOON meet in heaven, my beloved girl; and there, no separation can ever be, for we all live in God; no sorrow can ever come, for we are all filled with God; no death can ever enter, for our life is hid in God. Happy country! Sweet home! Lovely land! Precious hopes! Is it near, my darling? I sometimes half feel so. At any rate, life, at its longest, is very short; a vapour showing itself in one dim wreath for a moment, and then vanishing away.

A few more days, and we shall pass away into our delightful home. How we shall love and enjoy each other there, my Eulalia; where the soul is free, the heart pure, the affections large as the bosom of our God from whom they spring. Is it not beautiful to think upon it? We should like to go away; shouldn't we? We should be glad to fly from this unkind, noisy, jarring world. But mark, my dearest, while we long to go to heaven, we must be willing and joyful to stop here just as long as God wants us to; and we must diligently employ ourselves in labours of love among our friends, and everybody else as far as we can.

How I could write away. I hope I don't tire you. But I don't fear.

The little gift I send you with this, I selected for you myself, and I worked your name in the little paper with my own hands. I hope the watch will please you, my love; and I allow myself to think it will. Moreover, I thought it was as suitable a thing as I could send for you.

Adieu, my beloved Eulalie. Continue to love me. I shall ever love you more dearly than I can tell you. Pray for me very often. Never forget me. Love God with all your heart. Give my deepest love to Mary and David, and Mrs. Cohen and your papa; and also to Jacob and Joseph.

I remain, my dearest girl, your very loving sister,

ADELINE.

Park Lane, Adar 12th, 5504.

"How beautiful!" said Eulalia, thoughtfully, as she kissed the paper on which Adeline's affectionate breathings were traced. "How loving she is, Mary. I used to think she would never go away from us; and I used to feel so much about her. Never mind. Jesus rules everything. He took her away from us; and He loves us too dearly to do anything that would be unkind."

"But, my dear," said Mary, interrupting her, "while you are quite right in saying that all is governed by God, I like you to distinguish between what He *permits* wicked people to do to us, and what He clearly does of his own good pleasure. Yet, perhaps, your thought is sufficiently exact: I don't know that I needed to speak; for He declares that *all* things shall work together for our good."

"Yes, dear Mary, and it is that which I think upon. I know Adeline was taken away from us very unkindly—and then, poor dear Isaac! Oh, Mary! I do think about him so. Well, we shall soon meet in our dear Redeemer's house, where unkindness and disappointments can never come. And, oh! one smile from Him is worth more than all we can suffer here. But it seems hard while

we are passing through it. I don't know what I could have done, Mary, without Him. I have felt Him support me so. I have felt a great spirit which made my troubles seem light—though when Adeline left us, and then Isaac went away, it seemed as if my heart would break."

"My dear Eulalie felt strong because of the hand she held—even that of Omnipotence, the Creator of herself and all things. That was it my love; wasn't it?"

"Yes!" and the young face grew radiant with light and joy.

"Mary, love," she said after a little while. "I must answer dear Adeline's letter directly, you know. But I can't write nicely enough, I think. Will you do it for me?"

"Yes, whenever you like, dear. Only you must tell me what to say."

"Well, you can tell her she knows how much I love her—and how much I thank her for the watch she has sent me. That I often think upon her, and pray for her; and desire her to do so, also, for me. And tell her too, how very happy I am, and of the great love I feel in my heart for God and everybody. And that I shall soon be a bright angel, Mary, for I am going to heaven to see Jesus and be with Him for ever."

"But, my love," said Mary, through her tears, and clasping her arms fondly around Eulalia's

neck, "Adeline does not believe—does not think Jesus is God you know."

"Oh dear! I forgot," said the child mournfully. "I know she doesn't. These are things, Mary, I can't understand. I cannot tell how people can help believing the truth. But dear Adeline has no one to tell her; else I'm sure she would believe in Him."

"And I'm sure of that too," said Mary.

"There's papa, too," said Eulalia abstractedly. "Well, Mary," she resumed, suddenly gathering herself up, "you must tell her about Jesus, and how happy He has made us. Can't you send her a New Testament? Why, yes—as *my* present in return. That would be excellent, wouldn't it?"

"I will, then," said Mary. "And now come with me, and we will show your present to papa; and then we'll go and write the letter."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IMMORTAL HOPES.

"Above the crowd
On upward wing could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky."

LATE in the evening of the following day, Mary was seated at her little reading table, in a retired room. But it was night now, and she gazed with fond affection upon the silvery moon, and the brilliant heavens set with hosts of silent stars. A quiet softness breathed over her fair countenance, and at length as she looked, her admiration was murmured forth in a low melody of words.

"At such a time as this, when all creation unites with joy and thanksgiving to offer grateful incense to its Creator, can man, ungrateful man, remain unmoved? We cannot look upon the earth we inhabit, smiling in gladness and beauty, without feeling how good is the Lord our God, and how greatly blessed are we in having such a Father, in being the objects of his tenderness and love. All the riches, all the beauties of nature

He has created, to minister to our happiness, and not for themselves. The glowing heavens, the trees, the fields, so superbly attired; the effulgence of the morning sun, the exultation of the brute creation; the hum of bees, and the songs of birds; the smiling flowers, all join to announce to man the goodness and bounty of his Maker and Preserver. To all these creatures reason has been denied, yet joy animates them all. But how much more happy ought we to be, who are so much more beloved by Him! for how highly has He exalted us above them all: even, perhaps, to a position more privileged and blessed, to a relation more holy, honourable, intimate, and endearing, than any other beings in the whole universe besides; for He has made us children to Himself by redeeming us with the blood of His own Son. It must be so; for His own word tells us that hereafter He will require us to sit in judgment over angels. Eternal Father! Thou art too sublime for our finite capacities to comprehend Thy majesty. We lament that our stammering earth-bound lips know not how to glorify Thee in language adequate to Thy due. Thou art all in all. May it be the hourly ambition of our existence, as Thou lovest us so immensely, so unspeakably, to preserve ourselves, by a pure and holy life, objects worthy of Thy love, and never grieve Thee by indifference to the demands Thou hast upon our hearts."

There was a faint rustle in a thicket of rose in front of the window, and a hushed footstep on the grass; and then Mr. Eder emerged from amongst the blossoms, and stood before her.

"Miss Cohen !" he exclaimed, with evident surprise, "I heard a soft voice, but I imagined it came from a speaker in the garden."

"I thought I was more alone," said Mary, blushing deeply, "else I should have been more careful."

"I also have been abandoning myself to the luxury of this stillness—it makes one poetical." He paused for a few moments, and then resumed—and there was a quiver in his voice—"Miss Cohen, I have long watched for a convenient opportunity of speaking to you alone. Can you give me permission to do so now?"

"Oh, certainly, sir," replied Mary. "Pray come inside and be seated," she pursued, as she unfastened the glass door that opened from the room into the garden.

She placed a seat for Mr. Eder, and then took one herself; but he continued standing.

"Miss Cohen," he said slowly, at last, "when I have revealed to you what occupies my heart, you will easily believe that, at this moment, my feeling must be imperfectly under command. But I will try to relieve you of all unpleasant suspense; and to waste no time in unnecessary circumlocution.

“Since my introduction to you by David, a few months ago, I have lived in a blissful dream. Like the others whom it has pleased you to graciously refuse, the magic influence of your loveliness I have found resistless and invincible. Your innocence and beauty have created around me a world of enchantment. When you were present, my felicity was complete—if you were absent, my existence was aimless and an intolerable blank. But you were not mine! Would you ever be? What I suffered to make the venture!—yet little if successful. What right had I to hope to gain such a treasure?—a treasure of which I should be prouder than Alexander could have been of all his conquered worlds. I felt I could part with everything in life for you, who were to me—life, everything. I could have endured anything for leave to call you mine. Oh, that one comprehensive word! Mine while existence lasts—mine to cherish and uphold—mine for earth and heaven. The thought was a foretaste of celestial bliss. You answer to all this—that I dream. Be it so. That I must soon awake—I do not believe it. That my love is merely ideal—It is idealized reality. And at any rate the remembrance is mine—the undying memory of a vision unparalleled by all other dreams of life. Miss Cohen,”—and sinking on one knee before her, he respectfully took her hand, while his voice subsided from the energy of passion to the softness of

melting tenderness — “Do not withdraw your hand. Listen to me as, in three little words, I pour out before you my whole soul and heart — I love you!”

“In selecting me, Mr. Eder,” said Mary in a quiet voice, disengaging herself, and rising to her feet, “In selecting me as the person to whom you are willing so awfully to entrust your future all, I feel how great is the honour you have placed upon me; and I thank you very much for your kind intentions. But the events which have lately happened in our family, and the things and feelings with which I am surrounded, make it impossible I can be interested in such an engagement as you propose. Therefore, with an assurance of deep consideration for your feeling, I must decline any further conversation upon it.”

And as Mary concluded, she began to leave the room.

“Miss Cohen,” said Mr. Eder, “don’t leave me without one word. May I live upon the hope that some future time will find you more inclined to favourably listen to my suit?”

“I cannot allow you to think so, sir. The decision I have just uttered will be final.”

“I can be very patient. Ten—twenty years?”

“Were it possible I could describe to you the pain inflicted on my woman’s feelings, by dashing back your hopes in the way I am obliged to, you perhaps would scarcely believe me. Let that

pass. Listen to me," and Mary's bosom swelled with the huge effort required to make the revelation, "I have long felt condemned, because I have not before made this confession—I am glad I have power to do it now. You will feel, Mr. Eder, that you and I must be for ever separate, when I tell you that I believe—in Jesus of Nazareth."

"Good God!"

"Sir!"

"Pardon me. It was a surprise. I could not have expected it."

"Nor I. It is an unspeakable mercy, sir, that has led me, from the dreadful darkness and uncertainty of Judaism, into the broad and pure light of the gospel of Christ."

"Oh, Miss Cohen, I am very sorry. Do you think upon the consequences? You will be cited before the Session of rabbis."

"I know it. And I shall be excluded from the synagogue — perhaps also from my father's house. My name will be blotted from among my people. I shall have to pass through afflictions, to me strange and terrible. Yet, weak as I am, I feel unmoved. My Redeemer has made me acquainted with the weapons of victory, and shown me how they are to be used. He has done more—He has told me of the rewards and blessings which those who conquer shall in the end attain."

"Why, by the law of Moses, you are punish-

able with death. How, Miss Cohen, will you ever bear what will be done? No Jew will speak to you—sent amongst strangers—separated from your family—not even allowed to be buried with them.”

“I know all this. But God will save my body by the resurrection of Jesus, as He has my immortal spirit. A period of trial is coming—trial dreadful, unutterable, to nature. But God will hide me under the shadow of His wings; and if He see fit will frustrate every scheme which may be formed against my peace. It is to the animating influence of such assurances as these, that I owe the indomitable courage I feel—tranquil hope as I proceed, and beatific visions of immortal bliss.”

“This will grieve David sadly.”

“I have no doubt—I am quite willing he shall know it. I say so because my apprehension is, that you will think it proper to tell him, and perhaps my father also. I am prepared for it, I hope: and if that is your feeling, you must not consider me a moment, but discharge your duty.”

“I wish, Miss Cohen,” said Mr. Eder mournfully, “you had not made me your confidant. If I say nothing, I am liable to the same punishment as yourself. It is very hard. I am glad, however, that as I go away so early to-morrow, I shall not have any time to speak of anything of the kind.”

"As to making you my confidant, Mr. Eder," said Mary, in a dignified voice, and she drew herself up as she spoke, "you know I did not seek your confidence. I told you what you requested was impossible—you seemed not to believe me. You must now excuse my staying here any longer." And Mary left the room. She had spoken loftily and strong; but her little heart was full—for, oh! what would be the consequence of that evening's confession? Separation from father, brothers, friends, swum dizzily before her eyes. "Thine is the kingdom, O Lord! and Thou art exalted head above all," she exclaimed with her tearful eyes directed upwards, as she entered her own peaceful room. And throwing herself upon her knees, she sought the tranquillizing and hallowing influences of prayer. For a long time she continued there, holding precious communion with the Father of her spirit; and then she arose calm, strengthened, happy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DROPS FROM THE HEART'S DEEP SEA.

"OH! weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away —
For hopes that like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven."

GEMS OF SACRED POETRY.

THE largest drawing-room in Earl Vernon's house was occupied by revellers, who, with himself, were freely indulging in the delicious wines that burdened the table.

Their uproarious voices were borne faintly in to a small but elegantly furnished room, in a retired part of the house. A single lamp threw around a flickering uncertain light, that dimly disclosed a woman's form, extended at full length upon a couch at the farthest end. Her bowed head was leaning upon her hand. Her brilliant robe of snowy satin fell in rich folds around her exqui-

sitely moulded person. The pearls that gleamed upon her arms were scarce whiter than the wrists they encircled, and the jewels that sparkled amidst the dark braids of her hair—like stars in a midnight sky—seemed hardly more bright than her large mournful eyes.

Suddenly she lifted her head—revealing the beautiful features of Adeline—and began to rapidly pace the room.

Days and weeks had passed away since Isaac had bidden her farewell, but each one bowed the spirit of that poor girl nearer and nearer to the earth. Everyone that looked upon her felt, that a great and fearful sorrow had blighted her heart in its spring-time. To some who knew what it was, and who loved her, it was worse than death to behold her anguish, and to see her thus fading away before their eyes; and they no power to assuage her grief, or to give new life to her drooping spirit.

In company she strove to please her husband, and to be to others “a thing of life and joy,” by appearing, as had been her wont in early years, happy and light-hearted, and by zealously promoting the delight of all around. But the consuming sickness of the soul was revealed in the dim and misty deeps of her eyes; and the smile with which she sought to wreath her trembling lips, was but a sad mockery of the thing that had formerly been so bright and joyous. Yet, in its

beam, there still lingered a charm that was irresistible. And that afternoon, when she had been called to play the Griselda in presence of her husband's mistresses, the crimson drapery cast a softened shadow over her delicate cheek, and lent a deeper hue to her beautiful eyes, that were raised so graciously to the countenance of that stern-browed, unprincipled man by her side, with an expression in which were mingled all the tenderness and devotion of woman's heart.

God had given her a sweet babe, a beauteous little cherub as ever was invested with the veil of mortality; and the mother worshipped it, and folded it in her heart, with feelings amounting almost to idolatry. Not so Vernon. It brought no softness into his low nature. He spurned it away when, with a sad smile, she first presented it to him. He called it a "Jew's cub," and swore, with filthy oaths, that it was none of his, but belonged to some "greasy-bearded old-clothes'-man." A pang of horrid agony cleft Adeline's heart almost in twain; and she bent over its sweet face, and kissed its pure lips, and hung over its beauties in longing love, and bathed it in thick-flowing tears: they saved her heart from completely breaking.

Hours glided away—heavily to Adeline—and she heard the sound of departures. Vernon's voice was amongst them; and she directly assured herself that he had gone, with companions as

debauched as himself, to conclude the night elsewhere. A darker shade of grief tinged the face of the stricken, suffering woman, and she sat down buried in weary thought.

Harsh tones sounded along the passages, and echoed upon her ear; and she heard the quiet reply of a favourite maid. She knew whence the loud language came: it was the voice of a low woman, who, with her sisters, had kept a boarding-school at a watering-place, but whom Vernon had lately picked up, and duly installed into her privileges as his mistress.

She drew the scarlet drapery, which lent something gorgeous to her appearance, more closely around her person, and, with compressed lips and an unfaltering step, she left the apartment, and descended the stairs to the room whence the noise proceeded.

"Miss Martin! I cannot allow this display. Emma, what is it?"

"Your ladyship told me to do nothing for anyone else, till I had finished the work you set me this afternoon; and Miss Martin has been ordering me to begin some for her the first thing to-morrow."

"But you will still do exactly as I ordered you, Emma," said Adeline.

"I meant to do so, my lady, and I told her so; and then she abused me, and threatened to get me discharged."

"Impudence!" said Adeline, with quivering lips. But her profound calmness immediately returned. "Take no notice, Emma, but proceed as I desired you."

"I will have you know, madam," said Miss Martin, trembling with rage, "that I also have power to command, and that I also will be obeyed. I presume," she pursued, with a bitter smile, "that the Earl has quite as much right to delegate his power, as he had reason to transfer his affections."

"At least, you shall find that I am supreme mistress here in the absence of my husband," said Adeline, as she touched a bell. A footman appeared in answer to the summons.

"Edwards, wait to open the door, and show that woman out."

"As I don't intend to go, his office will be a sinecure," replied Miss Martin, with a sneer.

"Edwards," said Adeline, at the same time passing out of the room, "you hear my commands. If they are resisted, you are to use all proper means to eject her from the house."

"You shall see my power, you ——," screamed Miss Martin; and she screamed something more abominably offensive still. "I'll make you pay for this!" and, seizing a decanter from the table, she hurled it at Adeline. But, happily, she had passed out, and it broke in harmless splinters against the door. Had the woman been a little

earlier, the consequences to Adeline might have been serious; for it appeared to strike very nearly in the position of her head as she passed out of the room.

Adeline wearily ascended the steps to her bedroom. She opened the door very silently. There was no sound—nothing but the soft low breath of the precious little sleeper that lay, so white and angel-like, amongst the shadowy folds of the lace draperies of the bed. Adeline stooped over the little seraph with that thrill of glorious rapture which only a mother can feel, and showered down upon it the soft dew of her relieving tears. Thought after thought came stealing through her mind with a serene and heavenly power. Like the waves of the summer sea at sunset, so gently rose the waves of love in her heart, moved by new and most endearing sympathies.

The hour of midnight had long struck; still Adeline sat watching for her husband. All was still; for even the faithful porter had fallen asleep in the hall below. She went into an adjoining room, and, pulling aside the curtains of a muffled window, opened it and sat down, heedless of the chilling night-wind; for her brow was hot with longing thought, and the light breeze revived her. And then she raised herself to her feet, and began walking that solitary room. But her step now was

feeble and slow, her long hair had become loosened, and fell in negligent and unconfined masses about her neck and shoulders.

At last she heard the bolts of the door removed; and after a few more minutes of painful suspense Vernon, highly intoxicated—or, as the word goes for people in his position, highly “elated”—staggered into the room, to which he had been assisted by the servant. His coat was dabbled in dirt, and on his back one of his companions had gummed the label of a doctor’s bottle—“A third part to be taken, with a pill, every five hours.”

“Hodges, tell my valet,” he called out, as, led by Adeline, he tottered into a chair.

“No, no,” said Adeline, “don’t expose yourself to him. I’ll assist you to take your coat off. Lie on the bed a few hours, and you’ll be much better.”

“Well, Adeline, I believe you’re right,” he said pensively, and trying to look up in her face affectionately. Then, with an attack of that penitence which is quite an epidemic amongst gentlemen in a similar condition—at any rate, Vernon was invariably afflicted with it at such seasons—he resumed, “Adeline, I know it’s wicked, what I do—yes, I know it; but I don’t *love* anyone else but you—that’s one consolation to me. I’m a great sinner to you—ain’t I? I ought to be hung—hic—you’ll forgive me what’s past and gone, my love, though, won’t you?”

"You know I can and do forgive you," replied Adeline. "I should think much better about you if I did not believe that all this sorrow will be forgotten, and you will continue to be unkind to me, and to keep abandoned women in my house."

"You mean Polly Martin. I'll pack her off to-morrow—see if I don't. Oh, how pretty you do look, you darling creature," he said, folding his arm tenderly about her waist, and pulling her to his side. "I love you. Let's have a kiss."

Adeline pressed her pure lips to his, on which the pollution of stranger touches still lingered, and then said,

"Come, you must allow me to place you on the bed—you want sleep."

"I love you, Adeline," he exclaimed fervently as he laid himself down.

"I know it," she replied kindly.

"Adeline, I love you," he pursued.

"Yes—try to sleep;" and she kissed him again. Then he began singing his favourite song—

" 'Two blue-bottles, two blue-bottles,
Two blue-bottles sat on a mile-stone —
One flew away, and then
' One blue-bottle, one blue-bottle,
One blue-bottle sat on a mile-stone —
Two more came, and then,
' Three blue-bottles, three blue-bottles,
Three blue-bottles sat on a mile-stone,' &c. &c.

"Oh, dear! I believe I want tuning—let's try again :

'I am in love with twenty :
I could adore as many more—
There's nothing like a plenty.'

"Well—hic—a—as you say—a—Lady Vernon, love is a beautiful feeling—isn't it? I'll love and make myself happy—happy as the day my dear, my tender wife—

I'll be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Chris—!

"Eugh! that—wine of Marshall's!—vinegar! —it—hic—gripes me devilishly." And, with a lumbering effort he rolled himself over, and let fall his great arm upon the infant that lay sleeping on the other side of the bed. He hurt it; it began to cry. Adeline took it up in her arms and tried to hush it.

"There, take away that squalling thing. I'll have it drowned, like a kitten, in a tub."

Adeline hugged the little blessing to her heart more tightly, as she passed away into another room. And having succeeded in quieting it, she placed it to repose in the flower-cup, and amongst the filmy curtains of its own beautiful couch. And then she sat down by its side, gazing with calm deep joy. It was a beautiful feeling—so shadowy and dream-like, yet real with the holiest

sympathies of our mortal life. Her spirit mingled with that sleeping innocence, and a sweet low thrill of love swept like a soft strain from the eternal melodies across her soul. There are a thousand nameless thoughts—for they are things so shapeless and mysterious—that come flowing from the labyrinthine deeps within our being, with a blissful, exalting influence, even in the darkest sorrow; like the imperceptible zephyr that stirs the delicate leaf.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VOICES OF THE SPIRIT.

THAT morning, at breakfast, Vernon was unusually thoughtful. And there was a softness and quietness in his tones quite extraordinary—the more so, as his mental organisation was such an ill-conditioned one.

“Something seems to oppress you this morning, my dear husband,” said Adeline to him, in her delicate, musical voice. “What is it? Not well, are you?”

“O yes, yes; I’m well enough,” he replied. He was standing when she spoke to him; and he moved over to her and kissed her. It was a thing he never did. Such a display of tenderness surprised and overpowered Adeline. It seemed he really intended to be kinder. And tears filled her eyes.

“Come then,” she said, taking his hands in her’s, and fixing her beautiful eyes on his, “you must let me bear part of it, you know. What is it?”

“Fact is, I’m in an ugly case. Got into a bit of a row.”

"Well?"

"It was with Lord Selford. I wish I'd stopped home with you."

"I wish you had. But pray go on—let me know all."

"I gave him a tap on the ear."

"Well, never mind, dear Alfred. Don't let it harass you. I think we shall be able to smooth it over. Come, sit down with me, and I'll write out an apology—you can copy it into a letter and send it off directly. You may safely trust me to guard your honour most jealously—you shall see when I've done. But you must express becoming sorrow, you know."

"It's too late, Adeline, now. It's my cursed pride, you see. His is such an inferior family. He'd have accepted one then, perhaps. But I wouldn't."

"And why not now?"

"I'm going to meet him—fight him."

"But that will be avoided if you apologize."

"Good God! Lady Vernon. Why, I should never be able to show my face in society again."

"And what will it matter to you what a few weak, misguided, mortals think? You will have acted worthily, nobly, greatly. It is this pains to please, this measuring of ourselves by the ever-fluctuating one-sided thoughts of other people, that makes our existence so weary and so hopeless. To stand up and allow yourself to be fired at,

Alfred, is a false sense of courage—believe it. It does not require a thousandth part of the courage to face death, that it does to nobly and undauntedly struggle against the sorrows and cold realities of life. The duellist is a gigantic coward—and the men whose good opinion is worth trying to gain know it. And beyond all that, I should not like to be called upon to decide how much less than self-murder is the sin of that man who, without any call of duty, wilfully and knowingly places himself in the way of destruction, and is killed. I do beg of you most earnestly to grant my prayer—you will never have a hostile meeting with Lord Selford.”

“If I was strong-minded like you, Adeline, I mightn’t care, perhaps, what they said. ’Twon’t do. I should cut my throat.”

“That Lord Selford is always shooting. He lives with a gun or a pistol in his hand. And you—did you ever fire a pistol?”

“Hardly ever.”

“Alfred, bear with me. I cannot allow you to go. It is horrible. You’ll be brought home to me murdered.”

“Lord! I hope not, Adeline.”

“Promise me.”

“No use—no use.”

“I’ll send Selford a letter—let him publish it—I’ll ask him to do so. In it I will tell him that you are not afraid to die—that you have the

courage to meet him ten times repeated. But there is another to consult. I am not willing; and I will not give you up. And I will ask him if he thinks it will be a seal to your manliness, your honour, your courage, to exhibit how recklessly you can place yourself in danger of making your wife a widow, and your child an orphan."

"And then they'll call me a smock, won't they?—tied up to my wife's apron-string."

"No; you will be called a MAN—glorious title!—make it yours."

"Won't do—won't do."

"Well, I have no more power to plead with you," said Adeline, tearfully.

"I don't like it. As you say, I'm not afraid of death, though. I feel a little down-hearted about it—a sort of—of—what d'you call it?—fatalism. I shall make my will."

"Oh, it's very terrible. So much weariness and excitement kills me. Where is it to end?"

"Now just get pen and ink, will you, Adeline."

"When have you appointed, then?"

"One o'clock to-day. My friends will be here at twelve."

"Then I must send Hodges for a lawyer."

"Lawyer?—no. You'll do better than any lawyer as was ever invented. I'll tell you what to say; and when Harrington and Arnold come, they can witness it. You shall be sole executrix."

"Will you acknowledge little Alfred! He is indeed your child."

"I know it—I know it. I've been very wicked, Adeline—and now I see your goodness—maybe it's too late." And Vernon was really and deeply affected.

"Come now, miladi," he resumed, "it won't do to waste time like this. It's eleven now. Take out some paper and begin. I haven't got much for you to say—only I should like it put into your fine English."

"I am ready," said Adeline, as she sat down and took the pen in her quivering hand.

"Well, this is what I want said. My banker has, I think, about £740,000; this, with all my other property, real and personal—this house and my two country-houses, with all the furniture and grounds belonging to them—but it's all included in saying all my property, isn't it?—no matter, you know how to say it. Well, all this I bequeath to you. And I appoint you sole guardian of my son Alfred Steinberg Harcourt Clifford, to receive for him, and, as far as necessary, apply to his use, all monies produced by the estates belonging to the earldom, until he is twenty-one years of age. And for the disposal of these monies you are to account to no one but him, and that not until he has reached the age I have said. And of this, my last will and testament, I appoint you sole executrix."

"It is finished," said Adeline in a low, sighing voice, which touched every chord of the soul. For a mighty weariness and oppression filled up her heart, that throbbed so with a mysterious mingling of love, and pity, and terror. And then she handed it over to her husband, with the same look of indescribable import.

"That's it," he said. "Now, when they come, I can sign it. Mercy upon us! Lady Vernon, don't look on me like that—you're as white as death. Makes me feel chilly."

"Pray have patience with me—I can't help it."

"I'm not done for yet, you know. Lord, Adeline, it's only foolishness—you see. Flash in the pan, I'll be bound."

Adeline sighed heavily.

Twelve hours afterwards a pale, motionless figure, was stretched upon a bed in a hushed chamber in Earl Vernon's house. And, watching over him, like some holy spirit, was a gentle-looking stately being; her large blue eyes were brimful of tears, and her lips quivered slightly as she bent her gaze full on his face.

How beautiful! how angel-like! is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may laugh at it, the heartless treat it with contempt, the selfish affect to despise it, the debauchee sneer at it. Pity them. Yet let them be forgiven — their loss is punishment enough.

While the holy feeling is still from God, still finds its echoes in the bosom of eternity, and breaks into purer brightness because of the dark clouds that would shadow it.

Wearily and faintly that slender woman knelt beside the couch, and kissed his dull cold cheek that lay half-buried amid the snowy pillows, while she bathed his burning brow with her fast-flowing tears. What mattered it to Adeline that the man who lay there had withered her heart in its young spring-time—had caused her soul to writhe in intensest agony—had defrauded and disappointed her, and sent her love's weak vessel, her woman's heart, to drift and crash amongst the rocks and breakers of falsehood and cruelty, which to touch upon is inevitable destruction? He was her husband, and in suffering. Enough. The intense glow of her love soothed its very agonies. It still flourished delicate and beautiful, a flower made up of heavenly dews and stormless skies, bending beneath the slightest breath of summer air, yet not breaking in the most relentless blast of winter. No clouds could obscure its loveliness, no frosts blight it, no tempests chill its ardour, no shades dim its pure brilliance. It shone in her first hour, it shone then, as it will shine till it mingles with its source in eternity, in one unclouded blaze of living light—like the dazzling brightness of summer suns and shadowless skies.

Still she knelt there; her soft white arm drooping lovingly over him, while her eyes were fixed steadily on those still, collapsed, features, eagerly watching for some sign of returning life. Vernon was dying. Adeline knew it. Four physicians had consulted over him. There was no hope—none. The ball had entered his right side, torn away part of the lung, and passed out a few inches behind the spot at which it had entered.

A tap upon the chamber door aroused her, and she rose to answer it. She started back as her eye fell on her own image reflected in the mirror, for its almost deathly whiteness frightened her. She opened the door, and placed her finger on her lip to impose a hush on the servant, who entered, bearing a lotion and various other medical preparations, and then as silently left again.

Adeline took up the bottle, and, pouring some of its contents upon a sponge, began to bathe his temples. She had not long been thus engaged, when he slowly opened his dim heavy eyes and looked upon her face.

"Adeline," he murmured.

"How do you feel, my love?" Adeline whispered softly.

"Not much pain—but burning with thirst. Give me some drink."

Adeline gently poured some between his lips.

"Adeline," he said again, slowly. His thoughts seemed to wander.

She took his hand in hers, and kissed his hot lips.

"It is all as—you—said. I'm going."

"Do you feel your great Redeemer's arms supporting you in this important hour?"

"Not like I want. No. It's dark—doubt. Pray with me again, that, as you say, I may be able to quietly give myself up to Him."

Adeline fell upon her knees, and with the earnestness of womanhood, but the simplicity and innocence of a child, poured out her full heart into the bosom of her God. Her faith so vividly apprehended that love, and that rest, and that heaven for which she pleaded, that she seemed almost entering it, bearing Vernon with her, too, in the mighty strength of her spirit.

The flame of life was flickering in the socket, and Adeline, still kneeling, and placing her lips close to his ear, continued to murmur softly the glorious assurances unfolded in the Gospel.

"'If our heart condemn us,' " she said, "'God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.'

"'Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God.'

"'He that believeth in the Son of God hath the witness in himself; because he believeth the record that God gave of His Son.'

"'If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us. And if we know that He hear

us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.'

" 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

A clear unbroken beam of celestial beauty floated over the face of the dying, as he pressed her hand and murmured tremulously,—" 'Thanks be unto God — who giveth us — the victory — through — our Lord — Jesus — Christ!'" With the last word his spirit passed away.

CHAPTER XL.

EVANISHINGS.

"There's a land where those who loved when here
Shall meet to love again."

SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

THERE is something so profoundly affecting in the contemplation of purity and innocence, that the sensitive and generous heart can never indulge in it without intensely delightful emotions — even to a rich luxury of tears. And if so much loveliness is still left as to image God on earth, if so much celestial love and holiness can be exhibited by the creatures of time, with the heavy clouds of a sinful sky constantly lowering upon them, marring their brilliancy and light, how lovely must be that sweet land where all life is blended in one flood of purity and beauty, where every sight and air is God! Strange! that we feel thus content to linger here on this cold bleak desert, when such immortal hopes are ours.

To live on such an earth—the prison-house of soul—yearning in vain for rest—where life's one truth seems but — we might have been.

Oh! for yon brighter world!—the land of calm repose!—the rest of hush and peace!—our native sky!—our spirit's home! Where the soul's chords—echoes of the voices of eternal melody—that here, amidst these poisonous airs and darkening mists, sound only one painful pleasing sigh-like note, lost often amidst the angry surges of grief and desolating anguish, may breathe forth their deepest, richest, purest music; where our feet shall untiringly wander amongst the pearl caves and perfumed bowers, on the soft green marge of the waters of eternal life.

A carriage drew up to the hall-door of Mr. Cohen's house, and a gentleman alighted. The porter had been ordered to anticipate all comers; so he was opened to immediately.

"Good morning, Miss Cohen," he said to Mary, who at the moment happened to be passing through the passage. "Where shall I find your sister?"

"She is up stairs, sleeping, just now, sir," replied Mary.

"Oh, well," answered the physician—for one it was—"I shall not need to awake her, I think. Has there been an accession of more favourable symptoms?"

Mary's eyes were brimful of tears. Her lips quivered—she could not speak. They turned up the staircase together.

The room into which they entered was an elegant apartment, fitted up with the nicest adapta-

tion to all the refinement of female taste. Indeed, it was Mary's drawing-room; and where, in the society of Eulalia she occupied many precious hours. Everything in it was now thrown into strong relief by the mellow light of an afternoon sun, stealing through a trellis work of vine leaves and other plants, that hung rich and luxuriant about the walls of a greenhouse adjoining.

On a silken couch at the end lay a sweet child; sleeping so tranquil, so softly, that the beholder drew in his breath with an involuntary hush. For he felt he was looking on a being around whose pillow angels were watching, and whose happy spirit was wandering amidst the peace and loves, and inhaling the gentle airs of heaven.

She was a beautiful child! At that precious age when the eyes are fraught with the ever-brightening intellect within, and the mind begins to go forth in search of truth, and takes a deepening interest in what before gave delight, only because it was brilliant or impressed with the freshness and beauty of life.

She was a lovely child! and all over her face was diffused one of those cherub smiles which awaken the heaven-born feelings of humanity, even after they have long seemed wholly crushed within the breast.

Oh, it was the darling little Eulalie! and her countenance, in all its smiling beauty and soft

bloom, was revealed in the repose of her morning slumber. The golden hair lay in richly undulating waves about her fairy temples, and down upon her shoulders, and floating in exquisite relief over her snow-white dress.

The physician looked on her for a moment; and then he took up her tiny wrist, very gently, lest he might awake her. Her pulse thrilled like a tense harp-string after it has been touched.

"Do you think her better, sir?" asked Mary, in a trembling voice.

"Not better, not better," he said thoughtfully, and still looking on the fair sleeper. "At the same time, I think, as before, there is nothing to excite serious apprehension. My hopes that we shall save her, amount as nearly to conviction, as in such a contingent case they can be."

Mary sobbed, and shook her head slightly.

"Come now!" he said cheerfully. "It is not well to despond, when there really exists no reason for it."

"She will never be well again," said Mary in a mournful, sighing voice. "She knows it, and so do I. It is of no avail that we try to hold her back. She is not for earth."

"Such feelings are a mere superstitious dread, which often results from illness of a nature at all calculated to prove fatal. You should conquer them."

"They are not superstitious in this case. She

is already half away from earth. Her little heart lives in God; and so He is going to take her away into His bosom completely."

The physician reflected a little.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "you really must not express these things to her. You must always be cheerful in her presence. And until there is positive danger at least, assure her she is not going to die."

"And why?"

"Her weakness is excessive. Her spirits must always be kept from declining to a mournful train. Much depends on that—in truth, without it medicine will be valueless."

"Mournful!" said Mary. "Why, sir, she was never more truly calm and cheerful. She rejoices in the knowledge that she is going; she pants to be in heaven; and has, ever since she felt it foreshadowed—which was before any decline in her health manifested itself."

The doctor looked thoughtful—with a mingling of incredulity. Accustomed as he was to death and dying, there was something in such feelings as these, altogether past his comprehension, and quite out of his usual style of operation.

"Well," he said at last, and he proceeded towards the door as he was saying it, "she is not so ill yet as to give alarm. I shall send some strengthening medicine when I return home. Good morning."

"No! my sweet, my lovely sister!" said Mary, bending over that beautiful face, until her quickened breath mingled with the soft rise and fall of Eulalia's—"We cannot keep your angel-spirit here—it belongs to heaven. I know you are going from us. Oh! if I might follow!—if I might yield my spirit up with thine! But life's rough sea may not by Mary be crossed so swiftly. I see the white tops of surges that must burst upon me yet. Jesus, my Lord, help me to say, Thy will, and not mine own be done."

And Mary sat down in her usual place, at the head of Eulalia's couch.

There was a soft holy smile; and Eulalia moved. The sunbeams shed over her a mellow delicious lustre. She looked upon them with a calm, satisfying happiness; and mingling with that glorious light that surrounded her, and the heavenly beauty that filled her being, she could hear the mystic whisper, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away." And in her little heart arose the sweet answering echo, tranquil as the evening sky, peaceful as the last smile of summer, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine: His desire is towards me. Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth: His banner over me is love."

It might not have been in precisely this lan-

guage of Holy Scripture that her soul breathed forth its reply—most likely it was not—but the spirit was there. For Eulalia could remember that; she had read it so often, and felt its answering throb in her heart, and thought how precious, how beautiful, it was—she did not, perhaps, understand its perfect meaning, as a matured Christian would have thought necessary—nor was it required—she knew it spoke of love—of love, great and unearthlike, like what she felt for God in her heart, and of that higher love for which she so longed—and she enjoyed the sweet word in all its richness; in it her spirit found enraptured repose, it made her so lovely and so happy—its fruition she would know when she passed within the veil.

“What are you crying for, my dear Mary?” she said, when, for the first time, she became aware that her sister was standing near her. For seeing that Eulalia’s spirit was in a still, thoughtful, self-contained mood, Mary had not spoken.

“Do not mind, my love,” replied Mary, drying her eyes, “it is gone now; kiss me.”

“I cannot bear it when I see you unhappy—even if it is only a little,” said Eulalia, flinging her white arms around her sister’s neck.

“Neither am I, dearest. I am sad perhaps—but certainly not unhappy. You must be so kind as not to notice it. It is a warm, tranquil afternoon, shall we walk around the garden, and

look at your flowers? Are you strong enough? Or, shall I carry you if you would like to go? And I think the light air will refresh you."

"Thank you, dear—Oh! I shall be very glad—for I like to walk with you, Mary—you know so well how I feel, and talk to me of beautiful things—such as make me happier."

"Stay one moment then," said Mary, "while I put on your *negligée*."

"Adeline has not come, I suppose?" said Eulalia.

"No, my love. Nor do we expect her until dinner time, perhaps. That was the time she said, you remember."

"Yes, I recollect. But as I long to see her so much, I am hoping now every minute."

They walked into the fragrant garden, and sat down upon the accustomed seat before the fountain. They looked upon the pure waters rising and falling in the sunbeams, and murmuring with a sweet joyous eloquence—upon the flowers trembling with happiness, upon the stooping trees, the bright gladsome birds, the crystal skies—upon which Eulalia would so often gaze, and gazing lose herself in golden dreams—in dreams of bliss. The multitude might pass the same scene heedless—but oh! it was a perfect melody and joy to one, whose spirit lived in music, and breathed itself away in love!

"I feel a soft peace, Mary," said Eulalia,

when they had looked awhile. "But, I am quite sad to day—I have been most of the day. I could cry so, there is such a weight on my heart."

"And what is it makes you feel so, my precious?" said Mary.

"Why, dear, papa does not believe Jesus—no one but you does in the house. It is so dreadful. It hurts me so, and I cannot rejoice. You know I have long felt I must speak to papa about it; and this morning, when he came to me while I was in bed, to see if I was better, I did speak to him. And he seemed so grieved, that I have been troubled ever since."

That Eulalia had spoken to her father, Mary knew. For the child, in the simplicity of her heart, having told all that had led to her knowledge of the Saviour, he had called Mary to an interview about it. To the father and daughter this conference was a painful one. He was horror-stricken, and shed abundance of tears, at what he thought the evil that had befallen his house. Of his children—and it might be his two daughters, Mary and Eulalia, especially—he was fond beyond the love of fathers. But now, the stern law of Judaism required that, as Mary was of full age to be accountable for her actions, he must either name her "apostasy" to the Rabbis, or share in its results. The struggle which the Jew feels in such a position, is deep and

terrible—one which no Christian can tell, or even imagine.

"We will pray for him, my love," replied Mary. "We will be more earnest in requesting that Jesus will guide our dear father; that He will direct him, and by the power of His Holy Spirit teach him how he may be reconciled to Him. And we shall be heard in what we ask, dear—we have always proved that, haven't we?—and besides, we have the encouragement of His promise, that He will answer the lightest requests of his children, and fulfil their smallest desires."

"Yes! oh, yes!" said Eulalia, and her pure face grew radiant with holy joy. "And that makes me happy. I have spoken to Him about many things that hurt me, or that I wished for, and He always gives me everything I want to make me happy. And He will this—I'm *sure* of it, Mary," she pursued, looking steadily at her sister.

"Oh, my beloved!" said Mary, clasping Eulalia to her throbbing heart. "Do you indeed expect this blessing from our good Father?"

"Oh, yes, dear—not while I live, perhaps—though I hope for it before I die. But I know Jesus will show sweet papa that he must love Him, that He is God, as I have asked Him to, because it refers to His kingdom, and that is a request He has said positively He will accept; and I am sure He will keep His word to me."

"Your confidence, my sweet love, infuses new strength into me," said Mary, with a tremble of deep feeling in her voice. "I feel much about it: but I know God will fulfil all His promise to you."

"I do love Jesus so, Mary, and I can't understand how everybody doesn't. Such a beautiful, kind, loving Being as He is—always smiling upon us—and making us so peaceful and lovely—I cannot think how anybody lives without Him. I am sure I couldn't now—it would kill me to think of it."

A light graceful figure, clad in the garments of widowhood, glided along the lawn, and entered the long avenue of trees that led to where Mary and Eulalia were sitting. Eulalia was the first to observe her.

"Oh, Mary, dear, there is Miss Steinberg!" And, running to meet her, she was the next moment, with many a hug and kiss, folded in Adeline's arms.

And then there were fond greetings, and tender embraces, and endearing questions, and soft tears; and then Adeline seated herself beside Mary, with Eulalia on her knee.

"My precious Eulalia is not well," said Adeline, drawing the child up more closely to her bosom. For Mary had just whispered of her declining health. Since no mere general observation would be likely at once to detect it: it only

revealed itself in that bright immortal light which lit up the deeps of her beautiful eyes; in an increase of paleness at one part of the day and of hectic at another, and a gradual prostration of strength, so that she could not play nor ride so long nor so often as she was wont.

"I am going home—home to my Jesus—that is all," said the child, in an absent, wandering voice. "I shall soon be well for ever—for I shall be where I want to go—where I shall see Him who loves little children—who died that I might be with Him and love Him for ever. Oh, that goodness! It makes me almost die when I think upon it. Miss Steinberg, do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, my beloved, Adeline loves Jesus gratefully, deeply, with all her soul. And, if it were possible, she loves Eulalia more than ever for sending the New Testament, and directing her to those beautiful parts in it, which describe the Redeemer's wondrous goodness so sweetly; and for writing that delightful letter telling me about Him, and what you enjoyed. Oh, I thank you, dearest—thank you inexpressibly. It has been my support, my hope, my peace. In reading of Him and trusting in His love, I have found the place of repose for which my spirit so long yearned. Eulalia, my precious Eulalia, has been the blessed means of leading me to the fountains of happiness and rest."

"Oh, it is beautiful!" said Eulalia, weaving her hands fondly around Adeline's neck, as Adeline hung over her to kiss her pale rose lips. "We shall all be in heaven soon. Oh, I like to think of that!"

"Yet, my dear, you are not going to die, perhaps; and I certainly cannot suffer myself to think you are."

"But, I *am*, Miss Steinberg," said the child in a still quiet voice.

"Why will my Eulalia think of leaving us then? None of us can part with you."

"It will be only a little while. Everything tells me I am going away from here—I hear it whispered amongst the flowers when I walk—I hear it when I lie down on the lounge thinking, and when I am in bed of nights. And I *feel* it too. This place is so unkind, and so much sorrow and trouble, it makes me ill to know it—and I am not able to stop it—and my Father will take me to live in His own sweet paradise; where pain and unkindness and sorrow can never come, where there is nothing but love and joy. That lovely place!—doesn't it make you happy to think of it, Miss Steinberg?—I am glad I am so near it—I long to be there."

"There is the dinner bell," said Mary, dashing away the big tear-drop from her long eyelashes. "We must go in, my dear, now."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE INFANT DISCIPLE.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"MARY," said Mr. Cohen, as they passed indoors, "I want you a moment."

"Yes, father," she replied, following him into a parlour.

"Oh, my dear child," he said, in a voice made up of bitterness of soul and the yearnings of profound affection, "would to God I had died before this happened!"

Mary could make no reply; her spirit was dying within her. Exhausted already, by the conflict produced on witnessing the grief of her father whom she loved — oh! how tenderly, how devotedly, she loved! — she was able to endure no more.

"Well," he said, collecting himself, "I did not come to upbraid you; I must give you up into the hands of Jehovah. What I wish to ask is, whether — as you know your family must not eat with you now — you would prefer to have your

dinner at a separate table from us, or in a different room?"

"I will go into my own drawing-room, my dear father," replied Mary. "But do not trouble to send me dinner, for I believe I cannot take anything."

"Mary!" he said, and this time there was fretfulness in his voice, "I think you might strive how little you could add to my sorrows. I shall send you your proper food, and I shall expect to know that it is eaten. Now, my dear," he pursued, taking up her hand and kissing her, "let me be made happy in this thing."

"Thank you, dear," replied Mary, faintly, "I will do anything I can, to lessen the pain I know you feel about me — and to show you how much — how much more than ever — I love you!"

Deep was the anguish which tore Mr. Cohen's bosom, as he turned from the room. Oh, hard Judaism! How dost thou rack the noblest, most beautiful affections, how dost thou crucify the loveliest sympathies of the human heart!

Now Mary and Eulalia always occupied a place at the table next to each other; and the numberless little endearing attentions which she paid the child, made her seat, if from some call of duty or pleasure she ever was absent, a void which nothing could fill up.

"I must go and see what keeps dear Mary so long — it's rather strange," said Eulalia, who

noticed that things were progressing towards a distribution of the edibles, and yet she did not come.

"Can't my darling feel comfortable?" asked her father.

"O yes, papa : but I want to know about Mary. I don't like her being away so long ; I want her here."

"She is not coming here yet, my dear," said Mr. Cohen.

"Why not, papa ? She left the garden to come."

"Yes ; but there might be something which she did not think of then."

"I can't feel right without I see," said Eulalia.

"Now, my dear, quiet yourself, and let me serve you," said Mr. Cohen. "We think it better she should stay away ; and she thinks so too."

"Then I must go where she is," replied the child. "I'm so happy with her."

"Sir," said Adeline, rising to her feet, "I did not ask myself whether you would obey the letter of the law in that respect, and refuse to allow a Christian, however dear, to eat at the same table with you—or rather, perhaps, I had not given myself time to think about it. I know the reason of Mary's absence, and I will not allow you to eat with me ignorantly—I, also, believe in Jesus of Nazareth."

"Why ! what is this ?" exclaimed Mr. Cohen.

"Oh, dear, dear papa!" said Eulalia, throwing herself into his bosom, and inlacing her little arms about his neck, "if that is it, don't take dear Mary away from us—do let me fetch her."

"But my love will not ask me to disobey God, so that I may please her, will she?"

"How can you disobey God, papa? It must always please Him to do what is good and kind."

"Yet He chooses that Mary shall not be with us."

"But she always has been."

"Yes; but you know, Eulalia—for you told me so—she has changed her religion: and God says we are to be separate from any one who does that."

"I don't know what you mean by changing her religion, papa," said the child mournfully. "I always thought Mary was very religious; and now she is better than ever she was."

"I mean, Eulalia, that she has left the right way of serving God, for a wrong one."

Eulalia's little mind was bewildered. To her simple, trusting heart, the way in which Judaism attained its full and perfect beauty by merging into Christianity, was so clear, that she could not comprehend her father at all. And she was not old enough to reason about it for herself. Nearly all her notions of the Jewish religion were confined to her father's house, and Adeline, and a few other friends; for she had never generalized suffi-

ciently to understand her people as a nation all professing one belief. She had been told that God had given the Jews a perfect law, that was to be kept till Messiah Ben David came; and that then they would have a new Temple, in which He would offer sacrifices; and that she was to pray for the coming of this Messiah. This was, perhaps, as much as she rightly knew.

"I feel sure Mary is right," she said thoughtfully. "I know she is, because she talks to me so beautifully, and it is just what I feel. She always loved God; and now she knows that Messiah, Ben David, whom He promised should fulfil the law, has come, she loves Him too."

"Hush, my dear! you know nothing of what you are saying."

"Dear papa, I *do* know what I am saying. Mary loves Jesus; and so do I, and so does Miss Steinberg; and He loves us in return, and makes us—oh! happier than we could ever tell you, papa. Doesn't He, Miss Steinberg?"

"Yes, indeed, my precious."

"Oh! He is a beautiful God, papa. I love Him more and more; why don't you love Him, dear? Oh! how delightful it would be—all waiting till He comes for us, to receive us to Himself as He says in His book, and to take us to those sweet mansions He has gone to prepare for us—He is coming to fetch me soon. I am so happy."

"And may your happiness be increased, my lovely child," said Mr. Cohen, bedewing her pure face with his tears. "I know God loves you."

"Do love Jesus," said Eulalia, turning upon him her mild, imploring eyes.

"I must not, Eulalia."

"Not love *God*, papa? Not love Jesus, who died for us, papa, and prayed for us so sweetly—oh! I like to read that beautiful prayer—just as He was going to give Himself up to the wicked men, that He might be led away to suffer. Oh, dear! I can't understand these things. It is killing me; I wish I was in heaven."

And Eulalia buried her little head in her father's bosom, and sobbed piteously. But her weak fragile frame could not endure such a conflict of feeling longer than a few moments; and then wearied and oppressed she fell listlessly, like a tired dove, in her father's arms.

"Now, now, my darling," said Mr. Cohen, in a tender, soothing voice, "don't give way so. I will do anything rather than see you grieved. Don't excite yourself. I'll go to Mary, and ask her to come to you directly."

"Thank you, thank you, dear papa," said Eulalia, kissing him joyously. "Oh, I do *love* you so! I'll go, if you will let me."

"Yes, you go—but not fast, mind, because you are tired. Present my love to her, and tell her

we shall be glad if she will be so kind as to come to dinner with us."

Eulalia was lost to sight immediately. "Will you kindly stay, too, Lady Vernon?" he said in a quivering tone, for the struggle within was very great—law on the one hand, affection on the other. "I am dreadfully straitened; you and Mary, Christians! I can't realize it. I should have supposed anything rather than this. No matter—I must not think of that. The outrage to you, and Mary, and Eulalia, would be far more sinful than mingling with you in all things. Therefore take no notice, let me beg you—be to us exactly as you were in those—those—well," he pursued, with choking utterance, "let the sunshine pass unheeded—it seems given only to consume and torment us—life is made up of sorrows, we shall find peace in the grave."

For a moment, Adeline could not answer, for his words brought a world of delightful memories to her soul. "Then, sir, you must call me Adeline," she said, when she had collected herself,

"Why," he said, smilingly, "you are Countess of Vernon, you know."

"Nevertheless, I will dispense with the title, if you please," replied Adeline.

Mr. Cohen spoke of his beloved child's defection from Judaism, as he felt himself obliged to

do. But he accompanied it with an earnest request that—if he might urge nothing else—out of tenderness to the numerous family to which she belonged, she might be dealt with very gently. He could scarcely doubt that Mary would be constant to her profession; for she had told him so; and knew, therefore, it must result in her being severed from her people.

If, on looking round, he saw the glimmering of a hope, it was produced by a thought that, in Mary's examination by the chief rabbi, there was a possibility of the arguments used being sufficiently forcible to cause a renunciation of her faith. That was all.

Various ecclesiastical officers of the synagogue came to converse with her. She seldom refused them her presence; though sometimes, quite worn out by the fruitless, wearying, never-ending toil, she did so. Their instructions were of no avail. She modestly, but unshrinkingly, maintained her position; and as often compelled her discomfited questioners to beat a speedy and inglorious retreat. Nothing was left but to cite her before the chief rabbi.

The evening assigned for her to meet him came. Mary thoughtfully and devoutly prepared to encounter the fiery trial. At the dinner-table she, for the first time, met the rabbis and elders, who had come to finally examine her. They were kind—beyond mere politeness—and made no

reference to the thing which had convened them together. Mr. Cohen was ill of over-anxiety, and had not left his room through the day, with one exception of a few minutes.

Dinner being ended, the guests adjourned to another room. It was intimated that Mary was to follow.

"I shall do so in a very little while," she said, as she passed out into the gallery to find Adeline.

In her own parlour she found her, with her arms interweaving the waist of Eulalia, who sat by her side.

"What will my sweet Eulalia do?" said Mary.

"I have come to take Adeline away."

"For long?" asked Eulalia.

"I cannot tell you, my love. It may be that you will see her no more this evening."

"Well, I, of course, had rather she were not going; but I won't be selfish, dear. Go; I shall not be alone—I never am, Mary. Those beautiful beings, all light and smiles, will talk to me—oh, those soft low voices!—like the sweet music that seems to hush the young roses to sleep, as we have watched them of an evening folding themselves quietly beneath the green leaves. Yes; go, Mary. I shall be quite happy."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SESSION OF RABBIS.

“Resigned, not bowed—
In sorrow, yet sublime; her very tears
Bespoke an infelt dignity: the grief
Softened the virtue, but could not subdue.
Exalted rather! as the humid haze
That dims the lustre of some radiant star,
Gives it apparent magnitude, and proves
The virtue of that pure, ethereal ray,
The envious exhalation could not blench.”

LINKED in each other's arm, Mary and Adeline entered the apartment in which the Inquisition were assembled. There were eight in all. Aben Baruch presided. Next him sat a favoured one—a Prussian proselyte—Baron Nathan Solomon Dolorozzo Czatskigliuthklungblomerang, or some other equally learned name.

Do spare us a two minutes' description of the Baron. He was tall, of middle age—the *beau idéal* of slouched hat and cloud of feathers, bandit's cloak and silver-mounted pistols, sublime and sallow, mingled in equal proportions; and black

hair, falling like a London thunder-shower around the roll of a dark blue doublet and faded lace fall-collar, black whiskers and mustaches—*fac simile* of a pine forest—and black beard, wagging and courtseying with the motion of the jaw to which it was suspended, and falling over his knees in tempestuous waves, like an inky Velino, gave an exquisite finish to the effect.

Estimating himself according to his own opinion, and having a justly profound contempt for that of everybody else, no marvel that he entertained very superior views of his talents. In his own country he had been a patriot—discoursed eloquently upon the waste of public money—offered to be Prime Minister for only a third of the usual salary—subscribed one silver groschen, *i.e.* five farthings sterling, every week to the reform fund—took the chair at convivial parties, and talked the most touching things about the misery of man all over the world—that meeting in particular—and showed how much better everything might be done—gave dinners to great authors, and called it feeding and encouraging genius—and might have died, affectingly paragraphed in every patriotic newspaper, innocent of leaving any member of our unhappy race either better or worse than he found him.

But, like most talking geniuses, he was always a long way in advance of his understanding, and said a great deal more than he meant; and as his

capital consisted in great words rather than great ideas, what he said generally permitted the most exaggerated constructions, each one as likely to be true as another. So his eloquence produced his arrest.

If to be an imprisoned patriot will not confer happiness, what earthly thing will? Iron-shod tyranny, execrable meanness, manacled freedom, groans of the oppressed, staunch to his principles, glorious triumph of patriotism, inspiring spectacle, martyr to liberty—(and so exquisite as they look on a sheet of Snobson's super-royal)—must be enough to content any man. But just as Baron Nathan Solomon Dolorozzo Czatskigliuthklung-blomerang began to get tired of his newly acquired dignity, and to think that the wet blanket which had been thrown on the "immortal fire" of his genius was a shocking waste of active, albeit the acme of passive glory, he formed a plan of escape.

He did escape. Gave his green cloak to an old woman, in exchange for her white apron, brown serge frock, black silk bonnet, and swallow-tailed cap—folded his slouched hat and plume of feathers under his arm—girded his sword beneath the petticoat of the gown aforesaid, and poked his pistols into the string—cut off his ringlets and his whiskers, and thought of doing so by his mustaches and beard—that would have been "the unkindest cut of all"—but his tears fell on the

shears, and he could not; so he tucked it into the bosom of his frock, regulated the set of his cap-frills so as to hide as much as possible of his face, took a pot of rouge and arranged his complexion to his liking, and walked away, presenting an appearance half feminine, half centaur—he lacked the hoofs.

He arrived in England in perfect safety. “*L’absence diminue les médiocres passions, et augmente les grandes; comme le vent éteignent les bougies, et allume le feu,*” says Rochefoucauld. We make no comment — we merely observe that, once here, the baron quickly forgot his affection for Prussia and his concern for its people, became enamoured of the Jewish faith, was admitted into the synagogue, and thenceforth solely applied himself to rectifying all abuses amongst the people whose religion he had selected.

To return to the Session. Adeline and Mary seated themselves at a part of the table which was vacant, and farthest from the doctor. He looked at them a little, and then began to open some books very busily.

The whole course of events was conducted in the Hebrew language.

“This is a sorrowful duty, young ladies,” said the Baron Nathan Solomon Dolorozzo, etc. etc., discharging a diamond arrow from his eyes, and speaking in a low, gentle voice, so that Adeline and Mary could hardly taste the treble-distilled

vinegar contained in his speech — it was cream of tartar.

“Slowly, slowly, brother,” interjected Aben Baruch, mounting his spectacles—or rather, discharging them from their sinecure office on his forehead, and placing them over his eyes. “Let our sister have no cause to complain — we will be orderly.”

“Humph!” ejaculated the baron — very much in the style of the swine’s reply to the lady in love with him; and they quietly proceeded to business.

Rabbi Aben Baruch commenced by measuring out several yards of sermon. It was divided into three sections. The first, setting forth their love for her, and her father, and her family; the second, their intense carefulness about her soul; the third, her breach of the Holy Law, by disobeying her parent and relatives. Having established these, he concluded with the following promises: —“Nothing but a paternal feeling of earnestness for your eternal welfare calls us together this evening. By dispensing to you our better light and higher knowledge, we wish to free you from that fatal delusion and snare which is thrown around you. To gain this end we proceed quietly and orderly. We shall be very patient with you; listen to all your answers to our questions, and to any remark you may see fitting to make.

“But much sooner would we hear you now,

without any word of ours, renounce that damnable infatuation that has seized upon you ; much sooner would we, this moment, receive you again within the bonds of our holy religion, with assurances that it and we shall love you better than before.

"Is there anything you wish to say?"

"Nothing, sir," replied Mary. "Except I might request you, in much mercy, to pronounce your anathema without delay. It is suspended over me ; and I know it. I cannot disguise from you that these proceedings fill me with terror ; do not protract them, I beseech you. Judgment there can be none — you have come here with only one idea ; which is, that I am given up to perdition. You are determined that nothing I can say, shall prove to you that the Messiah has come — if, indeed, you allow me to speak in His behalf at all. Oh, then ! Dr. Aben Baruch, spare me — shall I say, for my own sake ? — a weak and trembling woman ! — Oh ; if not, if not, for the sake of my sister Hermon, your own daughter—for the sake of my father, and your relationship to him and to me—save me ! Do save me ! I shall never change — believe it !"

"Never ?"

"Never !"

"The devil !" was Aben Baruch's qualifying remark.

"I beseech you allow me to go," said Mary.

"You have heard my declaration — what else you do can be done without me."

"I have had a good deal of experience amongst the wicked, brethren, as you all can bear me witness," said Aben Baruch, "and this is just the cursed obstinacy of all that adopt that Nazarene doctrine."

"It is not obstinacy, sir, but my deep and solemn conviction," answered Mary.

"Well, this is exceedingly depressing—very," said Baron N. S. D. C. (excuse the ellipsis — his name is so long it makes our wrist ache) — "a young lady just beginning life—dear me. Why you mistake. Conviction — consistency of action — attention to results — mingled with good taste, should be our religion. You must see how ridiculous you are — we should always be true to ourselves — that is to the Divine mind — and then we see the rights of everything. For myself, what I want in money I make up in content — What I want in reality I make up in hope — and it's the only way to be happy. I forget that I must die; and I look upon the fading leaves of my flowers. I quarrel with my wife; and I sooth my spirit amongst my tranquil roses. I get disgusted with the wickedness of the world; and I step into the sunshine, rejoicing that there is yet a bright side to it. My people cover me with slander; and, going into the garden, I shake upon myself a shower of golden blossoms from my

laburnum. I wonder what I am ; and I look on the clouds, links between myself and the skies. I find my religion in everything."

He took off his slouched hat, and laid it on the table—the white feathers nearly swept the ceiling. He coughed a little—nervously ; for he thought he had said something very fine : and so he had. Like a little friend of ours whom we once heard say to her mother, "Oh, mamma dear ! I'm certain Mrs. Harland thinks a good bit of me, for I do talk to her in such dictionary words !" Her mamma was delighted ! and interrupted her abstractions upon the materials requisite to produce two courses of culinary triumph, to kiss her.

"Miss Cohen will think of these things," said Dr. Aben Baruch.

"I think so," said the Baron, stroking his beard.

"It is a critical time, Miss Cohen," remarked the other rabbi. "Beware of what you are doing. God is willing to seek you now—mind lest He cast you off for ever."

"It is that, sir, of which I am careful ; and I have a precious confidence that my care is not in vain. For sooner would he allow the stars to fall from their courses and crumble into nothingness, than forsake me, or permit any harm to befall me."

"Yes, if you do not apostatise."

"Nor have I. I believe Him ; and for that He loves me."

"Have done with this," said Aben Baruch. "Miss Cohen, I fear the devil has irretrievably taken possession of thee. Wretched girl! do you dare to commit apostasy? Do you dare take the speediest road to Gehenna? Do you dare fling from you the unutterable privilege of being one of the holy race? Dare you, I ask, dare you trample the religion of your father Abraham beneath your feet?"

"No. God forbid! Abraham's Saviour is mine. The Law of Moses was the bud, of which Christianity is the flower and fruit. Yours is not the religion of Abraham—mine is. Oh! gentlemen, if I could only persuade you to be happy. Every part of Judaism contains within itself the evidence that it is a lie—how can you help seeing this?"

"Recreant! we must finish our work—it were adding sin to sin to talk with thee."

"Yet, sir, what I have said is true; and in numberless instances I could prove it. You would not listen. Sir, again and again do you make God a liar, for, according to you, He denies Himself."

"I will not—" screamed Aben Baruch, hammering the table.

"Sir," interrupted Mary, "allow me one moment—I will be quick. The oral law, you say, is of equal authority with the written law, for God gave both." She opened a book which she had brought with her. "Thus saith the Talmud,

‘By Divine appointment we are to *compel* all that come into the world to embrace the commandments given to the children of Noah. And whosoever will not embrace them is to be *put to death*.’ Thus saith the Lord, ‘Thou shalt do no murder; and he that killeth any man shall surely be put to death.’

“On the methods of evading the explicit command, ‘Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,’ the Talmud thus declares:—

“‘Whoever carries (that is a burden on the Sabbath), either with his right hand or with his left, or in his lap, or on his shoulder, is guilty; the last being the manner in which the sons of Kohath carried their load. But if he carries on the back of his hand, or drags, or pushes with his foot, or carries in his mouth, or shoves with his elbow, or carries in his ear, or tied to his hair, or in the purse of his girdle, with the opening downwards . . . or in his shoe, or in his sandal, he is absolved, *because he carries not in the usual way*.’

“‘If one person carry out a loaf into the public place (on the Sabbath), he is guilty; if *two carry it, they are not guilty*. When one alone is unable to carry it out, and two carry it, they are guilty, though Rabbi Simeon declares them to be free.’

“Now, to any one willing to believe his reason, it must be apparent on a moment’s inspection, that if God’s laws are to be thus frustrated, by

merely doing things in an uncommon manner, it would have been just as wise if He had given no commandment at all. There can, indeed, be no such thing as right and wrong.

“ ‘He who plucks a leaf,’ it goes on, ‘a flower, or a blossom, on the Sabbath, out of a perforated flower-pot, is guilty; but if the flower-pot be not perforated, he is absolved.’ The plain terms of that are—the common rule of making flower-pots is, that they shall have a hole in the bottom; therefore, to pluck a blossom from such common pots is sin. But a flower-pot without a hole in the bottom is an extraordinary thing; therefore, to gather a blossom from such a pot is no sin. But Rabbi Simeon absolves them in either case.

“ ‘If a person intend to carry out something behind him, on the Sabbath-day, and it should happen to get before him; or if he should intend to carry it before him, and it get behind him, he is guilty. The sages decide, indeed, that a woman who carries out something in her girdle is guilty, for it is liable to be moved.’

“ In reference to the law of restitution, it is said thus:—

“ ‘If a beast eat a peck of dates, the property of another man, *dates not being its usual food, and not being supposed to nourish more than an equal quantity of barley*, the owner of the beast shall pay, not the value of a peck of dates, but only the value of a peck of barley.’

"But the written law—the Law of Moses—says :—

" ' He that killeth a beast shall make it good ; beast for beast ; breach for breach ; as he hath caused, so shall it be done to him again.' "

"What follows is more wicked still. 'If a beast belonging to an Israelite, trespass and feed in the field of one who is not an Israelite, the owner of the beast is exempted from all obligation to make restitution. And in all cases of damage, none but Israelites are allowed to be witnesses.' "

"I set aside the outrage which this is to the commonest sense of common justice, even as admitted amongst mortals, and come to the law and testimony given to Moses, your master.

" ' Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger, as for one of your own country ; for I am the LORD your God.' "

"Blasphemy ! blasphemy ! I have no more to say with thee, dog !" shouted Aben Baruch. "Oh ! woman and wickedness, always together."

Then he invoked upon her, and upon the infidel and idolatrous Goim* all the curses of the law, with such loudness of voice and extravagance of gesture, that his voice rung through the house. Hebrew, Cabbala, Arabic, Italian, were all put in requisition ; and finally, he broke forth, quite refreshed, in English, while uttering the most ter-

* "Goim"—Gentiles.

rible blasphemies against the Lord of Glory. The noise reached the ears of Eulalia; it frightened her, for she knew not what to make of it; and, gliding in through the door, she looked around upon the men, with trembling apprehension, for a moment; and then, throwing herself into Mary's arms, buried her little face in her neck.

The blasphemer, with distorted countenance and bursting veins, redoubled his invectives. Sin hates the presence of purity, as it hates God; and the sight of the holy child, seemed to arouse all the bitterest feelings in Aben Baruch's perverted nature. He cursed till his fevered tongue lost the power to articulate.

"Oh, how very wicked!" sobbed Eulalia, with a shudder, her head still bowed in her sister's bosom. "Lord Jesus, do, *do* forgive him, and make him a good man. Oh, He offers His love to you now; but if you do not be sorry for what you are doing, He will one day cease to be your loving Saviour, and become your Judge."

"Little serpent of hell!" hissed the Jew, between his clenched teeth. "I could fling thee into the sea, and send thee to Gehenna before thou doest more mischief."

"I would let you—I would be glad to die for you, if it could make you better," said Eulalia, through her tears:

"Incarnation of the devil!" said Aben Baruch bitterly, advancing towards Mary's seat. "On

God's behalf I smite thee!" and he struck the child upon the cheek.

"Wretched man!" cried Adeline, and the deep colour mantled her neck and face. "Abuse an infant! and that infant dying! Mary, come directly!—this is no place for us."

"No, no; she must stay yet," said the other rabbi.

"Hush, my precious!" said Mary, kissing Eulalia fervently; and their tears mingled. "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. Great will be your reward in heaven." Turning to Adeline. "It seems they will have me stay. I will not do so long. But it will be best for you to take Eulalia away."

"No. I will not leave you here alone. Who knows what will be perpetrated next? At the examination of Rabbi Solomon Deutsch, for becoming a Christian, they drew knives, and declared they would murder him. It was with great difficulty that he escaped; and as that happened to be a secret meeting, they might have done so, perhaps, without it being known who committed it. I like not the appearance of some here to-night. I will not leave you."

"Do be quick, gentlemen," said Mary, "or I shall go. Why should I stay? I will not," and she moved towards the door.

"But you will, though," said an elder, fastening it.

"Unfasten that door instantly, sir," said Adeline, drawing herself up in an attitude of queenly command. "If you do not, I will make myself hoarse in screaming for help. And, happily, here I shall be heard in the street as well as the house."

"I may unfasten it," replied the other. "But she will hear the finish."

"Miss Cohen," said the younger rabbi, "I ask you once more, and it is the last time, will you still believe in Jesus of Nazareth as your Messiah?"

"I do—I will—I ever shall: and very soon I shall be in heaven with Him."

"Ha!" sneered an elder; and as he said it he spat in her face. Mary buried it in her handkerchief.

"Then hath God done with thee," said the rabbi. "He hath spoken to thee, blaspheming apostate, by the mouth of us, His servants, for the last time. I pronounce that your name is cut off from your nation; that it is blotted from under heaven. Thou hast wilfully forsaken God, and would not hearken to His reproof, and now He hath forsaken thee; thou art an offence in His sight. I pronounce thee excommunicated; and every Jew who shall hereafter keep thy company, I pronounce against him the anathema of Jchovah, our Lawgiver and our King.

"Hear the curses of the Lord upon all those

who break the commands which He gave to us, His chosen people ; and against all those who are disobedient to His law, as promulgated by our lawgivers and prophets.

“ ‘Cursed shall be all thy substance.

“ ‘Cursed shall be thy dwelling-place.

“ ‘Cursed shall be thy going out, and thy coming in.

“ ‘Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body.

“ ‘The Lord shall smite thee with drouth, and fever, and consumption. Thine enemies shall reign over thee. Thy food shall not satisfy.’

“ Finally, we pronounce our anathema against thy father, or any of our nation, who shall come near thee, or have aught to do with thee whatever. To us thou art as though thou wert never born among us.”

“ Now, sir, we will go,” said Adeline.

“ Yes. You are permitted, Miss Cohen, to remain with your father three days longer. That time being expired, no Jew may receive you into his house. You must be prevented all opportunity of preaching your views among us : therefore, we cut you off from the people of God. If we were in Judea, and able to fulfil our law, you would be stoned to death, as a warning to others.”

Adeline and Mary escaped from the room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

"The images of things
Were dimly struggling into life."

BYRON.

"Full many shapes that shadows were."

COLERIDGE.

"She shrank away from earth
To the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain,
Life had no ties—she turned her unto heaven."

L. E. L.

BUT Mr. Cohen, when he heard of the disgusting treatment which Mary and Eulalia received at the hands of the session, was filled with intense indignation. For their curses he expressed the utmost contempt. He immediately avowed to them that he should not put his child away; that in the insults which she and Eulalia had endured, he felt himself to be more deeply dishonoured than the children; and in a tone of bitter sarcasm, expressed a wish that they would pronounce the same anathema against himself, for he would

never enter a synagogue, nor have a Jew, excepting his own family, in his house again.

Time continued his rapid flight: and it was midsummer. The red shoots of the honeysuckle twined along the lattice, and from a thousand graceful pendants hung a profusion of its fragrant tubes, like fairy trumpets. The windows were clustered by clematis; and towering above all was the ash, its flexile branches stooping with those picturesque bunches, called "locks and keys."

It was night—midnight—and oppressively hot; or, if not, Mary thought so—perhaps it was the heavy foreboding in her heart that increased the oppression. She had retired to her own chamber; but she felt no disposition to sleep. She opened the window, and looked out amongst the purple night-heaven, made dimly distinct by here and there a silent star watching its trembling image in the depths of the fountain, and looking lovingly down upon earth, as if it fain would woo the weary, toil-worn spirit away from this scene of jars and contest, to the abodes of innocence and calm. The dark outline of the trees was a thing to be fancied rather than seen, and the wind just stirred their leaves with a soft sound, like the falling of summer rain.

There is a tender melancholy in the voice of nature—the dropping of the waters—the whispering of the flowers—the murmurs of the stream—the sighing of the winds—that is congenial to

the human spirit, and converses with the heart. We live in an age when Imagination—man's most precious, most ennobling gift, the thing that foreshadows his future heaven—is almost banished from his life. We are yielding up our heart's best worship to the real and earthly. Else, amidst the sorrows and melancholy of this stormy life, how calming, how exalting, should we find the sounds of nature. For our own part, we never can sit amongst the trailing grass, listening to the soft murmurings of the leaves, without fancying that it is the voice of some beloved friend who has passed away, encouraging us to trust on a little longer, and whispering that we shall soon be joined in undying boundless love, for ever.

Mary looked out upon the dim distance—the heavy silence—the monumental repose—the quiet shadowy flowers—the great guardian cypresses—it was a scene which her melancholy could fill with airy shapes and sad remembrances. The fragrance of the flowers, whose odour was exhaling in the now falling dew—the languor of weariness—the sense of past trials, and others yet to come—and that deep yearning for our higher state, which we hourly feel within us, but which, in such circumstances as Mary's, acquires tenfold strength—added to the influences working in her spirit. All that was indefinable in her danger—all that was soothing in her hopes—all that was endearing to her memory—all that

was beautiful in her faith, rose in their endless fancies. Her face drooped into her hands; slowly the large drops fell through her slender fingers—the passionate rush of long-suppressed tears is enjoyment, from the strange relief it gives to the pent-up heart.

Suddenly a rich strain of music floated calmly upon the midnight wind; at first faint, as if the gross air had not yet attuned itself to the soft notes, but soon fine and distinct in its heavenly swell. Mary hushed her breath, as she listened to the fairy sounds of that mystical midnight hymn: it was a young sweet voice, and yet, strange and unearthlike in its deep softness. A beautiful feeling seemed spread over her—a sensation of other worlds, as it sang—

“ There is a happy land ;
Far, far away.
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Hark ! how they sweetly sing—
Blessed be our Saviour king !
Loud let his praises ring !
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land ;
Come, come away.
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
Oh ! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free :
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye.
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh! then to glory come,
Be our crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We shine for aye."

The hymn died away. Mary closed the window, and went into the room whence she knew the sounds came; where Adeline was keeping watch by the bedside of Eulalia. It was a first impulse to look on the face of her sister, and ascertain if she slept. The glance became a long and earnest gaze, for it was a sight of the loveliest on earth. The waving hair hung in golden, clustering ringlets, parted on a forehead

"Beaming a truth and beauty
More beautiful than day."

The marble paleness of the skin was warmed by a rich crimson flush; the lips were like a delicate coral, and were wreathed in a sweet, holy smile, as if her thoughts were very happy. The long, undulating eyelash rested softly upon her cheek; and around her white neck was a slight gold chain, to which was suspended the watch that Adeline had given her. One very white arm and hand rested on her gently throbbing bosom—the other little hand still retained its light clasp on the Bible, which lay amongst

the folds of the drapery that surrounded her. Poised in the dim radiance above her, a seraph let fall a shower of snowy film, like an angel's robe, about her couch, and you at once felt that all within that saintly curtain was something sacred.

It was very beautiful. And whoever had looked on that sweet sleeper, and read in her pure face a promise of her future, would have said in the language of Scripture, "Thy ways shall be ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths peace."

She opened her eyes, full of poetry and light, and turned them upon the soft lamp, that seemed mirrored in their depths, with that earnest thoughtful expression, so touching in childhood—that dreaminess of look, only seen before human love and human sorrow—

"Have written every leaf with thoughtful tears."

And then, without noticing that any one was gazing upon her, or even present, she smiled a sweet soft smile, and turned to gentle slumbers again.

"Why are you not asleep, dear Mary?" whispered Adeline.

"I feel so sad, I scarcely can; yet I must, because of relieving you. The closing scene on earth is near, dear Adeline; the airs of heaven already breathe around her; the smiles of angels

are reflected on her cheek. How solemn! how sacred is this chamber! I feel it. We are not alone here. Loving spirits stand around us, watching over this couch, eager to bear her pure soul away."

"That hymn!—how it thrilled me; did you hear it? She appeared quite asleep."

"Yes, my love, I heard it, and thought it was the music of another world—and so it was; it was that which brought me to you. 'I love them that love Me.' How we see it, feel it here. 'Thus He giveth His beloved sleep.' Blessed, thrice blessed, are those who die in Him."

For they rest on the bosom of our God.

And that young saint was passing away—passing away from her beautiful home, where all eyes that looked on loved her. But she knew—the feeling was an all-pervading reality—that she was going to a happier home, where every love and beauty is enjoyed in perfection, and for ever—where life and everything is God. And she longed to fly away and be there.

Even so, beloved Eulalie! Golden star of our memory! We feel that thou art going. Thou art too fair, too lovely, for this unkind and fading earth. Thy soul seeks the silent path amidst the suns far away, to join its kindred natures in lands more bright than ours. The shadowy veil of time which hangs between thy sight and thy Saviour is fast dissolving; and even now thy

thoughtful eyes are lit up with immortal fire. The messenger is on the wing, and the shining gates of eternity are opening to receive thee.

Let us accompany thee as far as the heavenly portals, and watch thee entering in. It may be that we shall catch a glimpse of thy glory ere they close behind thee for ever!

CHAPTER XLIV.

"O DEATH! WHERE IS THY STING? O GRAVE! WHERE IS
THY VICTORY?"

"Her silent face is saintly pale.
A consecrated nun she seems,
Whose waking thoughts are deep as dreams."

WILSON.

"And Faith, that comes a solemn comforter,
Even hand and hand with Death."

IDEM.

"The faith which looks through death."

WORDSWORTH.

"Home at last; how I have pined for my home!"

L. E. L.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom
prepared for you from the foundation of the world!"

LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv. 57.

THE moments, the hours, were flying quickly
away. A sad and solemn stillness reigned every-
where within the house, and mute sorrow was

depicted on every countenance. For Eulalia was declining rapidly. There was no pain, no disease—nothing but a sweet soft fading away.

Her heart yearned towards her kindred with a sad and earnest tenderness. Most of all was she concerned for her father; and as she felt the film of life grow thinner and thinner, the deep workings of her spirit became more and more powerful still. Her little heart had always overflowed with affection, but a strange loveliness surrounded everything she said and did now. Often when seated on the knee of her parent, her head resting on his bosom, and her arms entwining his neck, would she whisper to him of the happiness she felt in the love of Jesus, and the sweet home to which she was going.

“Papa, dear!” and, laying her little hand in his, she held up her lips for a kiss, “I do love you so—oh, more than I could tell you! I think about you a great deal; for you are always in my heart. God is going to take me to heaven; oh! I wish I could take you with me. But you must not grieve when I am gone. When you look upon my little white coffin, you must think of me not as being there, but as a happy angel above the sky. And you will soon follow me. Yes, dear papa, and I will come to meet you! Perhaps—perhaps, papa—Jesus will allow me to wait by your bedside as you are dying. He may; and I will kiss you, and love you, and comfort you, and be so careful

of you, papa, and ——” Eulalia’s voice grew misty; her thoughts had fled far from earth, and joined the hymning circles of bright spirits in heaven.

“My precious Eulalia will think of me still,” said Mr. Cohen, hugging her up to his heart.

“Oh, yes, dear papa! I shall be near you often, —when you will not be thinking of me. It is delightful to think of. Papa, do love Jesus and come to heaven. All is so loving, peaceful, beautiful, in heaven. I long to be there. There it will all be joy; no sorrow can ever enter there; there we shall never, never, dear papa, be separated again. Oh, it is beautiful!” And Eulalia spoke in a calm low voice—a voice which she often used—as though the veil which separates the frail present from eternity were drawn aside, and her eyes were looking upon its glory.

“My dearest very much wishes to hear me say that I love Jesus,” he said sadly.

“More sweet papa than ever I could say to you. I could lay down my life—die the most cruel death—if by it I could only obtain that word from you. Why don’t you, dear? Oh, if you would! It seems I should be too happy.”

“Never mind, my love, don’t think of me so much.”

“But, papa, I must. It is the only trouble I have, because you and the rest don’t believe in Him who died for us. I can hardly tell what to

think about it; for you are so noble, so loving, so excellent in everything, papa, that it seems to me you must love Him, because it is right."

"Perhaps I may soon."

"But you should now, because He is so kind; and, of course, it grieves Him to see us careless of His kindness. Oh, my dear papa, come to Jesus—will you? I shall not be here to talk to you of Him much longer. He is God—indeed, indeed He is; I feel it every moment. Will you pray to Him, papa?"

"But suppose, my dear, I cannot believe upon Him?"

"Well, sweet papa, but if you come to Him, He will help you, and reveal Himself to you. Oh, He is so good, so lovely, so kind. Will you?"

"Yes, Eulalia, I will try, if you wish it."

"Thank you, dear papa! thank you for that!" said the child, and a bright, glorious smile passed across her face. "It has made me very happy. I wish I was strong enough to read to you from the New Testament—but Mary knows such beautiful parts, and she will."

Her strength continued to fade away—slowly and beautifully as the last rose of summer droops amid the softened breathings of autumn. Hours on hours would she lie upon her couch with her face directed to the window, her eyes looking into the cerulean skies. But her thoughts were

not amongst them. They had taken wing far above the earth prison house, and were wandering on the peaceful marge of the waters of eternal life, and holding converse with the inhabitants of the paradise of God. Happy smiles passed across her face, like a summer sunbeam glancing amidst the emerald leaves—and sometimes on that countenance there rested an expression so unearthly, as if it had caught a shadow of the eternal glories—the dawning of immortal light.

O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?

For Eulalia's fading away was so calm and very beautiful. If this were death, why was he ever dreaded by the child of God? Eulalia rejoiced to see him. She smiled on him lovingly, and hailed him as a friend for whose coming she had long yearned.

Nor was it death. It was merely "the shadow of death." The substance had been endured for Eulalia by her Saviour. She knew it; and her heart rejoiced in Him, and her soul blessed Him for the victory.

It was a calm, cloudless day—one of those which put us most in mind of heaven; when the whole beauty of summer seems crowded into one hour; when the clear sunshine wraps the earth as with a garment of loveliness, and the perfumed air brings out all objects in bright outline, yet soft and enchanting as a poet's dream.

The water rose and fell in the fountain—each drop like a cut diamond; and the garden formed one broad sweep of waving foliage and unbroken blossom; for as yet not a hue was paling, nor a leaf fallen.

Amidst so much life, how hard it sometimes is to realise death.

Eulalia was getting very near the immortal rest now, and was reclining beneath the cherub, and amongst the snow-white curtains of her couch—her little Bible open in her hand at the closing chapters of the Revelation. The thick golden ringlets fell like a shower of sunshine about her neck and shoulders; for the little lace cap was too fragile to contain the long hair, that seemed determined to break free.

“I can read no more—I’m not strong enough to hold my Bible,” said the child. “Mary, dear, will you read to me? Where I have opened, if you please. There—it is so beautiful.”

“But, my beloved,” said Mary, taking the Bible, “this weak body will soon put on immortality—it shall be raised like Christ’s glorious body. ‘Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.’”

“Yes!” and her happy face grew triumphant with joy.

Mary began to read, at the place which Eulalia had desired.

“ And I saw no temple therein ; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it ; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it ; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour unto it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day ; for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie ; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

“ And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruits every month ; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse ; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and His servants shall serve Him. And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun : for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.’ ”

"Oh, Mary I shall soon see all that glory, and have that name—the Lord's name—in my forehead."

"Yes, my love, in a little while that beautiful place will be your home for ever; and you will be named by the great, unutterable name of the Lamb, and will attain to the pearl of great price—even the holiness of heaven—'that white stone, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.'"

"Mary, dear," laying her little, thin hand in her sister's, "it is such a joy to me to think that you will soon be in heaven."

"I hope so, dearest—for I shall find it very hard to live without you."

"Well, we shall not be parted long; and you must think of me still—and that I love you better than I can now. And I shall *speak* to you too, Mary," she pursued steadily, "only you will not see me. But the time will soon pass away. You *will* think of me, Mary?"

"Oh, yes, my love!—forget you whom I love so!—Why should you think it? And it will indeed be a sweet comfort to me to know that you are near me, and that the same feeling still unites us. We who live in God are all one on earth and in heaven—'Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth are named' says St. Paul: and you remember that lovely verse you have so often said with me—

“ One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.’

My Eulalia will still be mine, and feel with me, and for me, and like me—for our feelings will all flow from the bosom of our Redeemer; but yours will be higher, holier, purer than mine. Christ, my precious, is heaven!—for He is our life—our love—our eternity—our all in all. So our separation will only be a separation of the body—not of the spirit. One golden chain of love links us to God and to each other, for ever.”

“ How kind it was of God to create us, Mary—I have often thought so. It shows how loving, how unselfish He must be. He was perfectly happy Himself and needed nothing; and yet He formed us that we might be happy with Him too, and live in the enjoyment of His love, and increasing in knowledge of Him for ever. And so much trouble as we have given Him, and do give Him, and seem to care so little about Him; and yet He still loves us and bears with us—and then to die for us. Mary, that is a great love, which I can’t understand, and I don’t think I ever shall—perfectly I mean—even in heaven; for *God* to die to purchase back man’s happiness—it makes

me quite sink when I think of that goodness. I feel the first thing I shall want to do when I get to heaven, will be to kiss Him and thank Him—oh! so dearly—for it.”

“Had not you better rest a little?—don’t you find the exertion of speaking too much?”

“Thank you, dear,” answered the child brightly, “you are very kind to think so much about me. But I never feel tired when we talk of Jesus; indeed, it seems to help me. Mary,” she pursued after a pause, and there was a shadowy softness in her voice, “such beautiful beings come and talk to me—I cannot tell you how bright and glorious they are—such long white robes they wear—and their eyes are so beautiful and loving—and their faces so smiling as they bend to kiss me, Mary—and, Oh! they make me feel so!—and their heads are crowned with soft light stars. They are here nearly always—and then I feel soft airs and things like heaven, and I hear sweet music full of all lovely things, that makes me feel so soft—so—it is like dissolving into *love*, Mary. And they feel so about you, dear—when you stood by me last evening so sorrowing, one of them folded his wings around you, and wiped your brow in his white robe, Mary—I saw him—and then—oh! how beautiful he looked on us both. Mamma comes too—often—she will come again soon—and then, Mary dear, *I am going with them—they will take me away.*”

Mary spoke not. What could she say? Her heart gave one great leap, and then stood still.

"I wish, dear, you would call Anna and Dinah, and the rest. I want to speak to them before I go."

Mary touched a bell; and on making the request known, the whole of the servants were speedily gathered round the bed. The silence that followed was unbroken by a breath.

"I wanted to see you for the last time," said Eulalia, looking around upon them all, "to give you my dying love, and to thank you for all your kindnesses to me. You have all been very good to me, and I love you very much; and now I am going to heaven; I shall soon be an angel like you read of in the Bible, and I want you to come there and be one too—will you?"

"Oh, yes! Miss Eulalia, we will try," burst from the lips of all.

"I hope you will; it would, indeed, be more dreadful than I could bear, if I thought I was about to leave you for ever. But you cannot be admitted into heaven except you love Jesus. God cannot pardon you, if you don't believe in the Son whom He gave to redeem you. I think you must feel in your heart that He is God—I don't know how you can help it."

She lay wearily back upon the pillows, and waited a little. But there was no reply—except many tears—given.

"Oh, dear!" said the child, "you don't believe upon Him. It is dreadful—it does hurt me so. You see how happy I am—and it is all because I feel that Jesus loves me. I am happy—very, very happy. It is *sweet* to die, when we know that we are loved and supported by Jesus. God is going to take me home to that beautiful world in which there is nothing, nothing—oh! nothing but LOVE. I shall very soon be in that sweet place, for ever and ever. My Redeemer tells me every moment that He loves me; that I am completely His, and that He is going to take me to Himself."

"Oh, Miss Eulalia, if we could only feel happy like you."

"Well," she said, smiling sweetly, "you may be. It is Jesus makes me happy, and He will do the same for you, if you will allow Him. He helps me as He promised, and fills me with such a sweet soft love and peace—oh! do pray to Him, and then He will make you feel so too; and soon He will come for you, and we shall all be together in heaven."

Eulalia's voice trembled—the damp stood on her brow in large drops with the exertion—her strength was utterly exhausted—and, gasping for breath, she fell back faint upon her pillows. A few drops of blood rose in her throat, and stood upon her quivering lips. Mary motioned the servants away.

“‘He shed a thousand drops for me,
A thousand drops of richer blood,’”

said Eulalia, as Mary wiped her crimson lips.
“Kiss me, dear; thank you. We shall both
be in heaven soon—oh! that joy!”

A few more hours passed away. How lightly we think of these brief spaces, as we watch the slender clock hands slowly measuring their inexorable flight. And yet, O God of heaven! how full, how pregnant, is every segment of that circle! With what importance is every minute invested, when we reflect that in it are contained the hopes, the joys, the anguish, the heart-break of a world!—that it is another shadow from our great eternity, and must leave an influence for good or evil, that shall last for ever!

It was evening; and the light of the cloudless west, shining now like an unbroken lake of amber, revealed every object in the room, in a soft, delicious lustre. It seemed as if the day was unwilling to withdraw its glory from that dying chamber, and lingered with its last peaceful beams around that head of radiant beauty, which lay so bright and angel-like, amongst the folds of the white drapery that half concealed the pillow.

Eulalia looked out upon that light fondly—as though she thought how soon, with her, it would

be evening no more. The expression of her face was wholly changed. Beautiful and bright as it had always been, it now wore a look of glorious, even triumphant beauty—a sweet but tremulous smile parted her delicate lips—and her eyes, instead of that immortal light that heretofore had shone so soul-like in their depths, had that misty, dreaming look, which tells that the veil of time is dissolving, and they gaze on other worlds.

It was a holy calm—a lovely stillness—a sweet hush—like that which always fills the room where a spirit is passing from death unto life.

The rosy shadows deepened; and Mary rose to draw the blinds and light the lamp. She was alone; for the nurse was taking some necessary repose, previous to commencing her watch for the night.

A sound rose on the stillness, of soft and quickened breathing. Mary turned instantly; and, with a movement as rapid, was at the side of Eulalia. The child noticed not, and smiled, as if in recognition of some person in the room.

"Mamma! dear mamma!" she said, throwing up her little white arms, in an attitude of embracing. "Oh, beautiful! beautiful!"

A stifled shriek rose in Mary's throat, as she fled from the room to summon the family; for she saw that Eulalia was dying. In a moment the bed was surrounded by faces fraught with tears and anguish. The sound of sobs broke upon the solemn silence.

"Hush!" said Mr. Cohen, thickly; "you will disturb her as she is passing!"

The child lay with her large bright eyes looking dreamily upwards, and her features fixed in a smile of rapt, triumphant happiness.

"Eulalia, my precious!" said Mr. Cohen, softly.

She heaved one low gentle sigh—and then gasped for breath. A bright crimson flooded her face and neck, and even her hand, which, as she again extended it, fell helpless across her bosom—a slight convulsion passed over her features; and then—the pain was passed—death was swallowed up in victory!

Her lips parted a little—a smile, more angelic, more triumphant, hovered over her face—her eyelids closed—she breathed soft and low.

"Peace—heaven—light!" she murmured, tremulously.

"Eulalia, dear!" whispered Mary, taking her little hand. But she had finished with earth.

"Eulalia, my precious sister! do speak to me once more!" sobbed Mary, in a suppressed passion of grief.

Her beautiful eyes unclosed. "Glory—love—calm—rest—God—for ever!" she said slowly; breathed one long breath, and ascended to the arms of her Redeemer!

Farewell, sweet Eulalia! farewell, precious child! We have seen thee, and loved thee—we have followed thee, as our morning star, always

alluring to the skies—we have felt the holy calm of thy love and peace encircle our spirit—but oh ! thou hast passed away from earth for ever !—we shall hear thy loving voice no more ! Thine was a beautiful fading away. Thy eyes fraught with triumphant brightness—glimpses of the angel beings who eagerly waited to bear thy pure spirit to its native skies—closed in clear and cloudless glory, too bright for us to look on. Thou didst not die. Death had no power to touch thee. To such as love like thee, dear Eulalie, there is no dark valley, no chilling stream, no cold shadowings ! Thy soul dissolved in a glorious radiance, like the golden star of the morning,

“Which goes not down behind the darkened west,
Nor hides among the tempests of the sky ;
But melts away into the light of heaven !”

Then, farewell, beloved Eulalie !—but, oh ! our spirit lingers with thee. Canst thou hush thy sweet song—canst thou silence thy golden lute, to speak to us once more ? Oh, how we loved thee !—but thou hast gone. Then, farewell !—once more, farewell, blessed child ! We must weep, because thou hast left us, and we see thee no more—but our tears are tinged with a halo of heavenly glory. Thou hast quickly found thy rest. Thy feet early sandaled with immortality, thou hast gone where the Lamb Himself shall lead thee to living fountains of waters, and wipe

away all tears, and fill thee with unutterable rapture and repose, while we are left to sorrow on beneath the tempest-bearing clouds of earth. Oh! that, like thee, it were given to our sight to pierce the dim veil that shrouds from us the future, and hear the soft whisper, that soon the heavenly gates would close on us, and we should be with thee for ever!

CHAPTER XLV.

"WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL
NEVER DIE."

LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

"And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

1 COR. XV. 22, 49, 53.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."

REV. xiv. 13.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them."

REV. xiv. 8.

"So He giveth his beloved sleep."

PSALM cxxvii. 2.

THE death of the just has a tremendous, yet an exquisite beauty. It seems to open a new connection between the living and the world of

spirits—to form for them still nearer relations with beings of a higher order. Have *you* ever felt that fine, that more than human emotion, which thrills through the spirit, while gazing on the lovely dust?

It was the last day of all. Eulalia's room was lighted by long wax candles—for the light of day was completely excluded. All there was hushed in the most profound stillness. How much more is that dim tone of poetry that pervades almost every—even the coldest—bosom, awakened by such a room! where the sleep of heaven, and the mournful emotion are aided by obscurity like mystery, and silence deep as thought. In others where the day flows in through the drawn curtains, the light and colours are too well defined and familiar, and that indistinct fancy, with which the ideal beauty that death ever possesses, is looked on and loved, is lost in the tide of common feeling. Vases of flowers—*camellia japonicas*, those delicate white flowers that seem carved out of stars by some sculptor, whose inspiration has been love till all that is beautiful is to him a thing of heaven—Arabian jessamines, with their soft silvery radiance, looking so solemn and so mournful, as though they wept with you, and yet mingled with an expression so ethereal as if they were about to dissolve into spirit—exotics that say, “our growth has been precious,” our life is of the skies—and soft, blue violets drooping their

little heads sadly in the shadowy stillness, and exhaling a delicious perfume through the dim atmosphere, so well suited to the reverie of the bereaved. There were no white roses; there is too much of pride and life about them to sympathise with death.

A delicate feeling painter had covered the walls with an Italian landscape. It looked like reality, so perfect were the distances, so actual the stoop of the orange trees, so green the ivy which clustered round the broken columns. Beneath it, and thrown into rich relief by the more sober colouring of the landscape, was a small piece of sculpture—a “delicate Ionian,” yearning for her own free village amongst the mountains. A lovelier conception of the young Greek girl, pining for the home of her childhood and her affections, could not be. It was one of those exalted inspirations which the sculptor may execute, and then die—conscious of his immortality.

With ourselves sculpture is a feeling of the ennobling and the holy. Its forms—pale, pure, and cold—have that deep, mysterious calm for which our spirits hourly yearn, a calm that makes them seem beings of a higher life. Tremendous is the might of that spirit, which, in a troubled, feverish world like this, can give expression to such profound quiet and repose. The materials, too, which it has to work upon—the dust and the clay, the meanest elements of nature

—these are the clogs which hang upon the genius of the artist, and keep him down to a gross and tangible world, where it catches but dim, uncertain glimpses of those mighty revelations and wondrous somethings for which it perpetually thirsts and pines, when he would fain soar into an existence, in which form and proportion and colour mingle in one ocean of spirit and beauty, where his soul could drink its fill of love and purity and peace for ever. Genius may be honoured, but it can never be estimated at its proper value amidst so much of selfish interest as is felt on earth. The passion which concentrates the whole of its strength and beauty upon one feeling is a rich and terrible stake, the end whereof is death—the living light of existence is burnt out in an hour—and what remains?—Dust and darkness—an humbling sense of the littleness of what it has achieved, compared with what still lies hidden in the great, unmeasured future; haply mingled with the corroding bitterness of disappointed hopes.

Three pictures hung on the wall. The first was a beautiful English girl; her aristocratic loveliness was of the most pure and lofty kind—the hair was gathered up beneath a sort of emerald glory—her hand rested on a marble stand—flowers stood beside in an alabaster vase—there was much of lightness in the portrait, but the face of the lady bore an expression of deep and touching sorrow. The second was a dark and passionate

young creature of the East—the hair, unbound, fell in a profusion of flowing luxuriant black ringlets—large dark eyes, that turned all they touched into poetry, and wore the dreaming, downcast look of passionate thoughts that feed upon themselves—a crimson turban imparted a secret softness to her cheek; and over the rose-tints glowing there, fell the dark shadow of her long eyelashes, and the darker folds of her richly-flowing hair. The pensive face—the thoughtful eyes—the finely curved mouth, curled with unshed tears, and wearing

“The sweetness of a smile,
But not its gaiety,”

—the subdued and drooping attitude—beautifully expressed the lonely Jewish maiden pining after her own beloved land. The third was “a lovely female face of seventeen”—a large white veil, bound with orange blossoms, all white, delicate, and lovely, passed over her head, and fell in misty folds around her recumbent figure—the long lash rested on her cheek with the inward look of its dreaming, secret mood. Beneath was written, “MARY ADA COHEN—taken on the day of her marriage and—death.”

Portraits look singularly beautiful by lamp-light—the softness gives them an air almost of living and breathing; and, as one stands gazing upon them, one may see the smile of pleasant

thoughts, and the shadow of saddened feelings passing dreamily over their cheek.

On the bed lay a figure of radiant beauty—she was asleep; and to look on her was a feeling of all that is beautiful and loving and exalted and holy. It was a sweet sleep, for she smiled as if her dreams were happy—it was a loveliness not of earth.

Even so. For it was the long, peaceful slumber which the body sleeps in Jesus till, on the glorious resurrection morn, the last trumpet shall give the joyful signal, and sound in a voice that shall pierce the deep silence of their tranquil rest, “Arise, shine, for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon you.”

Yes; it was the precious little Eulalia. She had on a long loose robe of soft white satin, closed around the throat with a narrow band of gold, and gathered around the waist by another band of gold, broader than the first, and mildly radiant like a rainbow. The borders were worked in flowers and leaves of gold. A scarf, richly embroidered with flowers and gold, fell over her shoulders in well-arranged drapery. Her fine throat and neck were bare. One very white arm laid on the pillow and encircled round her head, a superb bracelet gleaming on the slender wrist; the other lay peacefully by her side, and almost hidden amongst the soft folds of her robe. Her hair was simply parted on the high, clear forehead, and confined

with a delicate bandeau of diamonds. Her beautiful lips were separated a little, in the same triumphant smile with which she had passed away. It would have been hard to believe that she lived and breathed not, except that over her features floated a soft and shadowy glory—such a mingling of clear unclouded brightness, “the new-born day of bliss,” with that deep and dream-like repose—that one felt the holy sleep could not belong to earth.

It was beautiful.

The feeling inspired by that death-chamber and that lovely little sleeper. It was one of other worlds; and while there, one could hear the music of the angelic hosts, and mingle in their rejoicings over the spirit that had just escaped from the land of sorrow to their own sweet shores, and the soul breathed airs of heaven.

Mary felt it as she sat in that holy chamber, and by that silent figure. But she was not one to whom such a vision would be

“Sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a moment.”

Endued by nature with an ardent affection for the pure and the beautiful, and a quick poetic fancy, the solitude in which much of her life had been passed, had given full scope for her imagination to spiritualise and exalt. Seldom witnessing strong bursts of feeling in others, she never thought

of giving outward expression to her own; thus hers, undiffused and unrelieved, acquired depth and strength from concealment.

Throwing herself upon her knees by the bed, she hung upon the lips of her sister—lips that could no longer return the affectionate pressure—and bedewed her sweet face with tears mingled of sadness, love, and joy. The calm still voice of prayer ascended on the thoughtful silence—prayer that the feeling which Eulalia exhibited in life might descend upon her. And then, as with a holy familiarity, she conversed with the departed spirit; and felt that, if separated in body they were yet united in soul, and in a little while would be joined to each other for ever.

If there is one happiness in life over which the curse uttered in Eden has passed and harmed not, it is the early and inextinguishable affection of blood and kindred.

Oh! Love—the sacred, the pure, and the beautiful!—Thank God who has made it the one true feeling of our existence.

But, oh! that the holy, unselfish emotion should ever be so violated, so debased by things of earth. Let the faithless or the worldly never pretend to it. No sin against love is so vile as that of inconstancy—it unidealises it, unspiritualises it—makes it sensual and brutish. The crime of sacrilege is not the theft that takes the holy things, but applying them to base and sinful uses.

The afternoon, and with it the funereal ceremonies came. It was soft and golden; both air and sunshine seemed to have passed over Paradise, and caught its early beauty.

The room was painted with southern landscape—a river quiet as that fairy hour when

“The sea
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity,”

wound through one panel—the cypresses bent like things of life—a gum cistus hung its trellised wreath as it does in pictures—a vineyard and a white marble temple with its graceful arch and half-broken columns, occupied the distance; a scroll of leaves gleaming in purple and gold, marked the divisions.

It was furnished with all that makes elegance forgotten in loveliness and taste: the ottoman with the ebony lute, inlaid with pearl flowers—the carpet in which the foot sank as in a meadow—the beautiful annuals, so richly tinted and gilt, and opened at some lovely poem or still lovelier face—the exquisite little French clock, where a golden cherub, sitting swinging in a wreath of roses, was reflected in the clear fountain which played beneath him, and the lapse of time is told only in music—the alabaster vases carved as in condensed summer clouds—the marble stand, white, cold, passionless, as if chiseled out of snow—the cut-crystal glass, which gleamed

as if it had imprisoned the sunbeams, with one rose bending over the side—the fan, whose soft rose feathers cast a more delicate shadow on the face reflected in the pretty little mirror set in their centre—china and porcelain stained with hues stolen from the flowers, and small enough to have been Oberon's offering to Titania, his fairy queen—a large India shawl with a border of embroidered roses, thrown carelessly across the pink cushion of a most fairy-tale-like lounge:—all bespoke a lady's room.

In the middle of the table stood a pure white coffin;—it contained a lovely child. One dared not breathe in presence of that sleep, so calm and beautiful, and that hush so fraught with heaven.

On one side, motionless and veiled, stood a dark-robed group, the friends themselves—so still, and each individual so shrouded in black drapery, that it seemed more like a painting of life than life itself. And then came the latest moment, and the weeping friends took their last kiss, and shed their last tears around Eulalia's lovely face; and then the lid was put on, and she was seen by them no more!

The solemn procession was formed, and the coffin was borne away to the grave, which had been made in the end of the garden. On one side was a large weeping willow, on the other a weeping ash—trees whose pliant branches moved with

the slightest breeze, but through whose dense foliage the sunbeams never pierced. The little coffin was lowered down, and as it touched the bottom tears were showered on it; and then sweet prayers were lifted to the skies, and rich influences of heaven descended upon those heart-broken mourners; and the beautiful words, announcing the utter destruction of Death's curse, and opening to the eye of faith a sight of the archangel, appointed to take charge of the sleeping dust until the morning of the resurrection, with his flaming sword and expanded wings spread over the grave, were said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours." And then all was over—it was "the last of earth."

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints!

Rest there, beloved Eulalie! till He who is the Resurrection and the Life shall awake thee to immortal health. Thou hast early found thy rest—early been taken to eternity—earlier than has been permitted to us. But if we live like thee, soon we shall come to thee. Soon we shall follow thee into the blessed presence of our Redeemer.

Safe art thou now, enfolded on the bosom of our God. No gloomy shadows now arise to hide from thee the God of thy supreme affection. No

earthly mists now cloud thy sight, or hide from thee the smile of thy Beloved. Thy illumined spirit, reflecting the beauty of the Saviour, is all light, all love, all felicity, for thy life is the Infinite, even He that is unsearchable—Jehovah. Often do we think of thee.

“It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head,
Are hovering on angel wings
The spirits of the dead.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

FAREWELL.

“ Hope has made
The blossom expand, it but opens to fade

.
What may restore
The gentle happiness known before ?”

L. E. L.

“ Though nothing can bring back the hour.
We will grieve not—rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be—
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering—
In the faith that looks through death.”

WORDSWORTH.

“ And what were earth and stars,
If to the human mind’s imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy ?”

SHELLEY.

AMIDST the many voices from the bosom of eternity of which our nature is so conscious, there is none which proclaims the certainty, which gives

the conviction of our immortality, like affection. We feel that that love, which nothing on earth—not even the enjoyment we may derive from God while here—can satisfy, was made to outlast it, and to find its sufficient objects in some higher and purer existence. Our spirit came from God, so every one of the sublime truths of His religion finds its echo in our yearning and expectant nature—it is acknowledged and answered from our heart. We stand beside the tomb, but while memory of the lost and dear gives us mute evidence of a power over the grave, we feel love always carrying us onward into the bright world beyond it, and sorrow for the absent ones seems but as the earth-mist which veils from us their heaven.

And it is well. For, if our Father had given us only such a limited revelation of His love, that the dim and faint images of Himself which we have on earth would be found completely satisfying, while He reserved the fuller revelation till He called us to His home, we should, most likely, have forgotten Him entirely, and said, "Soul, take thine ease." But now, He gives us flowers and sunshine and beauty—we admire them; He gives us a wife and sweet children, and our earnest heart enclasps itself around them; we see in them images of Himself, reflections of the purity and innocence of heaven, and our soul loves them. But it does not suffice; they are not beautiful,

loving, perfect enough : and then we turn our longing spirit unto heaven.

It was noon. Thrown upon a sofa, like a crimson cloud for colour and softness, with just enough of air from the profusion of blossoming shrubs and the clumps of acacias in the garden, to gently agitate the blinds and softly fan his feverish cheek, was Mr. Cohen. While delicious scents passed over him from a conservatory, rainbow-touched with roses, jonquils, jessamines, and the thousand-flowered geranium ; and through the rooms floated that soft and dreamy twilight, which curtains can make, even at mid-day.

Mary was seated at her harp, trying some new songs ; so there was just music enough to haunt the ear with sweet sounds—to preserve an under-current of reflection, flowing in beauty through the soul—without disturbing the thoughts which most engaged his attention. At last, the sounds ceased for a moment ; and then the low soft tones of Mary's sweet voice floated in a rich swell through that silent room, as they warbled one of the most exquisitely touching melodies. The words were Italian, and the accompaniment sad and affecting in the extreme. Mr. Cohen drew his hand across his eyes, as he murmured, half unconsciously, " Eulalia liked it—it was her mother's song."

He said no more until the melody was finished, but continued to shade his eyes with his hand, as he leaned his head amongst the cushions.

"Mary," he said, "I intend to travel—my spirits are broken—I shall try change of scene. You will go with me."

"And when, dear father?"

"In a week. It shall be where you please. I have no choice—indeed I have not strength of mind left me to choose. I must leave all the plans for you."

Mary's maid cried, and Dinah was all of a ferment, when she heard that her "young mistress" was going away. About Mr. Cohen, she did not care so much. However, the necessity she felt herself under, of making up numberless parcels of "little comforting things" for Mary, occasioned a diversion for the present. Added to which, she gave her many injunctions about taking care of her health, and bathing in the sea, and ingenious hints how the custom-house officers might be evaded; and concluded by advising her to eat a raw egg every morning before breakfast; for, as Dinah justly observed, "she wanted strengthening quite as much as any of them." But Mary, turning with a sick loathing from the thought of the yellow slippery liquid, assured her she could not touch it; so this little plan for her benefit was of no avail.

The week, like the others that had gone before it, passed away. It was the last evening; and Mary devoted it to her most lingering, her saddest farewell—to her home, her flowers, and the grave

of Eulalia. She stepped out on to the lawn;
her curls, parted on a brow

“So like the moonlight, fair and melancholy,”

were just enough relaxed to droop their gracefulest. The soft, sunny ringlet, just dropping into light rings, is perhaps the prettiest style of beauty imaginable in hair—at any rate, it is always very becoming. She retraced the walks of her childhood, where she and Eulalia had so often played and wandered together; the fruit-garden, where every tree and shrub had more than one precious memory. She sat in their accustomed seat by the marble fountain, showering its musical and diamond rain over the rich cactuses around; she gazed, as had been their wont, on its border of daisies,

“A little Cyclops with one eye,”

as Wordsworth calls it, in one of his singular conceits; and on the high pale-browed lily,

“A fairy thing,
Like daylight in its opening.”

Or,

“The naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale.”

Or,

“The lady lily, fairer than the moon,”

Or,

“The lily, a delicate lady,
Who sat under her green parasol.”

The wind sighed loneliness amongst the branches of the great willow which drooped over her; and ever and anon the flowering shrubs wept a shower of fragrant leaves upon her head. Her mind was just in that mood when we love to connect ourselves with outward nature; hopes, thoughts, feelings, clasp themselves, vine-like, around external objects; and we fondly imagine the wind murmurs in sympathy with our murmurs, the flowers look sad with our sadness, and the fountains complain sorrowfully with our sorrows.

The last purple and golden cloud mirrored in the fountain at her feet disappeared—the shadowy softness of twilight began to deepen; that one English hour, whose dim images of beauty possess a charm far more exquisite than all the blazing glory to be found in brighter climes. A single star looked smilingly upon her; the distant trees looked like great fantastic semblances of humanity, that seemed to move about as she gazed; the fountain grew indistinct, and the water reflected the dull purple that was spreading over the sky—when she turned into the cypress-walk which led to the grave of Eulalia.

The gardener had planted it with heaven-touched flowers: gently-blushing roses—“spring’s sweetest book”—japonicas, lily of the valley, and the

pretty-flowered geranium; they moved slowly in the evening wind. The ground around the tomb seemed bright and warm compared with the shade beyond; and Mary fancied that the soft blue eye of one little floweret, looked upon her through the dimness of sympathising tears.

There was one—the only thing which she herself had planted—one of

“Those early flowers, o’er which the Spring has leant,
Till they have caught their colour from her eyes,
Their sweetness from her breath”—

a violet—Mary’s favourite flower. It bent with weakness; she saw that its frail stem hourly drooped nearer and nearer to the earth, and it seemed that soon it would fade entirely away. She was not superstitious—except in that measure which affection always is; but one of those feelings which will link themselves with outward things, passed through her heart. “It pines away,” she said to herself. “I have cherished it—it will not live. If it dies, so shall I.”

We often smile—and, it may be, wisely—at the folly of presentiments. But let the heart speak out, and say if we ourselves have never felt them. Our spirit is a great mystery; time is inseparably linked with eternity. The heavy-breathing atmosphere presages the thunder-storm, the fear and silence of the brute creation heralds the tempest; and if the physical world thus have its

portents, are we to believe that the higher one—the moral world—shall be without its? Who shall say what influences may work within the spirit, or what voices it may hear, when the garment of mortality begins to unwind itself, and the veil which separates it from eternity begins to dissolve?

Mary turned to the small marble tablet, and, through the mist of tears, read again the brief inscription—

EULALIA COHEN,

FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,

AGED 7 YEARS.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:

But the word of our God shall stand for ever."

Isaiah xl. 8.

The grass and mosses were soft and dry; she knelt down, and lifted up her soul to Him whose presence the weak and trusting never seek in vain. Her spirit filled with peace, like that quiet sky to which her eyes were turned. The starry silence of the summer night—the mystery of the large and bright planets—filled the young heart, that was exalted by their beauty, with deep and solemn thoughts. Hope arose strong within, until—

"Her fulgent head star-bright appeared,"

and faith became that clear and steady light

which life's dread storms may strive to quench in vain. The gentle and lovely promises, and the words of encouragement of the holy page, passed one after another through her mind with all their power :—

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee. I have called thee by name: thou art Mine.

“The redeemed of the Lord shall come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

“If I go away, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

The precious promises still lingered in her heart as she pondered their import; until, from bodiless words, they took a being and a shape, and she felt them in all their fulness and richness. Gradually, as she mused, the dim sky with its host of silent stars faded from her sight; a soft strain of music accompanied by heavenly voices floated around her; the waveless air was fraught with a softened glory; and, as she looked up, Eulalia, with her loving blue eyes fixed upon her, and her face wreathed in a smile of high triumphant beauty, appeared in the entrance formed by the two drooping trees. A robe, white like the light, flowed around her in shining folds; a

band made of soft bright stars encircled her neck and waist; her long ringlets fell about her shoulders, like a cloud of golden radiance; and a crown of gold, flashing with glorious gems, rested upon her temples. One hand held a diamond cup, in which was water, clear like crystal; the other was filled with beautiful, unearthlike flowers. Still approaching her sister, she presented the cup to her lips; and, as Mary drank, a thrill of triumphant love and joy and holy calm was diffused through her spirit; a feeling like none she had ever known, or ever imagined, before—a foretaste of eternal life. And then Eulalia's smile became more sublime in its rapture, and, bending over Mary, she folded her beautiful white arms lovingly around her neck, and impressed a long soft kiss upon her lips. Slowly as Eulalia rose from kissing her, the brilliance which surrounded her grew yet more beautiful and celestial; music, such as had no semblance in earthly sounds, filled the place—there appeared with her a multitude of the heavenly hosts, and gradually she rose from the ground, her beautiful eyes still bent upon her sister, and her lips separating in lovely smiles.

"Eulalia! my beloved sister! oh, may you speak to me?" said Mary.

"Weep not, dear Mary," she said, in a soft, loving voice, "you know not how I love you—and how much I am with you. Jesus loves you, and is preparing a place for you on His own throne.

Weep not; glorious joys which have no likeness in earthly things, are making ready for you. Why are you sad, my love, when you will soon come to me in our Father's sweet home?"

"I long, my beloved, to be with you."

"And so do I, dear Mary, and the angels who attend you—and they are so careful of you—we shall rejoice to hear you called. Love on, my sweet sister. Yet a little while and you shall see me again. But now I go to my Father and your Father; to my God and your God. When I come to you again, you will be with me for ever."

A deep, broad stream of light, that overpowered Mary by its glorious brightness, descended from the skies, zephyrs and perfumes not of earth filled the place; and, gently ascending amongst that divine music, and with that shining host, Eulalia scattered the flowers which she held upon Mary's head and bosom, waved her hand lovingly, her smiles increased in their wondrous loveliness, and, mingling with that triumphant light, she disappeared amongst the music and the skies.

Did the strength of Mary's feelings give a form and colouring to her imaginings? or was the vision real? We think it was. Is it not very reasonable to suppose, that departed friends often accompany the angels—those "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation"—on their messages of love to us? And if so, is it not likely that, when by in-

tercourse with the Saviour's love, the human spirit is so hallowed and etherealised that it becomes almost akin to heavenly natures, they may be permitted sometimes to throw aside the veil which conceals their loveliness from the creatures of time, and strengthen the faith of the sorrowing ones by revealing themselves to mortal eye?

"Well, now! Lord have mercy on this wicked world!—the lies people do tell—and no manner of reason whatsoever," exclaimed Dinah, as Mary entered the house. "Only to think, that they should have been down stairs for to say, that Miss Cohen was in her bedroom ill, and the door locked."

"I am as well as I can expect to be, Dinah, thank you. But I do wish you would caution yourself against using the name of God in vain; it grieves me to hear it—it's wicked."

"Well, laws-a-me, miss, don't take on about that, for you've got enough to bear—Lord knows. I don't mean anything you know. Come and see if you like what I've put together for you."

Dinah was a *professeur des variétés*, and her collection for Mary's benefit was a magnificent defence of her profession. When Mary had duly expressed her thankfulness, for her thoughtfulness and care, Dinah—like many a mouth made only for boiled mutton and mashed turnips—and save us from being present, when such an one sits down

to champ away at celery like horses at a bit, or flourishes his knife and fork over a leg of lamb basted with devil's tears!—enlarged eloquently upon the merits of certain French dishes that were latest invented, and thought Mary might do well to try them when she got to Paris.

“And here's a leg of a turkey I've deviled for your supper,” said Dinah, taking breath, and a violet lozenge. “For you never thinks of ordering anything for yourself now.”

“Thank you, Dinah; it is very kind of you to think so much about me. But I really cannot eat that—you know I never do.”

“Well, but I thought it would be relishin' for you—create an appetite, and help you to eat.”

“Never mind. I'll wait till father returns home—no matter how late; and what he wishes I shall have.”

So Dinah was obliged to eat the deviled turkey-leg herself.

“Of all things I love travelling. It enlarges the mind, strengthens the intellectual and digestive powers, makes one good-tempered, invigorates one's kindly feelings, and regulates the whole physical and moral constitution,” says a friend, while writing to us about a journey he made from Highgate to Chiswick.

On these and similar things much meditating—so Cicero and Brougham love to write—we conceived it would be very proper to try travelling ourselves

—for we thought there must be something in it. One great reason, why people believe so devotedly in the immensely fascinating powers of other countries, over our own glorious land is, because they know them chiefly from pictures and story books. The article that is the staple enjoyment in visiting foreigneering places, is the cookery—depend upon it, it is almost the only thing in travelling that goes down. Who, for instance, could do anything but write a magnificent description of the scenery, houses, people, and every earthly thing and animal else, after making one in the spacious saloon of the *Hotel des Princes*, or the dazzling apartments of the *Maison Dorée*, at the following—

DINNER PARTY.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

1 SOUP.

Potage à la Marcus Hill.

2 FISHES.

Three Slices of Salmon en mantelote,
John Dorée à l'Orléannaise.

2 REMOVES.

Braised Fowls with spring vegetables.
Neck of mutton à la Charte.

2 ENTREES.

Cotelettes d'Agneau à la réforme en surprise
aux Champignons,
Salmi of Plovers.

Green Peas. Asparagus.

New Potatoes.

2 ROASTS.

Two Ducklings,
Four Pigeons barded with vine leaves.

6 ENTREMETS.

Apricot Jelly,	Omelette with fine herbs,
Salade à la Française,	Gooseberry Tart with cream.
Green Peas,	Fromage de brie Neufchatel.

1 REMOVE.

Iced Cake with fruits.

The coffee and dessert left entirely to the good taste of the guests. Only light wine should be drunk at the first course, but at the second, wines of any other kind; intercepting them with several hors-d'œuvres—as slices of Bologna sausage, filets de bécasses à la Talleyrand, pickled olives and sardines, &c.

The next morning was one of unnecessary bustle and confusion amongst the servants, as such mornings always are. The ceremonious footman popped about like a needle through a seam. At last all was ready, and, accompanied by her maid and a faithful Scottish servant, who had lately been installed amongst the household, Mary and her father got into the waiting carriage and drove off.

We shall here take leave of them for the present, and allow them to encounter their trials alone. The troubles of the French and Italian

coaches—looking so alarmingly like caravans full of wild beasts—or even the more comfortable couriers; respecting which we might say as Rochefoucault said of marriages, “They may be convenient, but never agreeable.”

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CHAPTER XLVII.

MARIA THERESA.

"Oh! those are tears of bitterness
Wrung from the breaking heart,
When two blest in their tenderness
Must learn to live—apart."

"Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch!"

SHAKSPEARE.

HITHERTO we have been unwilling to break the narrative of events, by noticing any of Isaac's experiences after leaving England. For some time he had written regularly, and then the correspondence was suddenly interrupted.

Immense was the crowd and clamour in the principal streets and suburbs of Presburg, produced by the gathering together of all the nobility of the kingdom, to be present at the approaching opening of the Diet; which Maria Theresa had convened, in order to obtain that assistance which might enable her to change her desperate fortunes. The numerous tables at the hotels and coffee-houses were surrounded by the officers of her army, flushed with their recent victories, and eager to enjoy,

with all their heart, a season of repose which the next day would bring to a close. Merry and long were the peals of laughter that rung through the rooms; unceasing was the clattering of glasses, and the consumption of ices and *refrescos*—rendered especially acceptable by the intense heat of the weather, which, although it was evening, still continued to be extreme; and dense were the clouds of tobacco-smoke that, floating in fantastic wreaths above the heads of the jovial assembly, escaped through the open doors and windows. The balconies were thronged by ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs, and nodded gaily, to those whom they recognised as friends, amongst the nobility and military that pranced past upon their richly caparisoned steeds.

Among the crowd of horsemen, that thus thronged the streets, was a young man in a military costume. His horse was clad in sparkling harness, after the style of a superior officer in the Hungarian army. His small mustache was quite in contrast to the huge beards worn by many of those who passed him. The richly embroidered attila, or long frock coat, was clasped with glittering ornaments from the waist to the throat; the low fur cap was mounted with an egret of brilliant feathers, that dashed from side to side with the motion of his steed; the gold-braided pantaloons were full and loose, and fastened by a silver band and silver buckles; at his belt hung a light

sword. He was riding at perfect ease, and, like the rest, seemed to have no other object in view but to make the best use of his short period of relaxation. As he passed along, many a soft star-like eye from the windows and balconies, was turned upon the handsome young soldier with trembling rapture.

At a little distance behind him followed a soldier, in the close hussar dress of the Hungarian military servant. As he continued slowly ambling along, he was met by a horseman, in the uniform of a staff-officer, riding up at full speed. Perceiving that he desired to speak, the young soldier reined in his horse, and the staff-officer, bending over, spoke in a low, quiet tone.

"I would gladly do anything to oblige Ypernas," said the other, when he had finished: "but this—it's too much."

"Very good," replied the staff-officer. "Then I shall say you refuse the orders."

"Even so. Let the men rest while they can. They have had some roughing of it—most likely will have plenty more."

Without further comment, Isaac—for he was the younger horseman—spurred his horse, and, passing through the gateway and over the draw-bridge, he entered the succession of richly ornamented gardens that, varied by villas and mansions of beautiful architecture, stretch away until they reach the picturesque ridge of mountains

that give so fine a charm to the noble old city of Presburg.

The sun had disappeared, leaving a golden glow in the western sky. The lingering beams assumed that rich variety of tint, so impressive to the beholder, varying from bright green to a superb yellow, from red to deep blue, from purple to orange, as the rays passed between the leaves of the myrtle, the palma-christi, or some other kind of the surrounding foliage. Not a cloud was in the heavens; the air was peace itself, and every breath was a perfume; the soft evening stillness was only now and then broken by some babbling bird. Isaac continued his pensive walk; until at last a few stars, brighter than the rest, began to shine out from the transparent blue heavens. White curling vapours, the result of the day's heat, rose from the hollows and low grounds, making the surrounding objects assume the most fantastic shapes. The sound of falling water was audible; and as Isaac skirted the valley, the cause revealed itself in a little cascade that splashed down the hill side; a rocky basin received the foaming element, and from it wandered a small clear stream that soon disappeared amongst the woods. Beyond this could be faintly seen a hazy landscape of calm vine-covered hills, with snowy white cottages nestling amidst them. The scene and stillness was very likely to produce a sober, pensive train

of reflection; and dismounting, to drink at the fountain, Isaac sat on its edge and thought—thought of home and Adeline.

The gathering shadows warned him that it was time to return; for though his name at the gates would at once secure him a passage into the city, he knew how desirable it was, that the orders to keep them shut after night-fall, should be strictly maintained. As he placed his foot in the stirrup, a clattering of horses' hoofs disturbed the solitude; and in a very little time a lady, accompanied by a middle-aged nobleman—both seated on horseback—emerged from a long avenue opposite. Even in the gloom produced by the mists and thick foliage, she might be seen to be young and singularly beautiful. She sat in an attitude of enchanting, unstudied grace. Her large dark eyes, shaded by their long glossy lashes, alternately reposed their glances upon her relative and companion at her side, or gazed out into the distance with a pensive, mournful look. The gently swelling breast, the cheeks overspread with the most delicate tint of the rose, the airy and elastic figure, might have belonged to the goddess of love herself, in the days of her freshest youth. While, on the other hand, the look of even child-like innocence, the nobly arched forehead, the coral mouth, of which the rosy lips were rather indicated than displayed, and an indescribable highness in her whole expression,

gave her an air of queenly dignity, and at the same time, of purity and delicate modesty, that made up the most spiritualised *beau idéal* of a woman. Her hair was of a dark colour, and fell in long tresses around a snow-white neck; and over these again a heavy veil was flung. A braided gown surrounded her person; and from the loose hanging sleeves, and beneath the folds of the veil which fell about her arms, a pair of small, white-gloved hands were just visible.

As she emerged from the long walk of trees she came full upon Isaac, who bowed with the profound respect due to her character and station—namely, with all his heart.

"Baron Schermstoff! my noble servitor! my friend!" said the lady with brightened eyes, and stretching out her ungloved hand to Isaac, who took it and pressed it to his lips, according to the etiquette of the court. "The accounts of your glorious deeds have reached me, and I have earnestly longed to see you, that I might thank you in person—for believe me, dear sir, Maria Theresa cannot feel ungrateful, although her cruel position may often make her seem so. And now I do see you, I find no words that can express my sense of your devotion to my cause."

"Madam," said Isaac, in his rich, feeling voice, "you owe me no thanks—I beg you will therefore spare them. I have done no more than the duty of a gentleman. I saw you—a lady—that

lady, too, a queen—in distress; in danger of falling a victim to treacherous counsels, and cruel and ambitious men. I resolved to adopt your fortunes; and it was this I told you, when first you summoned me to your private counsels. Then, at your own solicitation, I expressed my wish that, if necessary, I might aid you with the last florin of my fortune, and die fighting for my queen. And so I feel.”

“Thank you, thank you, noble sir!” replied Maria Theresa, a woman’s ready tear gemming her long lashes. “Be assured you have your queen’s inmost thanks. I know not what to do, you lay me under so great a weight of gratitude. Tomorrow, sir, I will advance you to the highest dignity in the gift of the crown; you shall be made a magnate of the realm.”

“I cannot feel that I have deserved such liberality from my queen,” replied Isaac. “If I have been able to serve you in any measure, your kind words more than repay me.”

“Yes, yes, my noble knight,” said the young queen hurriedly. “I know you have the true dignity of heart; and to that, the mere dignity of rank is a poor recompense. But what else is there I can do? I would prove my gratitude by acts; you will not refuse that permission to a lady who begs it. Pity me!”

Before Isaac could return an answer, a troop of three horsemen were seen advancing in a vista

between the trees, at a furious gallop. The eyes of himself and the queen were instantly turned in that direction.

"They mean not well," said the queen, in intense alarm. "Sée! they are masked!"

"Ruffians!" muttered Isaac between his teeth, and he drew his sword quickly. "Draw back, madam, to the embankment. Be not alarmed—we shall do."

"*Santa Vergine!* I was right!" exclaimed the leader. "It is she, men! your lives pay if she escapes!"

The two foremost ruffians rushed upon Isaac and the Palatin. A shrill shriek arose from Maria Theresa, as the other, seizing her hand, plunged his sword into the breast of her horse to the hilt. The poor animal fell dead upon the spot; the young Queen, entangled in the stirrup, was partially under him. In the twinkling of an eye, the arm of the fellow was flung round her waist, and she was rudely dragged away; when the descent of Isaac's sword upon his shoulder disabled him, and, with a bitter imprecation, he let her fall to the ground, where she lay as if insensible. For some minutes, the combat raged fiercely; till, having received numerous wounds, two of the marauders made off.

"*Diavoli tutti!*" exclaimed the leader bitterly. "The cowards! The game's up, then."

"Even so, Putowski," said Isaac. "Villain!"

—traitor!—these then are the friendly alliances of your master with our King. I thought I read you rightly.”

“Hell and flames! Betrayed! Have at thee then, boy! for one final skull shatterer, at any rate,” and he whirled his sabre with tremendous might. A quick movement on the part of Isaac scarcely saved his head, and he received instead, a wound in the arm. With an imprecation, expressive of his disappointment, Putowski followed the example of his confederates, and took to flight.

In falling, the back of the Queen's head had come in violent contact with the ground, and the unconsciousness produced by the blow, still continued. With the assistance of the Palatin, she was carried to the basin at the bottom of the waterfall, and her temples bathed with the cool element. In a short time, she once more opened her eyes, and was able to stand, weakly, on her feet.

“Thank God, my persecuted queen is safe!” exclaimed Isaac, with an involuntary rush of joy. “Louis,” he pursued, turning to his servant, “I must have your horse: you can walk to the city.”

Isaac went to his own horse and soon made the necessary alterations in the trappings, to enable Maria Theresa to keep her seat in the saddle.

“My deliverer! my friend!” said the young queen, tremulously, as she rested her hand on Isaac's arm for support; for the fright and the con-

cussion had so weakened her, that she could hardly sustain herself.

"Are you hurt, Baron Schermstoff?" she said again, with a sweet and grateful smile—that smile which belonged so peculiarly to Maria Theresa.

"Hardly more than a scratch," replied Isaac, binding a handkerchief round his arm. "And in no other service, could I have felt so honoured in receiving it, as in protecting the person of my queen."

"Dear! dear!" said Maria Theresa anxiously. "Pray allow me to bind it for you;" and taking the handkerchief from his hand, she folded it around his arm tightly, and fastened it in a smooth knot.

They rode on slowly; and, as the queen recovered, their pace was gradually quickened, until they dashed into the court-yard of the noble old castle of Presburg. Isaac immediately threw himself off his horse, and assisted her to dismount. As she looked upon him—his handsome face, his noble air, his eyes expressive of the unfeigned delight he felt in her escape—her feeling as a woman conquered her feeling as a queen, and, with a bright smile, rendered yet lovelier because it shone through tears, she hurriedly took from her bosom a chain of diamonds, and passed them over his neck.

"Accept this, dear sir, as an unaffected token

of a woman's gratitude for your generous devotion to her interests, and your sympathies with her distresses. Your noble heart will appreciate my feeling better than I can speak it; for no thanks can meet the debt now added to what I owed before—my liberty, and, haply, life. And now, my friend, good night; I shall see you again tomorrow. Once more, good night, my friend," she pursued, waving her hand to him gracefully, as she disappeared within the ponderous castle gates.

It is well known to the readers of history, that at the Diet composed of the four orders of the kingdom, with the provincial deputies, which assembled next day, the reception of Maria Theresa was most enthusiastic. Loud and long protracted were the shouts of applause, with which her Hungarian subjects greeted the simple, womanly appeal of their young and persecuted queen. And as the echoes rung through the vast dome of the grand Hall of Audience at the castle, again and again were they caught up in wild and frenzied cries, amidst the waving of swords and the flashing of sabres, until the old walls of the castle shook to their very foundations, with the concussions produced by that tremendous shout. Never did devotion to a sovereign express itself more eloquently or more forcibly; and the cries only ceased when Maria Theresa, unable longer to control her emotions at this enthusiastic reception, fell back

on her throne, and burst into tears. Silence being thus obtained, the young Queen again rose. She told them of the demand of the King of Prussia, that she should cede to him those territories which, with the Austrian states, were hers by triple right—that of blood, the law passed by her grandfather, Charles VI., and the sureties of the European powers; that, having dismissed his emissary, he had, on the previous evening, outraged her person and endangered her life; and concluded by requesting them to deliberate upon the means necessary to be used, that she might be secured in peaceful possession of her realm. Tears flowed down many a stern and energetic cheek, as, laying aside all form in the trouble of the moment, Maria Theresa, or, as the Hungarians said, their King, delivered her address; but they were tears of admiration, affection, and fury; and, with a simultaneous impulse, each man, drawing his sabre, vowed that it and his fortune, to the last kreutzer, should be laid at her feet.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MINGLED HAPPINESS.

"Hark to the ring of the cimetar!
It tells that the soldier returns from afar.
Down from the mountains the warriors come:
Hark to the thunder-roll of the drum!—
To the startling voice of the trumpet's call!—
To the cymbal's clash!—to the atabal!
The banners of crimson float in the sun,
The warfare is ended, the battle is won.
The mother hath taken the child from her breast,
And raised it to look on its father's crest.
The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,
With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song."

L. E. L.

"Sad and deep
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast."

MRS. HEMANS.

"Look you, friend; it matters nothing whether you
believe it or not; but what I say is true."

LOVE FOR LOVE.

IMMEDIATELY the great winding carriage-road
that enters Vienna on the east passes through St.
Stephen's Gate, it is formed into a broad and

commodious street, with large, elegant, detached mansions upon each side; and the views obtained from the belvedere on the top of these, being among the best in Vienna, it is here that many of the travellers visiting the city take up their abode. Beneath them flows the Danube, deep and clear; and from its left bank stretches a succession of gardens, finely varied with trees and shrubberies, till they are lost among the blue hills in the distance.

The boudoir was as pretty a boudoir as one ever meets with in "*Yermany*,"—the window-curtains were of a glorious sea-green—the paper a flaring red that set the whole room on fire—the mirror large, with some pretensions to elegance—the gold-mouldings were better, life-like leaves and flowers running through them—and in the cup of a white lily, Mary's maid, Anna, was busily employing herself—to puzzle the Germans—in writing her name in old English letters, with a black-lead pencil. So true it is that

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Her feat was hardly accomplished, when Mary came into the room, and seating herself at a table that stood on bandy legs, began to write a letter.

At the request of his child, Mr. Cohen had turned his steps first to Presburg, then to Vienna, in the hope that he might obtain some

knowledge of Isaac—whether he yet lived, or was killed. To his inexpressible grief he was obliged to admit to himself that Mary's health was visibly declining; and, after he had discovered Isaac's condition, he had concluded he must return with her to England; for even now she could ill bear the fatigue and turmoil of travelling. But Mary—though she felt herself sinking—was not of a disposition to complain; and always struggled to appear her best when he was present.

The great victory of Hanau had just been gained by Maria Theresa and her noble allies—the victory which concluded the young queen's struggle, and wrung peace from her enemies; and the officers and men of the main army were that day expected to enter the capital. The royal standard floated above the palace and the fort; the streets and terraces were lined with spectators, all anxious to greet the return of the victors. With another couple—an English gentleman and his wife—Mary and her father ascended to the belvedere, having great hope that they might see Isaac.

The firing of cannon at the castle, and on the fort which faced the Danube, announced that the army was entering the city. The sound was immediately caught up and echoed from station to station, by the sharp rattle of the sentinels' drums, and all eyes were at once turned in the direction of the St. Stephen's gate. And highly picturesque and brilliant was the scene produced by

the motley multitude, their profusely ornamented dresses glittering in all the semi-oriental splendour and pride, which, even yet, is a striking characteristic of the country. Amidst the deep hum of the many voices, the loud laughter of some of the squeezing throng, the salutation of friends, the congratulations of the populace, the shouts of the horsemen, there still arose one sharp, metallic sound—the clanking of armour, the rattling of swords, and the clashing of sabres. Mary looked earnestly upon the mounted crowd as, to the sound of martial music, they passed her and defiled before the royal palace. But she saw no Isaac. There was one young officer who, at first, had awakened some interest in her mind; but he directed his eyes upon her with such an earnest, undisguised gaze, that she was obliged to turn away.

“I have not seen him, dearest,” said Mary, mournfully, turning to her father. “Did you?”

“No, but I don’t make any importance of that, my love,” replied Mr. Cohen.

“Well, dear, you know best, I am sure. But I wish I knew about him—I wish he had never left us.”

“And so do I; but I must not have you apprehensive, there is no reason for it.”

“I will try, dear father. And now will you take your walk alone to-day? I really feel too faint to join you, I think. You will allow me to feel severely disappointed?”

"My beloved child!" said Mr. Cohen, clasping her waist fondly, as she hung over his lips to kiss him. "Don't harass yourself; we shall certainly find him. Do leave me one daughter to solace my last years—they will be few," he continued, with tears. "It is adding sorrow more than I can bear, to see you pine away, day by day."

"Dear papa," she said, kissing him lovingly again, "I pray very fervently for you, that my declining health may not be too great a trial. Do not grieve any more for me. Jesus is sorry to see you so pained at the thought of losing me; but I am His, papa, and if He wishes it, He must take me. I have often found, dear, on examining my heart, when it seemed to me I might excuse myself for being sorrowful, that the true evil was my being weakly, perhaps sinfully disposed, and therefore I had no just cause to repine. If God sees it best that I should leave you a little while, will you not try to console yourself by thinking that I, whom you love so, am made so unspeakably happier than I ever could be on earth? It would add so to my calmness, if I could hear you say so, my beloved father."

"Mary, you seem to want to die," he said, somewhat peevishly.

"Dear papa, do not misinterpret my feeling. For myself, you might expect me to be very glad to be taken away from these troubled, sinful scenes, to the love and rest and peace of heaven;

but, for your sake, I not only am willing to live, but I pray that, if God saw it would be well, He would spare me to you. What I want you to think upon, to comfort yourself with is, that, if I die, I am immeasurably blessed in being so early called to the enjoyment of my sweet home in heaven. And your summons, my love, will come very soon. You know, dear, how much I love you—more than any language I could think upon could express to you. But God loves us better than we can ever love each other, either on earth or in heaven, as much as His nature is infinite, and He is the source of love; while ours is only a reflection of Him. Then it is perfect wisdom to receive whatever He does with mute, unquestioning faith."

"An excellent theory, and a true one; but who's to act it?"

"We must, if we love Him. If such poor, weak things as we are must expect to see the reason and result of everything, if we will be out of humour because we cannot have events all as we please, it is clear enough that we deceive ourselves somewhere—we do not believe in God's love, and in His infinite wisdom, as we think we do. Else, though the weakness of earth might sometimes make us sad, we should quietly rest satisfied that 'all things shall work together for good, to them that love God,' and we would not change His directions, even if He gave us the

power. Trust Him, dear papa, with me and with yourself; He knows what is best, for He sees from beginning to end, and it is impossible He can do any thing unkind."

Few more words passed; and Mr. Cohen went out to take his customary walk on the banks of the Danube. "It is not far to the office," thought Mary, when he had left; "I really must go and see if I can get any knowledge if he lives; why should I wait till to-morrow? It is, certainly, a singular hour to call on business; but a sister's love will excuse me." And she turned into her room to dress.

At the same time, a person in military costume, riding a horse splashed with foam, and galloping at a rate

"As if the speed of thought were in his limbs,"

turned into St. Stephen's-street. "Have you not English travellers staying here?" he asked of the bowing and scraping Italian porter, who filled the office of a sort of general interpreter at the establishment.

"Yes, there was two Inglesi—Senhor Sir Frederic Myrtle, Esquire, and his lady, and Milor and Miladi Conin."

"Conin?" said Isaac absently—for we scarcely need say it was he. "Well," he thought, "if I am mistaken—which I don't believe—I may claim pardon under the circumstances. "Show me to

the rooms occupied by Mr. Cohen," and he threw himself off his horse.

"Very good," said the porter. "This way, senhor."

Isaac followed up the broad stone stairs, and along a commodious passage in which there were several doors. Pushing one ajar, the man said tersely—

"In there, senhor."

Isaac walked in. The first person that met his eye was Anna, sewing away for life. She looked up wonderingly as Isaac marched to a chair, and seated himself with a quiet grace, as if he were monarch of the place. They continued to stare at each other; Anna knit her brows and looked cross.

"Why don't you speak, Anna?" he said, at length, rising; and, taking her lifeless hand, he shook it in the true, hearty English fashion. "Where's your mistress?"

Anna was white with fright.

"Tell Miss Cohen her brother Isaac waits to see her."

"Mr. Isaac!" gasped Anna. "Well!" she resumed, with a long breath, as if relieved of a weight of terror. "Miss Cohen desired to be left alone for a few minutes; but she will certainly be here directly, because she is going out before dinner, and it is near that time."

Isaac was going to ask a hundred hasty ques-

tions about home and old things, but Margaret, the Scottish servant, entering with a lighted candle in one hand, and a bottle of wine, with other things that she had just taken from the closet for the dinner, in the other, put an end to the dialogue. Margaret had, in various ways, constituted herself quite a favourite with Mr. Cohen—he felt weak and spiritless, Mary was delicate, and often very unwell. Margaret was shrewd and blunt, and Mr. Cohen gave her the supervision of all their travelling affairs, which could by any possibility be committed to her arrangement. Consequently, Madge thought herself entitled to take no inconsiderable liberty, and to exercise no small share of authority in the household. She caught sight of Anna instantly, talking to Isaac, with her face quite glorious in smiles.

“Ye ne'er-do-weel hizzie! ye unmodest jaud! Hae ye tint yeer wut? Gang ye ahint me noo! are na yese ashamed o' siccan conduct, as to sit doon an' lit a soger qu'etly maul ye, kissin' an' huggin'?” Turning to Isaac, “An' as for you, ye blawin' gawpus, I ken ye; an' I'm no afeard on ye, nor mony a better mon, for a' yeer fine shouthers, an' yeer soord an' mustashers. Daur ye come here to be freesome wi' ma master's lassie? Daur ye hae the impurence to hantle her unleddy-like? Ye shanna hae her, sae gang along the wa' ye comit as hard as ye can whang noo.”

Isaac was delighted with the old woman's rage; and continued smiling with all his might, to the great aggravation of her fury. Anna spoke.

"Well, Madge, now you've done, I may find time to answer. The gentleman whom you've rated in such chosen terms is no lover of mine, but Miss Cohen's brother Isaac, who left England some months ago."

"It's a lee! it's a lee! Ye ken him nane—ye ken him nane. D'ye think I no see he winkit? Wha are ye? I ax—wha are ye? wha are ye?" she pursued, with breathless energy, and poking the candle in Isaac's face, although it was bright daylight.

"Why," said Isaac, trying to look serious, "I'm what Anna has said—Mr. Cohen's son."

"*Ye a brother to ma master's dochter!*—there's ne'er a ane o' Miss Cohen's family wi' siccan a dress as that!—there's ne'er a ane o' her kith amangst tha sogers creeshy clan!—there's ne'er a ane o' her brothers wha's face is covered wi' hair like a hair trunk!—there's ne'er a ane o' her name wad pit on a wabsters sornin' clause!—I ken what ye are—some French foreigner come owre here for na guid. Daur ye deny it?—ye ill-faured tyke! Ye kenned the Square was frae hame, an' ye kenned that ony his bonnie wean was lift to tak caur o' th' hoose, an' ye thocht I shudna fin' ye—ye fashious scunner!—ye can-

kered rush! Guid Providence haud a grup an me, gin I can keep ma knieves aff ye! I'll wallop yeer ugly mazzard till I mak't as red as a belly-rasher. Yeer a rogue, I'm positive sure. I ken ye by yeer red breeks!—I ken ye by yeer unner coats!—I ken ye by yeer gowden buttons!—I ken ye by yeer sark frill!—I ken ye by yeer nastie leuks!—I ken ye fine. Yeere a rogue a' owre—a bluid-seller, gin ye like it better. De'il tak me, gin ye laugh at me a that un I'll clatter yeer yedd wi' the poker. Wa' wi' ye noo, or I'll hit ye a dad in the haffits!"

"It's all very fine, Madge, you making yourself so grand, and taking so much upon you, as you do," said Anna; "but if you happen to think, you've found out something as glorious as if you'd found a plan for paying the National Debt, why, you are simply mistaken. Mr. Cohen is what he and I have said, and you had better be careful."

"Oh, never mind," said Isaac. "Fidelity in servants is a virtue too valuable to be vexed with, even if sometimes it should take a form that is unpleasant. Now go, and see if your mistress can come to me."

Anna went accordingly.

"Guid faith!" said Madge, in a very small tone, "are yese the Square's son, an' me leddy's brother, sure enough?"

"Certainly."

"Save us, ye wadna, surely yeer honour wadna,

hand agin me what I'm just bin a sayin! Ye maun ken I thoct ye was naething but some Frenchman an' meant na guid to Anna, whilk frichtened me. Sure eneugh, yer honour will pit in a guid word for me to me leddy, an' forgie me?"

"Forgive you? To be sure," said Isaac.

"Thank yer honour. Sall I rin an' get ye a posset?—or a drap cordial, gin ye like it better?"

"Isaac!—my sweet brother!" said Mary, skipping across the room: and the next moment, overcome by that excess of joy, she fell, half fainting, in his arms.

"Why didn't you write? Oh! what I have felt!"

"But I did write, dearest," replied Isaac, kissing her. "The mails were intercepted—the couriers murdered."

"Come! you are with me now; and I am happy. How good my Father is to me! my cup of love and joy is full, and I am at rest, whether it be to live or die."

A few hours afterwards, a horseman flung himself from his steed at the door, enquiring for Baron Schermstoff. He was directed to the person answering the description he gave.

"The King sends for you, master," he said to Isaac.

"I hear," replied Isaac. Turning to his sister, "Now, Mary, if you will come, I will present you to my queen before you go home."

They entered the great gates of the palace; and, on Isaac announcing his name, an officer of the household conducted them through several galleries and passages, until, reaching a large oaken door, he opened it, and walked into the room. An elderly lady was seated in the deep recess of an open window, working upon the rose-leaf border of a muslin robe.

"Baron Schermstoff?" she enquired, looking up.

"Yes," replied the attendant.

"And this lady?"

"Is my sister," said Isaac.

The lady nodded in reply. And saying, "You will come with me, if you please," she led the way to an inner door, at which she knocked gently. Having received a reply, she opened it, and bade them enter.

The room into which they were thus introduced was a very elegant one, but small, and fitted up with the purest taste; there was no attempt at display; and few might have thought it likely to be the private drawing-room of a powerful queen. In a large chair, with cushions like a cloud in crimson and softness, sat Maria Theresa, her long hair falling in luxuriant ringlets about her neck and shoulders, and looking "every inch" a queen. She was engaged in reading the despatches that

she had just received, and extracting notes from them by which to dictate her replies, with the ceaseless, self-denying industry that she always displayed, when occasion made it necessary. As Isaac and Mary entered the room, she laid down her pen, and, rising from her chair, advanced to meet them. "Glad, very glad, am I to see you, sir!" said the Queen. "And yet, withal, I must express my sorrow, for breaking in upon your first few hours of rest from the toils you have undergone for me and mine. Assure yourself, dear sir, it should not have been so, except that I greatly needed help again; and I know I have not a more able, faithful friend than you." And she offered him her hand, which Isaac immediately knelt down to kiss.

"Nay, sir!" said the young queen, "I cannot have it so. Here we waive all ceremony, and you are to Maria Theresa, her brother and her friend. Now, sir, first we will advance you to the dignity which ere now was promised; and sorry am I that you were called away so hastily as to prevent my conferring it then." She took up the cimetar of the Hungarian Kings, and the mantle which belonged to the rank she spoke of; both of which she had placed by her side in readiness. Drawing the cimetar from its bejewelled sheath, she touched him on the right shoulder, saying with a smile—that smile, so fascinating in its innocence, which it was her wont to display, and which, joined to

her friendly disposition and her dislike of ceremony and court etiquette, gave a handle to the many unjust calumnies of her traducers—" Rise, my noble sir! we create you Magnate of this realm of the order of St. Josepha." Then, taking the mantle, she passed it over his neck, and fastened it on his right shoulder with the diamond brooch which was the insignia of the magnate's rank, with her own hands. "But really, good sir," she pursued, with another smile, "I have somewhat reversed the order which I had laid down. I desired to welcome you home to peace and quiet; and once more, from my inmost heart, to give you thanks."

"Your Majesty accepts my services at a far higher rate than they deserve," said Isaac. "I had rather—"

"You would not cross me in the expression of my thoughts," continued the Queen. "Let me get what relief I can by speaking out my feeling, pray, good sir; it is a poor resource for gratitude like mine. Then, as I have already said, I had sent for you on business—business in which you have taken part; and I wished to recur to you for advice; but the presence of this lady, to whom, even yet, you do not introduce me, will change my intentions."

"The lady, madam, is my sister. In a few hours she will depart for England; I wished to present her to my Queen."

"Welcome, madam," said Maria Theresa, taking her hand, and kissing her affectionately. "Welcome to my court, and to my most private friendship."

"Moreover, she has come to fetch me home, if you, my Queen, will give me leave," said Isaac.

"Home!" returned the Queen. "But you will not quit me, sir?"

"Nay," replied Isaac, "I will come back, and live and die in the service of your Majesty."

"And you, sweet lady," turning to Mary with a graceful smile, "will you be Maria Theresa's companion—her sister—her adviser? Believe me, dear, she needs such an one indeed. She has few such friends; her women are too much occupied with jealousy, envy, and ill-will amongst themselves, to spare much feeling in love for her; and such is the life of courts."

"This is surpassing kindness; and it bewilders me rather, because, I cannot expect that your Majesty will ever see me after this time," replied Mary. "My health is declining; I have very dear ties to England. But my dear brother will bring a lady—a wife—who would be far more worthy of her sovereign's notice than myself, if you would accept her."

"If that is it," said Maria Theresa, and a faint blush passed across her features, "I would speed you away to England, sir; though I was fain to ask your help in answering these matters

now before me. Yes, go, sir; and take with you your Queen's good wishes, and her prayers. But soon return, if you still will love me, noble sir; for I greatly need you."

"Your Majesty will not appoint him as a fighting-man?" said Mary, with trembling solicitude. "We have suffered so much about him. It may be selfishness, perhaps, but we cannot give him up to be killed."

"Killed! God forbid!" said Maria Theresa, a tear glittering on her heavy eyelash. "It was not my will that sent him to the wars, he asked it. I would have kept him about my person, to advise me here at home. No: as you request it, dear madam, I will promise you he shall never fight again, with my permission. Heaven grant a reason to refuse may never happen! The thought of bloodshed, fills me with agony—oh! it is miserable to be a queen." And Maria Theresa bowed her noble head in heavy thought. "Well, I must bethink me," she resumed quickly. "I shall keep him here as my confidential minister—by his leave."

"Does your Majesty wish to fix a limit to my absence?" asked Isaac.

"No, no, dear sir. Your promise to return is all I want. I know that, as I need you, you will not stay away without sufficient cause. Well, go then. You have served me so well, that it were ill indeed if I detained you longer.

Farewell, good sir. And you, sweet madam," she added, kissing Mary again, "you, I shall hope to see once more." And she walked with them to the door of the room.

CHAPTER XLIX.

LIFE AT LAST.

"I have become acquainted with my soul
Through midnight silence, and through lonely days
Silent as midnight. I have found therein
A well of waters, undisturbed and deep,
Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose."

WILSON.

"Shake off the 'cumbering chain which earth would lay
On your victorious wings—mount, mount!—your way
Is through eternity!"

MRS. HEMANS.

UNTERRIFIED by a miraculous escape from sudden death by the upsetting of a coach, and unexcited even by a romantic shipwreck, when within speaking distance of their own shores, our travellers were deposited in inglorious safety in front of the knocker of their own door. We have no adventures, no hair-breadth escapes, no gallant knights with bright swords, golden armour, and clouds of plumes, running away with young ladies, now-a-days. Everything of the kind went out of fashion with the old novels—romance and money are alike realised.

It was evening when they reached home; and after the wondering, congratulations, and dinner were over, Mary softly ascended the stairs to her bedroom. "Home, home! my own sweet home, once more!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into a chair. And her excessive pleasure relieved itself in a passionate flood of tears.

Stirring the fire, and throwing a large shawl over her shoulders, she drew her chair towards a little table, and began writing. Again and again, before her task was completed, she laid the pen aside and leaned her throbbing head in her weak hand. "I hope I may be able to finish it—for his sake as well as my own." At length it was ready for folding, and, with a trembling hand, she tried to affix the seal. It fell from her fingers—her breath quickened—heavy damps stood upon her forehead—and she sunk back upon the cushions of the chair. "I can do no more—it should go early; but my strength is done—then I must wait till the morning."

"MY DEAREST ADELINE,

"This evening I have reached home; accompanied by my father and—Isaac. More particulars I shall tell you when we meet; the effort of writing is too severe to permit me to do it here.

"Need I say to you how much I long to see you? You know this. Will you come to me

to-morrow? Do, if you can: for Death, my sweet friend, is approaching—so smiling, so lovely, that I scarce could believe it to be him, were it not for that beautiful weakness, which, increasing day by day, assures me that my earthly house is decaying.

The goodly land I see;
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of holy liberty,
And endless rest.

The mists of time are dissolving from before me—the world is fading from my eyes—and I see the great eternal gates of my Father's house opening to receive me for ever. But I am *passing* into them:—very gently—very softly—very beautifully. I am not dying; it is a calm sinking of my mortal life; a sweet freeing of my spirit. My soul dissolves in radiance, like a silvery cloud. There is no death to the Christian; the suffering and resurrection of the Lord of Glory has conquered. He is our all in all. I know and feel it; and my heart is glad in Him, and my soul blesses Him for the victory.

“You weep, my love, when you read this—because I am going from you, and you will miss me for a little; I know it, though I cannot see you. But I must not have you grieve. Come to me; and while I kiss you, and twine my arms about your neck, in the holy love I feel for you, I will tell you how happy I am; we will talk of

that 'better land' to which I am hastening—of its unsullied skies, its soft calm airs, its fadeless flowers, its gentle streams, its exhaustless joys, its affectionate inhabitants, its loving King. We will think of that rapturous moment when our spirits will there meet each other for ever; we will present our petitions for mutual happiness to the God of love together; and, in anticipation of the endless REST we soon shall have in Him, our spirits, even here, shall feel the beginnings of their heaven.

"You have already had evidences in this way—and I too. 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you,' was our Saviour's dying bequest. I have asked Him for it, and He has fulfilled the promise. I have a still soft calm; a holy, blissful repose. High above all principalities and powers, sits my everlasting Redeemer; looking upon me with smiles and approbation; holding the crown with which He himself will, in a little while, encircle my temples; every moment filling me with love, and giving me the sweet assurance that He loves me; that from His love nothing shall separate me, and that as soon as the last band which confines me to mortality is unclasped, He will receive me into His own bosom, and place me to sit by Him on His own throne, for ever. Oh! my sweet love, how sacred, how beautiful is life! What a lovely God is God! I pant—most ardently I pant—to see Him. I lan-

guish to be in His own sweet home, where I shall be perfectly freed from sin and its consequences—pain, languor, doubtings, loss of peace—and be full of the Lord of all the worlds for ever.

“Angels are about me; watching around my steps, ministering to my wants, and whispering of lovelier lands and purer skies. I know this, though I cannot see them. The feeling is an unspeakably precious one—nothing fanciful—but a conscious reality. Do you ever feel it, dearest? They walk with me and surround me in love, anticipating my thoughts and desires; and I can feel their rejoicings because I am so near the entrance to their quiet land.

“Thus, amidst how much of peace and joy I am passing away. The transition from time to eternity has, ever since I knew the blessedness of calling God my Father, been a favourite subject of my contemplation; one which always gave me immeasurable delight; yet I never supposed it was so beautiful, so soft, so blissful as it is—in truth it is a feeling which could not be imagined. I never enjoyed so much of the presence of God. I am quite as happy as I can bear and live. The closing hours are by far the loveliest part of the Christian's mortal life. It is true I have seasons of bodily pain; but this is softening more and more; and when it comes, I find God so kind, so evidently imparting to me special solace and support, that I cannot give attention to it,

I have so much of the love and peace that is in heaven.

“I have looked upon my tomb. I have often sat upon it, and prayed by it, and thought how much nearer it was to heaven than any other spot of earth. I shall be buried in the same grave with my lovely Eulalia — underneath her; her coffin will rest upon my bosom. Where she often slept in life, she will sleep in death. Precious child! How my spirit yearns towards her; how it exalts my heart when I think I am going to her; how she rejoices to see me coming; how is the melody of her song increased—that sweet song—the new song; which no man can utter—taught by her Redeemer—and her soft, gentle voice—I fancy I hear her—oh! my beloved! I pine, I faint, with desire to embrace you again!

“My watch strikes—it is midnight. Silent hour! when the beings of eternity are most intimate with the creatures of time. The quiet air is fraught with still, small sounds that call me away. My hand trembles. I greatly need repose; I must hasten to conclude.

“You know my beloved friend, how I have yearned for your marriage with Isaac; what I have suffered on account of your separation; I write to beg you will allow me to witness it before I go hence. Isaac is writing to you; he knows nothing of this request; he does not even imagine it. I make it for myself. I see no

reason why I should not have the delight I ask for. I think you have honoured the remembrance of your late husband as much as is necessary—take whatever ground you choose; propriety, delicacy, womanly feeling—for the circumstances under which you were married to him. At any rate, I long to see the union I have hoped for, and that I used to look forward to with so much joy, consummated. Now, my love, do permit me. It is likely you may find some difficulty in doing me this kindness, because it comes so suddenly upon you; but if you will try as earnestly as I would have you, you will be able to make me happy in the request I make. Yet you must waste no time dearest—a little more will number me with the inhabitants of the kingdom of eternal blessing.

“Once more I request you to think of nothing but the fulfilment of this desire—the last great one I shall make you: and if I did not allow myself to believe you would, I might feel rather saddened, for I have set my heart on seeing you and my beloved brother happy in each other, before my departure.

“Fervently do I ask of our mutual Redeemer, that you may attain to more of the felicity which is inseparable from a knowledge of Himself; and am, my dearest Adeline, yours, with increased love,

“MARY COHEN.”

The letter reached Adeline, just as she was

preparing for her morning ride. "My dear Mary! and is it so, that I must separate from you too?" and large tears flowed afresh. "I would fly to her on wings of love, were it possible." Hastily she rang, to know if the carriage was ready. "Then, bid them be as quick as possible," she added. And in a few minutes she was on the way to Mary—her heart filled with love and sadness.

She was scarcely prepared to see the change that had taken place. Earnestly she gazed in Mary's face. All over it was diffused that high celestial beauty, which tells that the eyes have caught the unsullied light of angel worlds. Mary smiled happily with her own delight; the pretty little mouth, all unconsciously, had broken into dimples and music; the glow of her cheek heightened to a lovely crimson, like that of the young rose blushing with the first kisses of the morning.

"You see the dull clay is dissolving, my love? The veil of earth is fading from my eyes," said Mary, and she pressed Adeline's hand affectionately.

"Yes, dearest," said Adeline, sadly.

"Well, now, sit down by me a few minutes; I want,"—she resumed. Isaac's step was distinguishable upon the stairs—Adeline heard and knew it too. She did not, however, attempt to speak—her cheek flushed, and then grew pale—

her heart seemed to cease its pulsations—the door opened—they all met—and—

But we must copy the mode of disposing of such a scene usual amongst novelists—"The conversation of two lovers has been so often described that it is unnecessary to write it here."

The result is everything.

The next month came, and with it the day appointed for the marriage. It was finally arranged that it should be a private one. A dress of white silk, of the most delicate, cloud-like texture, made open in front, so as to display the collarette beneath—the fragile ruff, so favourable to the expression of her exquisitely turned neck—her long, light ringlets, beautifully restrained in their graceful fall by three bands of costly diamonds in front, and a starry tiara of brilliants and orange-blossoms behind—and the blonde veil that fell shadowily down to her feet, combined to make Adeline look her loveliest.

How beautiful, how fairy-like is life, when affection makes it holy!

The glass doors which led from the drawing-room to the balcony of the fountain were open, and through them floated calm, flower-scented airs, and that soft bright light, which the shade of vine-leaves and creeping plants makes even at noon-day. The spray flung from the little fountain danced and glittered in the glorious sunshine, and then fell, like a shower of pearls and

diamonds, on the leaves and blossom around. The sky was pale and clear, with just enough of cloud to prevent a feeling of monotony. A green basket-stand, filled with blooming roses, stood between the windows. On a sofa, beneath a full-length portrait of herself, taken two years before, sat Mary. One very white arm hung over a pillow of the sofa, and round it; the other little hand clasped a chain of gems, which she had just released from her neck. They had been placed there in expectation that she would be present at the marriage ceremony; but weakness, and a sense of atmospheric oppression, had caused her to forego this joy, and seek the quiet and freedom of that airy apartment. A fairy slippered little foot, just revealed itself from beneath the folds of her rich dress; while the light flowing in through a stained window of the room, flung a most exquisite roseate tint over her reclining figure.

The sound of gentle footsteps fell upon her ear; and looking through a large gallery, she saw that they were just leaving the chapel.

"My work is finished!" she said, with a sublime expression of joy, as Adeline, leaning on Isaac's arm, came through a door at the end, and approached her. She rose, and advanced a few steps towards them.

"My sister!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand to Adeline. "Kiss me!"

With a sad smile of happiness, rendered all the

more lovely by her tears, Adeline embraced her. All was still for a moment—and then, that high and mystic change passed over Mary's face, which indicates that the spirit is passing into the glory of heavenly worlds.

Adeline, assisted by Isaac, placed her on the sofa. And turning to reach an essence, Adeline saw, as she came back, that her face was set in the pale hues of death.

"'What shall separate us from the love of Christ?'" she said slowly. "'Nay, in all things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

"Mary!" Adeline whispered.

"Adeline!—my beloved!—my!—!" A faint spasm passed over her face—her fingers closed in a slight convulsion—her lips quivered—she gasped for air—and then the struggle with earth was finished—mortality was swallowed up of life!

Her face shone dazzlingly with that bright and glorious smile. "Eulalia!" she said mistily, and fixing her eyes on something in the space before her. "My precious sister!—joined in eternal life!"

"Is it Eulalia and heaven that you see, dearest?" said Adeline.

"Eulalia!—mother!—angels!—God! Oh! what—what—glory! A crown of light—it is too much—oh! love unspeakable!"

A strain of divine, unutterable music descended, and filled the room. Earth was past. Mary was fluttering upon the wing.

"Rise! rise, blessed spirit! 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,'" said Adeline, taking both her hands in hers.

A glorious smile floated over her face; Adeline released one hand—it fell gently by her side; her eyelids closed; she breathed softly and slowly; and then—the stillness of the body's last mild sleep! Rising with the music of that spirit band, Mary was an angel above the skies.

The sweet, soft swell died away, while Adeline still stood gazing on the beautiful face. Falling on her knees by the side of that lovely figure—Mary's hand still clasped in hers—she prayed—

"Lord Jesus! let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers!"

CHAPTER L.

CONCLUSION.

“I began ;
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.”
SHAKSPERE.

“They sleep in beauty, side by side.”
Slightly altered from MRS. HEMANS.

THE conclusion of a novel is like the conclusion of a courtship, or the drawing of a little poodle dog in Berlin wool—all the promises must be realised, all the curls and ends be trimmed off neatly at last. Very fortunately for the writer, a little language, nicely managed, may be made to go a great way, and the various characters be marched off the stage, with as much shortness and simplicity of explanation as is given by the lecturer of Wombwell's menagerie:—“Now, here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the great he-bear, just arrived from the North Pole; in the next den, and in the furthest corner, is the young Bengal tigress—she killed three dogs and nearly one man, before she could be taken ;” &c., &c., &c.

Eloïse Aben Baruch kept her word to Ben Megas. She answered him behind the draperies—she dabbled in the Cabbala—at last she made her final stroke—and revealed herself to the two Cabbalists. Her father was furious, when he found that the beautiful spirit, whom he hourly expected to see, was simply the flesh-and-blood Eloïse—his own daughter!—he threatened to slay her.

“Stop!” said Eloïse; and she held over the alembic a chemical preparation which, by its explosion, would have reduced the place to atoms. “Move but an inch from this spot, and I will bring destruction on us all. And, Dr. Aben Baruch, you know I will keep my word!” Turning to Ben Megas—“Ben Megas, I have tried softer means. I have shown you the uselessness of your black arts. Your spirit, you see, is poor, matter-of-fact Eloïse—she whom you flung from you, as a thing too vile to speak to. I now say, as then I told you I one day would—Victory, Ben Megas! victory or destruction! In plain prose, I am going to be married to you now, or we die together. Do you hear me?” And she shook the composition over the fire and heated metals.

“For heaven’s sake, Eloïse!” said Ben Megas, “take that stuff away from the flame. As to marrying you, I am quite willing if you wish it; and more, I will try to render back your love un-

tainted. I have done wrong to you; I may atone for it. I am sick of this life, however."

"Fool!" muttered Aben Baruch between his teeth bitterly.

"Father," said Eloïse calmly. "You will marry us—now."

"Never!"

"But you shall!"

"I swear by ——"

"Hush!—" she said, producing her watch. "I give you three minutes to think—not one tick longer, mark! You wronged me—I will have that wrong restored—or I will avenge it."

"I have no book, Eloïse."

"But I have," she said, drawing one from the folds of her robe. "And here's a ring, too. As to the water and the sugar—I can do without them. I know what purity and sweets I may expect—not much, Heaven knows!—I hope I may be disappointed."

There was no escape. So the rabbi married them. It was surprising how that wayward, high-spirited woman became softened, by a few weeks of affectionate intercourse with her husband. All her old and better feelings returned to her bosom. Ben Megas she loved, even to idolatry: and if not quite suited in him, believed she was; and in such a case, belief is almost as good as reality, and, nine times out of ten, has to do instead of it.

Aben Baruch went on to a good old age in the possession of health and strength, and all his faculties; and still trying to—

“Call up spirits from the vasty deep;

But will they come, when you do call to them?”

Aben Baruch must answer.

Benjamin and his wife Ruth agreed together quite as well as could be expected. Their olive and laurel branches multiplied almost as rapidly as compound interest. Ben said they were all like their mother—Ruth persisted they were most like their father. Probably the truth lay in that happy rule, “*in medio tutissimus ibis*.”

Eva St. Maur had scarcely been two months in India, when she married an English gentleman then resident there; but who, shortly after their marriage, returned to England. The union was a most judicious one. And Eva was happy in a husband worthy of her highest worship, and able to draw forth the excellences which before had laid buried within her character, and to appreciate in their full value her womanly delicacy and nobility of feeling.

Adolphus St. Maur got sick of India, and came home in the same ship with his sister. He built himself a beautiful mansion in the country—lived independent—formed a fairy-like park, and stocked it with deer—had a large library and picture gallery—refused to take any part in county proceedings—spent the winters in town—loved his wife

very dearly indeed—romped with the children and danced the baby—and was in all respects a very satisfactory husband. When he heard of the change in the religious views of Isaac and Adeline, he promised that he would “become a Christian himself, if he found they made it answer”—as he did a few years later.

Mr. Elihu continued his grand abstractions upon the nature of the human mind. And, at last, when he believed he had discovered the true theory, he wrote a book in which he amply set forth his peculiar views. Not being able to find a bookseller willing to have anything to do with it, he was obliged to publish it on his own account. Its success was anything but commensurate with Mr. Elihu’s expectations.

Mr. Cohen survived his children but a very little while. Their death was a shock from which he never recovered. He died very peacefully; and with still, calm reliance upon the love of his everlasting Redeemer.

Isaac’s career was a brilliant one; and Adeline became the bosom friend of Maria Theresa, and one of the principal ornaments of her court, where she was the most lovely and beautiful. They had a considerable family, all of whom were educated in England—her first child amongst the rest. The last-mentioned presented no trace of his father’s character. To the boldness and force of manhood, he united much of the sweetness and

grace and noble intellect of his mother. On coming of age, he took possession of his property, according to the tenor of his father's will, became a distinguished member of the Government, and died the last Earl of Vernon.

David Cohen still retained possession of his father's house. That the happy promise of his marriage was fulfilled, has already appeared, and we need not repeat it here. In the picture-gallery there were two portraits, before which the spectator paused to look long and thoughtfully.

In both the painter had done his loveliest. The first was that of a young child—her large blue eyes, full of love and light, gazed pensively on a star, that seemed imaged in their silent depths with that inward dreaming look so fascinating in childhood. Her fairy fingers capriciously played with the slight gold chain which hung about her neck. The long golden ringlets fell like a summer shower—each drop filled with every ray of sunshine it had caught in its descent—around her exquisitely sculptured neck and shoulders. The whole attitude was the poetry of repose—yet fraught with that delicate feeling of bright rejoicing life so peculiar to childhood, and whose expression is hardly ever attained in a picture.

The next was a beautiful girl of seventeen—her delicate loveliness was of the most pure and lofty kind—her face, melancholy and intellectual, was of the noblest order, and imparted something of